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ART. I.—*The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* By James Boswell, Esq. *A New Edition. Edited and illustrated with numerous biographical and historical Notes.* By the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. 5 vols. London. 1831.

IN the history of Mr. Croker's reputation the year 1831 will ever form a remarkable epoch. Till then, however adequately his talents and acquirements may have been appreciated within the range of personal familiarity, the impression actually received among the nation at large does not, certainly, appear to have been such as is now on all sides acknowledged. Within a few months, the 'clever, sharp man of subordinate official details' has raised himself in the House of Commons to the rank of a first-rate parliamentary debater, and been received among their foremost leaders—equally qualified for the station by industry, perspicacity, extent of knowledge, vigour of intellect, courage, and decision—by one of the great conflicting parties in the state. And precisely in the midst of those unparalleled exertions, which have thus astonished friendly and confounded hostile politicians, appears a work which, by *all but* universal consent, lifts the same person into a literary position, not less enviably superior to what he had previously *seemed* to occupy in that earlier field of his distinction. Judging from the casual gossip of contemporary journals, the vulgar notion had been, that he held undoubtedly the pen of a most shrewd dialectician and cutting satirist, but would grapple in vain, if he should be rash enough to make such an attempt, with any of the 'weightier matters' either of moral or of critical scrutiny. In these volumes the double question has been put to the test, and the result may teach some of our 'public instructors,' as well as more important persons, to pause a little on future occasions, ere, perceiving and admitting the existence of genius, they presume to determine the range of its capacity—upon uncertain *data*,—in the exercise, with all due respect be it said, of imperfect powers of discrimination—and even under, perhaps, to a certain extent, the unconscious influence of something like jealousy. Meantime, the mist being once thoroughly dispelled, we entertain no apprehension of seeing it

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again gather. His hostages have at length been given and accepted, and, as Voltaire says—

'On en vaut mieux quand on est regardé :  
L'œil du public est aiguillon de gloire.'

That a book overflowing with personal anecdotes and allusions, published by one who, with all his ineffable follies, was a gentleman of birth, station, and unsullied honour, while almost all the individuals concerned in its stories or glanced at in its hints were living, the greater part of them too in much the same circles with its author—that such a book would have need of a diligent and skilful annotator, after the lapse of nearly half a century, was sufficiently obvious. Had the task been much longer deferred, hardly a single individual that had ever moved in the society of Johnson and his worshipping biographer would have remained. Even the generation that had fed in youth upon the table-talk of the great doctor's surviving associates, were beginning to be thinned among us. Mr. Croker's character and position offered, of course, the readiest access to such living sources of information as could still be appealed to; and probably few would have questioned his sagacity in detecting the proper points of inquiry—his prompt and unwearied diligence in following out hints and suggestions; in short, his abundant qualifications for discharging, in regard to such a book, all the editorial functions which were likely to have occurred to the mind of a Malone. But if Mr. Croker had only done in the most satisfactory manner what was thus looked for at his hands, we should have had a far different book before us, and his general reputation would have owed little, if anything, to the achievement. He has gone a long way, indeed, beyond the usual scope and purpose of anecdotal note-makers. Not satisfied with hunting out whatever facts could be explained as to detail, or added to the already enormous mass, from the dust of forgotten pamphlets, the scattered stores of manuscript correspondence, and the oral communications of persons of all ranks and conditions, from Lord Stowell, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. D'Israeli, and Mr. Markland, down to the obscurest descendants of Johnson's connexions in early provincial life;—not satisfied with equalling, to all appearance, in this sort of diligence the utmost exertions of any commentator that ever staked his glory on the rectification of a date, he has brought his own piercing, strong, and liberal understanding, enriched with most multifarious knowledge of books, more especially of literary and political biography, and expanded by as extensive observation of men and manners, as has fallen to the lot of any living person—he has brought, in a word, the whole vigour of his own mental resources to bear upon this, at first sight, sufficiently unostentatious

ostentatious field of labour—and produced, in consequence, a book which, were every correction of detail it contains, every *hiatus* it fills up as to mere matters of fact, every name, every date, even every new anecdote it gives, all obliterated at a stroke, would still keep its place and its worth;—nay, which, if it actually had omitted all and every one of these things, would, perhaps, have done more for Mr. Croker's estimation with the general mob of readers, than it has done, or must do, in its present more complete condition.

The world measures excellence with a narrow eye; and when forced to admit that one thing has been well done by any given individual, will seldom, without extreme reluctance, believe him to have been equally successful in another, even if it were not a higher, way. How flattering to the indolence and the envy, alike characteristic of the present tone of intellect, the off-hand decision, that he who writes a dozen of letters, all to discover whether it was on a Thursday or a Friday that a certain human being dined sixty years ago with a certain club, must be incapable of entering with a liberal and philosophic spirit, into any given question of moral weight, naturally springing up in the course of long and painful study of the details of that individual's life, whether as a man or as an author. It would, we have no doubt, have been more agreeable to the multitude of our *literati*, if Mr. Croker had not urged pretensions of so many sorts at one and the same time upon their candour. We may flatter ourselves, if we will, that we are geniuses, but we all know pretty well whether we really are or are not students. To any real superiority in the intellectual gifts of nature we may oppose the phantoms of our own vanity; but we are forced to acknowledge *labor improbus*, wherever exerted; and many of us are apt to regard with the least satisfaction that part of our neighbour's excellence, which upbraiding conscience tells us we might have rivalled had we pleased. Hence, however, the prevailing fashion—the fruit of laziness, self-love, and jealous spleen—of at least affecting to consider the display of extraordinarily minute and persevering diligence as proof of the absence of comprehensive original faculties. The doctrine is, perhaps, started under merely a vague and distinct half-hope of deceiving the million, as to points concerning which the heresiarch sees the truth clearly enough himself. But what is said once, in a tone at all pleasing to human weakness, is sure to be lustily re-echoed; and this particular specimen of mystification to which we are alluding appears now to have worked its way so widely into the actual *bond fide* creed of those who make up perhaps nineteen-twentieths of the blind, drowsy mass commonly styled 'the reading public,' that we see no reason for retracting the expression of our belief,

that if Mr. Croker had put forth his philosophical reflections on Johnson's character and genius, without adding a tittle to what the children of Martinus had formerly accumulated as to the *questio vexata*, whether J. B. in a given page of Boswell mean John Brown or James Black, and the like—the popular disposition to give his edition credit for what

‘ The cant of the hour  
Has taught babes to call *power*,’

would have been considerably more on the alert.

Many, again, who think, like ourselves, of the style in which Mr. Croker has acquitted himself of the higher part of his task, will perhaps wish that he may never in future undertake any such task at all, but exercise his talents in original works alone. Heartily concurring, however, in the hope that many purely original works may hereafter proceed from his pen, we cannot but express, nevertheless, our earnest desire that we may have him from time to time before us in the editorial capacity also. The English library has hitherto been poorer in nothing than in this department. We are inclined to attribute the lamentable neglect into which a vast array of our true classics have already fallen, to no one cause,—not even the infantine rage for what pretends to be novelty—so much as the stupid, perplexing, soul-tantalizing method in which the best existing editions of them have been prepared; and entertain, in fact, considerable doubts whether at this time of day a liberal scholar, uniting strong natural judgment, sound taste, extensive information, and industrious habits, with some spice of the practical tact of the man of business and the world, could in any way whatever render more important service to the literature of his country, or even achieve, in the long run, a more distinguished reputation for himself, than by devoting his time and energies to a series of English editions. Of our great old dramatists we have no editions that can be called tolerable, except those of the late Mr. Gifford; and even their faults are obvious, numerous, and some of them of an offensive description. He has not indeed handed down his venerable favourites burdened, after the fashion of their master, Shakspeare, with the accumulated rubbish of a sixty years' succession of obtuse, purblind, wrangling pedants—some incapable of understanding the plainest of common-sense, expressed in the clearest of English; almost all of them as incapable of comprehending the rapid flashing felicities of a soaring inspiration, as poor Omai was of understanding upon what principle his English friend thought of ascending in a balloon when he might have called a hackney coach at the next corner;—perpetually abusing each other, at the bottom of the page of a godlike poet, about some nonsense of colons or semicolons,

semicolons, and overlaying us with their clumsy officiousness where nobody but one of their own narrow-browed breed could have discovered a difficulty. Such abominations as the Shakespeares of Stevens, Malone, and last, and of course worst of all, the younger Boswell, could never have been re-usherred into the world by Mr. Gifford; but he fell into two or three pervading errors which have rendered even his editions very far inferior to what might have been expected. He could not somehow, with all his strong faculties, raise himself to his poet, so as to imbibe the desirable calmness of contempt for the poet's preceding commentators. He could not be satisfied with writing his *dele* by the side of the grossest blunder; he too must stop to anatomize, expatiate, vituperate, and exult. On the other hand, he could not—as how many men of even the greatest talents have failed to do?—take home to himself, kind-hearted, feeble in health, and variable in spirits as he was, a sufficiently firm sense of the vast superiority of his own understanding over the understandings of persons with whom he had been constantly in the habits of familiar intercourse. Ruthless and relentless to dead strangers, he certainly seems to have had a most extraordinary measure of tolerant milkeness at the service of living friends, not a bit more brilliant perhaps than the dullest of his victims; and has accordingly suffered the close, terse shrewdness of his own annotations to be continually mixed up and contrasted with the mawkish common-place of some of the heaviest prozers of his generation. New editions of Spenser, Milton, and Pope are *now*, indeed, announced;—but how long have the two former continued to groan in fellowship under the merciless *incubism* of *omne quod exit in Todd*; while the third, the lightest, brightest, and most tasteful of English poets, has been dragging with his every airy sparkling couplet a whole Scribleriad of random guesses, mid-day gropings, and misty dreamy *excursus*, forsooth, such as might have been well enough placed in some appendix to Jacob Behmen or Jeremy Bentham? Even Swift and Dryden, though they have found in our own time an editor whom posterity will rank at least as high as either of them for extent and variety of original talents, have, we are constrained to say, been dealt with by him in a fashion by no means favourable to the living popularity of their collective works. Sir Walter Scott's lives of these two great men will always keep their place among the most fascinating of his narratives; but valuable, indeed wonderful, as is the mass of knowledge he has poured out in his notes on their writings, it must be admitted he never seems to have even suspected that if *information* be the first requisite in an annotator, a second, and scarcely, in the case of a voluminous author, a less important one, is *compression*.

We might easily extend our list of poets, dramatists, and others who have been, at best, imperfectly and hastily edited, but what

is to be said as to those really great writers who, from the nature of their productions most especially demanding annotation, have never received it at all? On the whole body of our later comedians, from Congreve to Foote, crammed as they of course are, more than any other series of authors in the language, with passages the very soul and spirit of which depend on evanescent allusions, it may we believe be asserted, that not one single scrap of annotation has, down to this time, been bestowed! Very nearly the same thing may be said of the great comic novelists, dramatists in all but name and form—and more than dramatists will ever again be in power—of the days of George II. But all these omissions are trivial as compared to graver cases still; take, for one example out of at least twenty, Hume's *History of England*. That book has taken its place as the classical record, and can no more be supplanted by anything else on the same subject than *Macbeth*, or the *Paradise Lost*, or the *Dunciad*. Yet though new lights as to the details of many of the most important periods have been pouring on the world in floods since Hume wrote, it is only now, at the close of 1831, that any one seems to have opened his eyes to the propriety of condensing the pith and essence of this information at the foot of Hume's beautiful pages. In place of this we have had ever and anon some new '*History of England*,' which, after at best tumbling half seen in the wake of the good ship David for a few years, has sunk for ever, to be replaced by some equally short-lived specimen of book-craft. To drive Hume out of the market is impossible. The nation is no more disposed to welcome a new history than a new constitution; but in the former case, at all events, the application of a firm, though respectful hand, to correct admitted errors, and fill up inconvenient blanks, will be sure of a zealous reception. Admiring, as we do, the many graces of thought and diction scattered over Sir James Mackintosh's recent volumes, and the profound learning and, here and there, original and masterly conceptions of Mr. Palgrave, we hope to be pardoned for expressing our opinion that even pens like theirs would have been better employed in annotating and commenting on Hume, than in anything like an attempt to re-write the immortal history of Great Britain. With respect to Dr. Lingard and the others who have been labouring with more solemn pretensions in this vain walk, we are sure the best compliment they need look for at the hands of posterity will be the finding room for a few extracts and abridgments from their operose tomes at the end of the permanent and inimitable narrator's paragraphs or chapters.

The present miserable stagnation for which the book market, like most other markets, feels duly obliged to Lord Grey, will hardly, it is to be hoped, endure much longer; and as, when that terminates, the usual re-action, and even a redoubled spring,



spring, may be anticipated, we are anxious to avail ourselves of the temporary pause, to urge some of these matters on the consideration of the metropolitan publishers. They must all perceive that this business, owing principally to the application of steam to printing, is about to undergo a complete revolution; and whether that revolution shall end in great good, or in immeasurable evil, to the literature of the country, and the intellectual cultivation of the people, will as undoubtedly depend in no trivial measure upon them. If they persist in applying the new facilities for feeding an indefinitely extending market, to the *forcing* of new books, a few good new books may, no doubt, be elicited in the course of their exertions, but the general effect will be to swamp the solid classics of the land amidst a chaos of crude abridgments, and tasteless rifaccimentos. It was a saying of, if we recollect rightly, Bishop Warburton—‘there are two things every man thinks himself fit for—managing a small farm and driving a whiskey.’ To write a compendious history of any given great man or nation—

Pour diriger et l'esprit et le cœur,

Avec préface et l'avis au lecteur—

would now appear to be an achievement within the reach of any individual, male or female, who has ever been permitted to scribble a page in a magazine, or report a speech in the House of Commons. The booksellers will, however, discover in the course of time, that this particular species of ambition may be indulged somewhat to *their* cost, and sooner or later arrive at the conclusion which we beg leave to recommend to their attention *now*—to wit, that it would be safer and better for themselves, as well as infinitely more conducive to the spread of real information, and the maintenance of many tastes, were they to direct their thoughts to a more rational system of editing, in conjunction with their daily and hourly expanding means of circulating, the good books that are.

It is also probable, that many of those industrious persons who are now employed in the manufacture of flimsy novelties, might, in the end, be gainers in purse, as well as reputation, by having their field of exertion changed in the manner we have been now suggesting. We know, for instance, few English *books of reference* which might not be doubled in value, merely by that patient examination of works on similar subjects extant in the German alone, which any man of decent education and industry might accomplish. Even in this department, however, the modern Mecænases must be on their guard, and not be too ready to consider that the best bargain which infers the least immediate outlay. To edit worthily any book, the chief value of which



which lies elsewhere than in the mere accumulation of *facts*, will always demand talents very far above those which of late have presumed to trample so audaciously upon the difficult and delicate, though not, perhaps, dignified art, of epitomizing; and if the course we are recommending should be pursued by the booksellers, the fastidiousness of the public will, of necessity, be year after year, visibly on the increase. A few such specimens as that now on our table would, indeed, go far to banish from all that is worth consideration in this department, dull plodding drudgery on the one hand, and on the other, what is a worse, as well as now-a-days a more common thing, smart, impudent, jobbing shallowness.

We have no doubt, that to the early education and mental habits of the *lawyer*, we owe the chief merits, both of this edition of Boswell, and of its editor's late anti-revolutionary stand in the House of Commons. In either exertion we trace the same, perhaps, in these days, unrivalled combination of the patience that deems no detail too minute to be below notice, and the intellectual grasp that, clutching no matter how many apparently world-wide details together, can squeeze out of the mass results which hardly any one could have clearly anticipated, and yet in which, when once eliminated, no thinker can hesitate to acquiesce. And it will hardly be denied, that there was no book in the language more worthy of calling the latter at least of these qualifications into play. Though, in many respects, the best of biographers, Boswell was perhaps more utterly devoid of some of the most important requisites for that species of composition, in regard to such a subject as Dr. Johnson, than any other author of his class whose performance has obtained general approbation. Never did any man tell a story with such liveliness and fidelity, and yet contrive to leave so strong an impression that he did not himself understand it. This is, in one view, the main charm of his book. A person accustomed to exercise his mind in critical research feels, in reading it, as a practised jurymen may be supposed to do, when the individual in the box is giving a clear and satisfactory evidence, obviously unconscious, all the while, of the real gist and bearing of the facts he is narrating. One of the oldest adages in Westminster-hall is, 'in a bad case, the most dangerous of witnesses is a child;' and it holds not less true, that, in a good cause, a child is the best. But all jurymen cannot be expected to combine and apply for themselves, with readiness, or to much purpose, a long array of details, dropped threadless and unconnected from the lips of veracious simplicity. Comparatively few, in a difficult case, can turn such evidence to much use, until they have had their clue from the summing up; and, if the

the judge happens to be a Wynford or a Lyndhurst, wielding strong intellectual energies with equal quickness, firmness, and fairness, the most accomplished of the assize will probably be not the least thankful for the benefit of his *Notes*.

If, however, this charming narrative had need of a commentator of a higher cast of mind than belonged to its penman, just as the nine books of Herodotus have gained immeasurably in solid value from the comprehensive *resumé* in the first sections of Thucydides, no one, most assuredly, will wish that the original task of biographizing Dr. Johnson should have fallen to any hands but Boswell's, any more, if we may hazard so lofty a comparison, than that the immortal stories of Salamis and Marathon should have been reserved for some other spirit, no matter how much more profound, so it were also more ambitious, fastidious, and disposed to generalize, than that of the father of profane history. Who, to put the strongest possible case, would, with his Boswell before him, wish that the author had been too modest to grapple with a theme unquestionably worthy of the greatest talents, and that a humbler and really more just self-appreciation on his part, had devolved the task upon the only associate of Johnson, whom posterity classes in the same intellectual rank with himself, Mr. Burke? Happy indeed for the lovers of wit and wisdom, the students of human character, above all for those who are in any degree capable of sympathising with the struggles, the sorrows, and the triumphs of genius—happy for all such persons, were the day and the hour that first brought the unmeasuring enthusiasm, the omnivorous curiosity, the unblushing, utterly unconscious indelicacy, the ebullient self-love, combined with almost total negation of self-respect, and the perhaps unrivalled *memory*, of the young laird of Auchinleck, into contact with that man whom, of all living men, one would have *à priori* pronounced the least likely to tolerate those innumerable weaknesses, absurdities, and impertinencies, which rendered him, in the eyes of general society, at best a walking caricatura, and a harmless butt—only wanting a slight tinge of gravity—or perhaps in those days, a coronet might have served the turn—to take rank as the very beau-ideal of the genus *Bore*.

To that casual introduction at good Mr. Dilly's dinner-table, we owe, however, not only a more satisfactory style of record, than any other human being was at all likely to have adopted, but much also of what is most amusing, and even instructive, in the subject matter of the record itself. But for Boswell, Johnson would never have gone to the Hebrides—he would probably have died without having virtually extended his sphere of personal ob-

servation

servation beyond Litchfield and London—certainly without having had any opportunity of enlarging his sympathies, by the contemplation of a totally and most picturesquely new system of natural scenery, and human manners. We should have lost the northern tour—the best and most characteristic, except the Lives of the Poets, of all his prose works. But it was not merely by taking his chief to the Ultima Thule, that the most assiduous of henchmen rendered us good service in this way. We owe still more, perhaps, to the Scotch optics, which, whether in the Canongate of Edinburgh, or amid the wilds of Sky—

‘Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,  
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita’—

or in the Mitre tavern (while Johnson took his ease in his inn), or in Mrs. Montague's boudoir, or in the kind brewer's warm dining-room at Streatham, or amidst the sober repose of Dr. Taylor's rectory,—wherever, in short, another touch was to be added to the eternal picture, James Boswell could not help carrying about with himself. It is to this circumstance at least, that the readers of other countries, and distant times, will owe some of their weightiest obligations. Much about Johnson, which would have been passed over as too familiar for special notice, by any Englishman, was quite new, and, being Johnsonian, of grand importance to his Ostade—and of this much, not a little is *already* almost as remote from the actual observation of living Englishmen, as it could then have been note-worthy in the eyes of a Scotchman of Boswell's condition. In like manner, in talking with one whom, as being a Scotchman, he always assumed to be grossly ignorant of England, Johnson was naturally led to speak out his views and opinions on a thousand questions, which, under other circumstances, he might never in all probability have thought of stirring—questions nevertheless of lasting interest, and views and opinions, which were it but that they mark what *could* be said in regard to such questions by a man of genius and authority, at that particular time, would gain in historical value by every year that passes over the record. The interfusion of the three nations, as to manners, opinions, feelings, and in a word, *character*, has proceeded at so rapid a pace within the last half-century, and is so likely to go on, and to end in all but a complete amalgamation before another period of similar extent shall have expired, that if it were but for having given us, ere it was too late, a complete portrait of the real native uncontaminated Englishman, with all his tastes and prejudices fresh and strong about him,—even if it were possible to consider Boswell's delineation of Samuel Johnson merely as a character in a novel of that period, the world would have owed him, and acknowledged, no trivial obligation.

But

But what can the best character in any novel ever be, compared to a full-length of the reality of genius? and what specimen of such reality will ever surpass the

'OMNIS votivâ veluti depicta tabellâ  
VITA SENIS?——'

—the first, and as yet by far the most complete picture of the whole life and conversation of one of that rare order of beings, the rarest, the most influential of all, whose mere genius entitles and enables them to act as great independent controlling powers upon the general tone of thought and feeling of their kind, and invests the very soil where it can be shown they ever set foot, with a living and sacred charm of interest, years and ages after the loftiest of the contemporaries, that did or did not condescend to notice them, shall be as much forgotten, even by the heirs of their own blood and honours, as if they had never strutted their hour on the glittering stage? Enlarged and illuminated, as we now have it, by the industrious researches and the sagacious running criticism\* of Mr. Croker, 'Boswell's Johnson' is, without doubt,—excepting, yet hardly excepting, a few immortal monuments of creative genius,—that English book, which, were this island to be sunk to-morrow with all that it inhabits, would be most prized in other days and countries, by the students 'of us and of our history.' We may easily satisfy ourselves as to this point: what is that Greek or Latin book which the most ardent scholar would not sacrifice, so he could evoke from some sepulchral *palimpsest*, a life of any intellectual giant of antiquity, a first rate luminary, both social and literary, of old Rome or Athens, conceived and executed after this model? Probably every one will answer 'Homer:' but who will make three exceptions besides? or at all events, who are the three persons that will agree as to what the three other exceptions ought to be?

Mr. Croker has handled throughout with exquisite skill the character of Boswell himself, especially as elicited in the turn and colouring of particular statements with regard to which we have the means of comparing him with other witnesses. The result is, that while 'the lively lady,' Mrs. Piozzi, and some others, whom he could never altogether pardon for having poached on his manor, are often satisfactorily vindicated from the charge of wilful misrepresentation, and the biographer himself is shown to have relied, in certain instances,—in the sheer spirit of opposition to them, as it would seem,—on testimony of the most worthless description, especially that of Miss Seward, whose faithless impertinence comes out in a style quite fatal to her reputation (if she ever had any)—in spite of all these things, the result is honourable to Mr. Boswell; and we quote the following

lowing passage from the Editor's preface, as a fair summary of his ultimate impressions :—

' It was a strange and fortunate concurrence, that one so prone to talk, and who talked so well, should be brought into such close contact and confidence with one so zealous and so able to record. Dr. Johnson was a man of extraordinary powers, but Mr. Boswell had qualities, in their own way, almost as rare. He united lively manners with indefatigable diligence, and the volatile curiosity of a *man about town* with the drudging patience of a *chronicler*. With a very good opinion of himself, he was quick in discerning, and frank in applauding, the excellence of others. Though proud of his own name and lineage, and ambitious of the countenance of the great, he was yet so cordial an admirer of *merit*, wherever found, that much public ridicule, and something like contempt, were excited by the *modest assurance* with which he pressed his acquaintance on all the *notorieties* of his time, and by the ostentatious (but, in the main, laudable) assiduity with which he attended the exile Paoli and the low-born Johnson! These were amiable, and, for us, fortunate inconsistencies. His contemporaries indeed, not without some colour of reason, occasionally complain of him as vain, inquisitive, troublesome, and giddy; but his vanity was inoffensive—his curiosity was commonly directed towards laudable objects—when he meddled, he did so, generally, from good-natured motives—and his giddiness was only an exuberant gaiety, which never failed in the respect and reverence due to literature, morals, and religion: and posterity gratefully acknowledges the taste, temper, and talents with which he selected, enjoyed, and described that polished and intellectual society which still lives in his work, and without his work had perished!

" Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urgentur, ignotique longâ  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.'

Such imperfect though interesting sketches as Ben Jonson's visit to Drummond, Selden's Table Talk, Swift's Journal, and Spence's Anecdotes, only tantalize our curiosity and excite our regret that there was no *Boswell* to preserve the conversation and illustrate the life and times of Addison, of Swift himself, of Milton, and, above all, of Shakespeare! We can hardly refrain from indulging ourselves with the imagination of works so instructive and delightful; but that were idle: except as it may tend to increase our obligation to the faithful and fortunate biographer of Dr. Johnson.

' Mr. Boswell's birth and education familiarized him with the highest of his acquaintance, and his good-nature and conviviality with the lowest. He describes society of all classes with the happiest discrimination. Even his foibles assisted his curiosity; he was sometimes laughed at, but always well received; he excited no envy, he imposed no restraint. It was well known that he made notes of every conversation, yet no timidity was alarmed, no delicacy demurred; and we are perhaps

perhaps indebted to the lighter parts of his character for the patient indulgence with which every body submitted to sit for their pictures.

‘Nor were his talents inconsiderable. He had looked a good deal into books, and more into the world. The narrative portion of his works is written with good sense, in an easy and perspicuous style, and without (which seems odd enough) any palpable imitation of Johnson. But in recording conversations he is unrivalled; that he was eminently accurate in substance, we have the evidence of all his contemporaries; but he is also in a high degree characteristic—dramatic. The incidental observations with which he explains or enlivens the dialogue, are terse, appropriate, and picturesque—we not merely hear his company, *we see them!*’—*Preface*, p. xxvii.

We cannot persuade ourselves to think quite so highly of Mr. Boswell as his editor appears to do; but we have already, perhaps, sufficiently intimated our notions on this head, and shall merely take the liberty to add one or two reflections more that have occurred to us, while re-perusing the most readable of books, in regard to Boswell's peculiar qualifications for his task. We have alluded above to his country as a favourable circumstance; and Mr. Croker elegantly and judiciously runs over certain advantages derived from the social position of the man, and the easy good-natured assurance of his manners. Perhaps, however, he owed most of all to his comparatively juvenile standing at the time when the acquaintance began; to the childlike and altogether unrivalled humility, in the midst of a world of froth and petulance, of his personal veneration for the doctor; and, last not least, to his never being, during the doctor's life, an habitual resident in London. The man who, by his own talents, raises himself in any signal and splendid degree above his original position, must in general, if he is to have intimate friends at all, seek them in his new sphere. To say nothing of his being, in most cases, removed from his earlier circles by physical obstacles, or at least by many intervening barriers of adopted manners, altered and enlarged views, opinions, tastes, and objects, and almost inextricable involvement in the thousand perplexities of a different system of social arrangements, he is apt, however strength of understanding, generosity of temper, and the tenderness of old recollections might lift him above attaching serious importance to any external changes, and dispose him to cling on as many points as possible to the connexions of his undistinguished years—however safe in the true inborn nobility of his intellect from all risk, either of imbibing an unmanly admiration for mere worldly greatness, or shrinking from the consciousness of having, in former times, contemplated its sphere from a hopeless distance—he is apt to find his inclinations on this score thwarted by the workings, possibly unconscious, of somewhat ungenial feelings



feelings on the part of those who have been surveying, from what was once his level as well as theirs, the unpartaken elevation of his fortune or fame. A touch of something too like envy is apt to mingle with their wonder; nay, many spirits are cast so earthly as to resent his rise only the more, that he seems willing to forget it himself in their presence. They cannot away with what, in spite of his frankest effort to resume the old relations, jealous feebleness keeps whispering is the condescension of the once equal associate.\* A half-incredulous confusion of awe and spleen poisons everything. We cannot fail to discover abundant traces of this in the history of Johnson's intercourse, during his brighter years, not merely, in casual glimpses, with his humble acquaintances of the Litchfield period, but with those (some of them, too, highly, though less illustriously, distinguished persons) with whom he had conversed familiarly during the earlier stages of his London career,—those woeful, toilsome years, in which, amidst humiliations which make it impossible to read certain pages of his story without blushing, this masculine but sad genius was laying the difficult foundations of an imperishable name. Alas for the weakness of the strongest! If Goldsmith could not repress a pang at the superior intellectual reputation and authority of Johnson, even this great and good man himself must plead guilty to having, on various occasions, betrayed a pitiable, and, as we now look back to the two persons, an almost incomprehensible uneasiness in the contemplation of David Garrick's *plum* and villa. But, indeed, we know of no eminent *parvenu* whose story is altogether undarkened by indications of the same creeping jealousy. They are rife, not to go farther back, in the memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Robert Burns, and Sir Humphry Davy; and the base feeling, indulged certainly to a demoniacal rancour, appears to have formed the main inspiration of the biography of Napoleon written by M. de Bourrienne.

But not only was Johnson in this way cut off from the intimacy of his earlier associates, in consequence of the mere splendour of his literary success. Before he attained that success, he himself had served a hard apprenticeship to reserve, and must, when it was achieved, have felt it no easy matter to open himself to the forming of new connexions, such as would ever have seemed to him worthy of the high name of friendship. His life continued one scene of harassing struggles for bread, relieved scarcely by a stray gleam of hope, until he had reached nearly the ripe age of forty. After a much earlier period than that, we

\* 'There are minds,' says the Rambler himself, 'so impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a species of revenge.' No. 87.

have heard it remarked by one of the keenest of observers, few Englishmen ever form a real friendship, unless the strongest of our insular passions, politics, interfere, to melt down once more the hardened crust of their naturally shy and proud dispositions. This is, we hope, far too broad a statement. If, however, it were limited to Englishmen of remarkable talents and corresponding ambition,—still more to mounting spirits stamped with the deeper and darker seal of genius,—there would, perhaps, be little room for dissent. But what shall we say to genius at once energetic, impetuous, ambitious, grave, and haughty; long exercised, in obedience to Nature's own first impulse, in the task of tracing human actions to those remote springs which it is an instinct to keep in concealment; above all, in the habitual analysis, never untinged with shame and remorse, of its own heart's secret places; and thus exercised, too, in the midst of external privations and mean worldly misery, and weary, degrading drudgery; eating the hard-won bread of bitterness, and drinking the waters of sorrow, while fools and knaves are seen revelling in boundless luxuries all around, until the heyday of young blood is long past and gone, and years, that bring soberness even to the gayest temperament, have had leisure to plough their wrinkles also on the brow that even in infancy knew not smoothness? What wonder that the plant which has slowly risen, amidst such an atmosphere of coldness, and emerged late after being buffeted by such discipline of tempests, should have few tendrils ready to uncurl themselves at the first solicitation? What wonder if such a man as Burns should be found writing, in the midst of what the world thought the intoxication of success—

'I never thought mankind capable of anything very generous; but the stateliness of these patricians, and the servility of my plebeian brethren, (who, perhaps, formerly eyed me askance,) have nearly put me out of conceit with my species. . . . I have formed many intimacies and friendships, but I am afraid they are all of too tender a construction to bear carriage a hundred and fifty miles. . . . People of nice sensibility and generous minds have a certain intrinsic dignity which fires at being trifled with, or even too closely approached.'

Johnson, too, long before the clouds began to break from about his path, had undergone an affliction, the impress of which haunted him to his grave, in the loss of his wife—the affectionate partner who never had separated from him in his hours of what he calls 'our distress,' except when their poverty was such, that she was obliged to seek refuge with some relations in the Tower Hamlets, while he walked the streets with Savage, and often had no bed but a bulk by some brick-kiln, or a truss of straw in a glass



glass manufactory. And all this had been the fate of a man, the least of whose *physical* infirmities were, in Pope's words, 'those convulsions that attack him sometimes so as to make him a *sad spectacle*;'—of him who, in writing of Collins to Warton, says, 'I wrote him a letter which he never answered; I suppose writing is very troublesome to him. The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change, that understanding may make its appearance and depart, that it may blaze and expire. Poor Collins! I have often been near his state.' We shall not trust ourselves to dwell on this last and darkest topic, but leave it, with merely quoting *one* of the many notes in which Mr. Croker's delicate hand has touched it.

'One of the most curious and important chapters in the history of the human mind is still to be written, that of hereditary insanity. The symptomatic facts by which the disease might be traced are generally either disregarded from ignorance of their real cause and character, or, when observed, carefully suppressed by domestic or professional delicacy. This is natural and even laudable; yet there are several important reasons why the obscurity in which such facts are usually buried may be regretted. *Morally*, we should wish to know, as far as may be permitted to us, the nature of our own intellect, its powers and its weaknesses;—*medically*, it might be possible, by early and systematic treatment, to avert or mitigate the disease which, there is reason to suppose, is now often unknown or mistaken;—*legally*, it would be desirable to have any additional means of discriminating between guilt and misfortune, and of ascertaining with more precision the nice bounds which divide moral guilt from what may be called physical errors; and in the highest and most important of all the springs of human thought or action, it would be consolatory and edifying to be able to distinguish with greater certainty rational faith and judicious piety, from the enthusiastic confidence or the gloomy despondence of disordered imaginations. The memory of every man who has lived, not inattentively, in society, will furnish him with instances to which these considerations might have been usefully applied. But in reading the life of Dr. Johnson (who was conscious of the disease and of its cause, and of whose blood there remains no one whose feelings can now be offended), they should be kept constantly in view; not merely as a subject of general interest, but as elucidating and explaining many of the errors, peculiarities, and weaknesses of that extraordinary man.'—vol. i., pp. 3, 4.

Johnson, from the beginning to the end of his career, was distinguished for the kindness of his heart, the tenderness of his compassion, and the generosity with which, out of never abundant and generally sorely straitened means, he was ready to relieve the more urgent wants of his weaker fellow mortals. But whatever  
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may have been the cause or causes—as to which point, however, we have sufficiently hinted our opinion—it certainly does not appear that he lived, during the period of established fame, in habits of warm, thorough, intimate friendship with any one of the great contemporaries that delighted in his company, and with whom he also delighted to eat, drink, and talk. In their highly intellectual and exciting society, he displayed his even among them unrivalled talents for conversation, and escaped from those darker thoughts that continued to haunt his solitary hours. But we have strong doubts whether he ever unbosomed himself to any one of them with real brotherly confidence. In so far as we can presume to judge, his feeling towards Mr. Thrale was one of more affectionate attachment than belonged to any other of his later connexions; but there appears no reason to suppose that that good kind man could ever have been at all qualified to hold with Johnson anything like that sort of communion, which alone could have elevated respectful gratitude into what must be the sublimest as well as most beautiful of human sentiments, the friendship of genius. Thrale was but a worthy citizen—having nothing in common with Johnson, on almost any of those subjects that filled a large space in the great author's upper mind; and—must it be added?—the obligations under which his munificence laid Johnson were perhaps too constant to be considered without some painful flings of that proud pulse.

In Boswell, if there was little to command respect, except indeed his position as a man of long descent and fair fortune—which was never, probably, throughout their intercourse, without its own effect on the doctor's mind, and which, no doubt, had originally a great share in Johnson's acceptance of him—there was, on the other hand, almost everything that could have been imagined most likely to soothe and disarm the habitual demon of distrust. His youth, being accompanied with most perfect good nature, threw into the sage's feelings towards him a something of paternal gentleness and protection. All ideas of jealousy, rivalry, envy, were out of the question—there was no pretension of any sort that could even for a moment be suspected of thrusting itself out—every motion, gesture, and accent proclaimed the profoundest humility of the undoubting worshipper; and, as we have already hinted, Boswell rarely lived in London more than a few weeks on end; so that the object of this homage and adoration had never time to get heartily sick of its fulsome profusion, before the fond disciple had carried his veneration, as well as other less palatable foibles, far out of the reach of rising fastidiousness.

A curious chapter in the history of the human mind would be  
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that of the *friendships of genius*; but perhaps it would bring out few instances in which, after all, something of this kind of paternal feeling did not mingle. As to Dr. Johnson, the result certainly was, that he opened himself to Boswell on more important subjects, and in a more purely serious spirit, than, as far as we have any means of seeing, to any other of his circle of admirers. Another hand might, perhaps, have been found to record the play of his wit, knowledge, sagacity, and strong English humour, as elicited amidst the contending gladiators of the Turk's Head; but what could have atoned for those quiet *têtes-à-têtes* in which Johnson discoursed to Boswell of man and society, of this world and of the world to come, gravely, solemnly, in the total absence of temptation to sophistry or false brilliancy, and, above all, under the feeling of which, on these occasions, the influence is unfailingly obvious, that he was addressing an affectionate and well-disposed, but weak and unsteady nature, soon to be removed five hundred miles from his chair, and with which he might never again be brought into contact on this side of eternity. Of as much of the *emotions* of genius as it ever will reveal, the true and proper confidants are the world and posterity; but wisdom may be said to cry aloud in vain in general maxims, when we consider its efficacy where it has been distinctly applied to individual cases and circumstances, by the master himself, man to man, and friend to friend.

The *Boswellian* style of biography was quite new; and while the book was devoured with universal eagerness, many of the manlier order of minds no doubt thought what Lord Thurlow expressed to the author himself: 'I have read it?—Yes, d—n you, every word—but *I could not help it*;'—were ashamed of themselves, in short, for having condescended to be amused with such a world of details, so many of them, taken separately, mean and insignificant. The example, however, once set, the curiosity of the public having been so gratified as to a single illustrious man, and their satisfaction made so apparent in the boundless popularity of the performance, the evil, if evil it were, was done, and could not be repaired. From that time a new spirit animated all this department of composition; and to the influence of Boswell we owe probably three-fourths of what is *de facto* most entertaining, as well as no inconsiderable portion of whatever is most instructive, in all the books of memoirs that have subsequently appeared. The garrulous gentleman has often been reproached with having departed so widely from the model of his master, in the *Lives of the Poets*; yet if we compare the *Life of Savage*, the only one where Johnson had large access to materials of the minuter cast, with any other of the series, we shall see abundant evidence that the

the Doctor himself had a lively feeling of the value of petty details, in giving characteristic, graphic, vigorous effect to such delineations, so much so that, in Mr. Croker's language, the piece we have named, 'like Murillo's Beggar, gives pleasure as a work of art, though the original could only have excited disgust.' But the true answer is, that Dr. Johnson read, as it was written, Boswell's Journal of the tour to the Hebrides, and well knowing not only that that journal was meant for publication, but that its author designed to depict the whole of his life, in as far as he could get at the materials, in precisely the same style, did not only not exert his authority for the suppression of what he read, but continued, from time to time, to furnish Boswell with anecdotes and hints respecting the earlier parts of his career. This conduct on Dr. Johnson's part was clearly to sanction Boswell's design, as to all that has subjected it to grave criticism; if serious blame is to lie anywhere, it must attach not to the frivolous painter, but the solemn original, of the elaborate portraiture. Nay, the little specimen of autobiography which the Doctor has left, is completely Boswellian in the minuteness of its details, and a world more entertaining than any page in Boswell, from the contrast which the massive strength of its language every now and then presents to the humble nature of the matters it records: *e. g.*

"This Whitsuntide (1719), I and my brother were sent to pass some time at Birmingham; I believe a fortnight. Why such boys were sent to trouble other homes, I cannot tell. My mother had some opinion that much improvement was to be had by changing the mode of life. My uncle Harrison was a widower; and his house was kept by Sally Ford, a young woman of such sweetness of temper, that I used to say she had no fault. We lived most at uncle Ford's, being much caressed by my aunt, a good-natured, coarse woman, easy of converse, but willing to find something to censure in the absent. My uncle Harrison did not much like us, nor did we like him. *He was a very mean and vulgar man, drunk every night, but drunk with little drink; very peevish, very proud, very ostentatious, but, luckily, not rich.*" (What a complete portrait does this one sentence present!) At my aunt Ford's I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it. My mother, who had lived in a narrow sphere, and was then affected by little things, told me seriously that it would be hardly ever forgotten. Her mind, I think, was afterwards very much enlarged, or *greater evils wore out the care of less.*—vol. i., p. 6.

Again,

"We went in the stage-coach, and returned in the waggon, as my mother said, because my cough was violent. The hope of saving a few shillings was no slight motive; for she, not having been accustomed to money, was afraid of such expenses as now seem very small. She sewed two guineas in her petticoat, lest she should be robbed.

“We were troublesome to the passengers; but to suffer such inconveniences in the stage-coach was common in those days to persons in much higher rank. She bought me a small silver cup and spoon, marked SAM. J., lest, if they had been marked S. J., (Sarah being her name,) they should, upon her death, have been taken from me. She bought me a speckled linen frock, which I knew afterwards by the name of my London frock. The cup was one of the last pieces of plate which dear Tetty sold in our distress. I have now the spoon. She bought at the same time two tea-spoons, and *till my manhood she had no more.*” —vol. i., pp. 16, 17.

That Johnson could never have persisted in writing the life of himself, or of any other person, in this fashion, is probable. He stopped soon, impressed, no doubt, with the conviction that to bestow such an infinity of pains and space upon a single human individual, no matter how distinguished, was a thing below *him*. Had Titian, however, seen a masterpiece of Teniers, he would not have altered his own style in consequence, but he would have enjoyed the piece, probably, as much as those who could neither comprehend nor enjoy things of a higher order, and no doubt encouraged the microscopic genius of a tamer soil to proceed as nature had prompted him to begin.

Voltaire, indeed, has said, ‘no man that ever lived deserved a quarto to himself;’ and one illustrious writer of our own time has lately protested against the copious style of biography, with reference especially to poets, in language which, were it but for the beauty of it, our readers would thank us for transcribing. Commenting on some cruel details in Dr. Currie’s Life of Burns, Mr. Wordsworth, in his letter to Mr. James Gray,\* thus expresses himself:—

‘Your feelings, I trust, go along with mine; and, rising from this individual case to a general view of the subject, you will probably agree with me in opinion that biography, though differing in some essentials from works of fiction, is nevertheless, like them, an *art*,—an art, the laws of which are determined by the imperfections of our nature, and the constitution of society. Truth is not here, as in the sciences, and in natural philosophy, to be sought without scruple, and promulgated for its own sake, upon the mere chance of its being serviceable; but only for obviously justifying purposes, moral or intellectual.

‘Silence is a privilege of the grave, a right of the departed: let him, therefore, who infringes that right, by speaking publicly of, for, or against those who cannot speak for themselves, take heed that he opens not his mouth without a sufficient sanction. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is a rule in which these sentiments have been pushed to an extreme that proves how deeply humanity is interested in maintaining them. And it was wise to announce the precept thus abso-

\* Longman and Co. London. 1816.

lutely ; both because there exist in that same nature, by which it has been dictated, so many temptations to disregard it,—and because there are powers and influences, within and without us, that will prevent its being literally fulfilled—to the suppression of profitable truth. Penalties of law, conventions of manners, and personal fear, protect the reputation of the living ; and something of this protection is extended to the recently dead,—who survive, to a certain degree, in their kindred and friends. Few are so insensible as not to feel this, and not to be actuated by the feeling. But only to philosophy enlightened by the affections does it belong justly to estimate the claims of the deceased on the one hand, and of the present age and future generations, on the other ; and to strike a balance between them.—Such philosophy runs a risk of becoming extinct among us, if the coarse intrusions into the recesses, the gross breaches upon the sanctities, of domestic life, to which we have lately been more and more accustomed, are to be regarded as indications of a vigorous state of public feeling—favourable to the maintenance of the liberties of our country. Intelligent lovers of freedom are from necessity bold and hardy lovers of truth ; but, according to the measure in which their love is intelligent, is it attended with a finer discrimination, and a more sensitive delicacy. The wise and good (and all others being lovers of licence rather than of liberty are in fact slaves) respect, as one of the noblest characteristics of Englishmen, that jealousy of familiar approach, which, while it contributes to the maintenance of private dignity, is one of the most efficacious guardians of rational public freedom.

‘ The general obligation upon which I have insisted, is especially binding upon those who undertake the biography of *authors*. Assuredly, there is *no cause why the lives of that class of men should be pried into with the same diligent curiosity, and laid open with the same disregard of reserve, which may sometimes be expedient in composing the history of men who have borne an active part in the world.* Such thorough knowledge of the good and bad qualities of these latter, as can only be obtained by a scrutiny of their private lives, conduces to explain not only their own public conduct, but that of those with whom they have acted. *Nothing of this applies to authors, considered merely as authors. Our business is with their books,—to understand and to enjoy them.* And, of poets more especially, it is true—that, if their works be good, they contain within themselves all that is necessary to their being comprehended and relished. It should seem that the ancients thought in this manner ; for of the eminent Greek and Roman poets, few and scanty memorials were, I believe, ever prepared ; and fewer still are preserved. It is delightful to read what, in the happy exercise of his own genius, Horace chooses to communicate of himself and his friends ; but I confess I am not so much a lover of knowledge, independent of its quality, as to make it likely that it would much rejoice me, were I to hear that records of the Sabine poet and his contemporaries, composed upon the Boswellian plan, had been unearthed among the ruins of Herculaneum. You will interpret what I am writing, *liberally.* With



With respect to the light which such a discovery might throw upon Roman manners, there would be reasons to desire it; but I should dread to disfigure the beautiful ideal of the memories of those illustrious persons with incongruous features, and to sully the imaginative purity of their classical works with gross and trivial recollections. The least weighty objection to heterogeneous details is that they are mainly superfluous, and therefore an incumbrance.'

We have marked by *italics* that part of the above passage in which we find it most difficult to believe that this wise, no less than eloquent man has expressed the settled and deliberate conviction of his mind. It is admitted that it may be expedient to submit to a minute scrutiny the private life of persons who have 'borne an active part in the world,' and asserted that 'nothing of this applies to authors, merely as authors.' Now, that 'nothing of this applies' to some, or to many, or even to the case of most authors, may possibly be true (though we do not think so); but on what principle it should be said of authors who, though not bearing what is familiarly called 'an active part in the world,' have, as exerting their talents on practical questions, bringing understandings of remarkable strength to bear, in permanent shapes, on subjects of moral and political interest, and consequently filling a part, above all others, both active and influential, in determining the opinions, sentiments, and actual conduct of those of their fellow mortals who are immediately concerned in the great movements of public affairs, as well as of all who have to sit on judgment, whether at the time or ages afterwards, on these prominent actors of the busy stage of life—on what principle Mr. Wordsworth should conceive that '*nothing* of this applies' to such authors as the moralist or the poet, who, by his single pen, exercises perhaps wider and more lasting sway over the tone of thought and feeling throughout whole nations, than a regiment of kings and ministers put together;—this indeed is what we cannot pretend to understand. It is scarcely possible to put the question seriously—but where is the mere statesman of the last age who at this moment, even if Boswell had never written, would have filled so large a space in the contemplation of any considerable section of mankind, as Dr. Johnson himself—or the details of whose private life, had they been preserved with Boswellian fidelity, would have found one reader for fifty that are continually poring over the pages before us? If we measure either the importance or the interest of personal details, by the extent to which the individual recorded has influenced the intellect, the feelings, the character of his countrymen, and consequently in fact the fortunes of the nation itself, we shall assuredly place those connected with the man who, by exertions in whatever walk of literature—no matter at what a distance from the gaudy surface of external

external pomps and vanities these may have been conducted, no matter in how mean a hovel he may have wielded his quill—has achieved anything at all approaching to the authority of a Johnson, far and infinitely far above all that the prying diligence of either friend or foe could ever have accumulated concerning the private sayings and doings of the most eminent so called ‘public man’ of the same generation. It is in vain, on questions of this kind, to oppose the suggestions of a refined meditative delicacy, such as breathes throughout the whole of the ‘Letter’ we have quoted, to the broad instinctive impetus and determined taste of the species at large. Neither does it seem to us that Mr. Wordsworth is over happy in the cases he selects, or in the logic with which he applies them. It is by no means true, for example, but lamentably the reverse, that all the details which Horace gives us about the private proceedings of himself and his associates, are ‘delightful;’ too many of them are loathsome and disgusting; but if the greater part be, as all must acknowledge, ‘delightful,’ upon what principle are we to decide that it would have been otherwise than delightful to have had a great deal more of the like quality? Mr. Wordsworth is enchanted with the *Iter ad Brundisium*; would he have regretted the circumstance had the poet, ‘in the happy exercise of his own genius,’ left us half-a-dozen more such *itineræ*? or would he have been seriously displeased had either ‘rhetor comes Heliodorus’ or ‘Fontei—ad unguem factus homo,’ in the exercise of such ability as heaven had pleased to bestow, indited an account of the actual progress, bearing to Horace’s the same sort of relation that Boswell’s Hebridean Journal does to the Doctor’s own immortal ‘Tour.’

Surely the lamentable circumstance is, not that the Boswellian style should have been applied to the history of one great man, but that there should be so few even of the greatest men whose lives could be so dealt with without serious injury to their fame. ‘There never,’ says Mr. Croker, ‘has existed any human being, all the details of whose life, all the motives of whose actions, all the thoughts of whose mind, have been so unreservedly brought before the public; even his prayers, his most secret meditations, and his most scrupulous self-reproaches, have been laid before the world.’ They have all been sifted, too, and commented on, it may now be added, with as deliberate an exercise of studious acuteness as ever frightened a conscious imagination. All that curiosity could glean, or enthusiasm garner, philosophic penetration has bolted to the bran. ‘There are, perhaps,’ (Mr. Croker says elsewhere,) ‘not many men who have practised such self-examination as to know themselves as well as every reader knows Dr. Johnson.’ And what is the  
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the result?—that, in spite of innumerable oddities, and of many laughable and some few condemnable weaknesses, when we desire to call up the notion of a human being thoroughly, as far as our fallen clay admits the predication of such qualities, good and wise; in the whole of his mind lofty, of his temper generous, in the midst of misery incapable of *shabbiness*, ‘every inch a *man*,’—the name of Samuel Johnson springs to every lip. Whatever our habits of self-examination may have been, we certainly know him better than we are ever likely to do most of our own friends, and feel that, in one instance at least, the adage about heroes and their valets-de-chambre does not hold. The character is before us bare, and throughout it stands erect, sincere, great; the thoughts habitually turned on great things, and yet the observation of the world equally keen and broad; the sympathy with human passions, interests, and occupations almost boundless; and the charity for frailty, and feebleness, and sin, most Christian.

It is, indeed, sad to consider how few even of the first could, after such a process of dissection, lay claim to this high, pervading nobility. If we want a foil for Johnson in his own ‘order,’ we have but to pick and choose among the few of recent times who have descended to the grave after having commanded anything like the same measure of public attention. On all sides, with hardly an exception, what ‘follies of the wise!’—what jealousies, what meannesses, what intrigues, what petty ambitions, what degrading indulgences, what shameful subserviencies and panderings to the worse parts of that common nature which genius is sent down among us the appointed instrument of heaven to rebuke, charm, and elevate! What a worship of worldly idols, what hankering after toys, what a want of sense, even in the midst of the most brilliant energy of the finest understandings, to comprehend the worth of their own place and destiny; what a maze of small vanity, and fierce self-love, and malice; how little either of moral repose, or even of intellectual pride! And what apologies are we called on to accept as quittance, when compared with those which, had he fallen as short of the right stature as the most gifted and worst of these, might have been advanced for him? Who had stronger passions, who more besetting temptations, who more painful physical infirmities, or a darker enemy to struggle against in the very spring of his essence; who, with such exquisite sensibilities, had to withstand such abject penury, such chilling scorn, on the one hand; or, doubly dangerous for contrast, a more lavish excess of assentation, after the world had been pleased to smile? Truly, it is enough to make the most compassionate heart swell, when we are gravely desired, in judging of more than one career that we could mention, to take such and such sorrows and grievances, and blandish-  
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ments and allurements, into our account—and remember, as who can forget? through what a sea of troubles this forlorn giant worked his way,—how Syrens, and Circes, and Calypsos assailed him in vain,—how safely he steered his heavy laden and labouring bark between the Scylla of disgust and the Charybdis of luxury, and with what calm self-possession he occupied the harbour he at last had found—‘*totus teres atque rotundus* ;’—a proud, melancholy, ambitious spirit; yet neither to be shattered by affronts, nor bruised down by the tedious anguish of neglect, nor sapped by adulations. We happen to have at our elbow as we write a certain ‘*Correspondance Générale, et avec le Roi de Prusse*,’ in twenty-one volumes, 8vo., and Mr. Moore’s two recent quartos; but we should be sorry to trust ourselves in a detailed comparison of either Voltaire or Byron with ‘yours, *impransus*, Samuel Johnson.’\*

Our readers probably remember that ‘*Rasselas*’ and ‘*Candide*’ came out exactly at the same time—if we recollect aright, in the same week; and that Dr. Johnson, on perusing Voltaire’s piece, said, if the French novel had appeared ever so little before the English, or *vice versa*, it would have been impossible for the author that published second to have passed with the world for other than the plagiarist of the first. Perhaps the coincidence of plan is not more extraordinary than the equal perfection, in two wholly different styles, of the execution. The two great masters of the age meet on the same field, each armed *cap-a-pee* in the strength and splendour of his faculties and acquirements; and, looking merely to the display of *talent*, it might be difficult to strike the balance. But if we consider the impression left as to the moral and intellectual character of the authors respectively, and remember also the different circumstances under which they had conceived and laboured, how clear is the triumph! The one man, in the gloom of sorrow and penury, tasks his strength for a rapid effort, that he may have the means to discharge the expenses of a dear parent’s funeral; the other, surrounded by the blaze of universal fame, and in the midst of every luxury that wealth could bring to embellish a romantic retirement, sits down deliberately to indulge his spleen, ready to kick the world to pieces simply because his self-love has been galled by the out-

\* The following story, introduced in Mr. Croker’s edition, was, we believe, originally given in that vast mine of curious and interesting research, ‘*Nichols’s Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century* :’—‘Soon after Savage’s *Life* was published, Mr. Harte, author of the “*Life of Gustavus Adolphus*,” dined with Edward Cave, and occasionally praised it. Soon after meeting him, Cave said, “You made a man very happy t’other day.” “How could that be?” says Harte, “nobody was there but ourselves.” Cave answered, by reminding him that a plate of victuals was sent behind a screen, which was to Johnson, dressed so shabbily, that he did not choose to appear; but, on hearing the conversation, he was highly delighted with the encomiums on his book.”—vol. i., p. 139.

breaking insolence of a despot, to whom, during twenty years, he had prostrated himself in the dirtiest abasement of flatteries. How soothing and elevating to turn from the bitter revelry of his cynicism to the solemn sadness of the rival work—its grave compassion for the vanities of mankind—its sympathy with our toils and perils—its indignation even at vice constantly softening into a humble and hopeful charity—its melancholy but majestic aspirations after the good and the great, philosophy sublimed by faith.

How close, even in minutiae, is the parallel—how wide, where they come nearest, the interval! Compare these two passages:

‘Il y avait dans le voisinage un derviche très fameux, qui passait pour le meilleur philosophe de la Turquie. Ils allèrent le consulter. Pangloss porta la parole, et lui dit : Maître, nous venons vous prier de vous dire pourquoi un aussi étrange animal que l’homme a été formé ?’

‘De quoi te mêles-tu, dit le derviche ? est-ce-là ton affaire ? Mais, mon révérend père, dit Candide, il y a horriblement du mal sur la terre. Qu’importe, dit le derviche, qu’il y ait du mal ou du bien ? Quand sa hauteesse envoie un vaisseau en Egypte, s’embarrasse-t-elle si les souris qui sont dans le vaisseau sont à leur aise ou non ? Que faut-il donc faire ? dit Pangloss. Te taire, dit le derviche. Je me flattai, dit Pangloss, de raisonner un peu avec vous des effets et des causes, du meilleur des mondes possibles, de l’origine du mal, de la nature de l’ame, et de l’harmonie préétablie. Le derviche à ces mots leur ferma la porte au nez.’

\* \* \* \* \*

‘As they walked along the banks of the Nile, delighted with the beams of the moon quivering on the water, they saw, at a small distance, an old man, whom the prince had often heard in the assembly of the sages. “Yonder,” said he, “is one whose years have calmed his passions, but not clouded his reason; let us inquire what are his sentiments of his own state, that we may know whether youth alone is to struggle with vexation, and whether any better hope remains for the latter part of life?”’

‘Here the sage approached and saluted them. The old man was cheerful and talkative, and the way seemed short in his company. “Sir,” said the princess, “an evening’s walk must give to a man of learning, like you, pleasures which ignorance and youth can hardly conceive. Everything must supply you with contemplation, and renew the consciousness of your own dignity.”’

“Lady,” answered he, “let the gay and the vigorous expect pleasure in their excursions, it is enough that age can obtain ease. To me the world has lost its novelty; and I but see what I remember to have seen in happier days. I rest against a tree, and consider that in the same shade I once disputed on the annual overflow of the Nile with a friend who is now silent in the grave.”

“You may, at least, recreate yourself,” said Imlac, “with the recollection of an honourable and useful life, and enjoy the praise which all agree to give you.”

“Praise,”

“Praise,” said the sage, with a sigh, “is, to an old man, an empty sound. I have neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor wife to partake the honours of her husband. I have outlived my friends and my rivals. Nothing is now of much importance, for I cannot extend my interest beyond myself. Youth is delighted with applause, because it is considered as the earnest of some future good, and because the prospect of life is far extended; but to me, who am now declining to decrepitude, there is little to be feared from the malevolence of men, and yet less to be hoped from their affection or esteem. My mind is burdened with no heavy crime, and therefore I compose myself to tranquillity; endeavour to abstract my thoughts from hopes and cares, which, though reason knows them to be vain, still try to keep their old possession of the heart; expect, with humility, that hour which Nature cannot long delay; and hope to possess, in a better state, that happiness which here I cannot find, and that virtue which here I have not attained.’”

The same thought is elsewhere still more splendidly given.

‘Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the current of his fate?  
Inquirer, cease—petitions yet remain  
Which Heaven may hear—nor deem religion vain.  
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice:  
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar  
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,  
Implore His aid, on His decisions rest,  
Secure, whate’er He gives, he gives the best.  
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions, and a will resign’d;  
For Love, which scarce collective man can fill;  
For Patience, sovereign o’er transmuted ill;  
For Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind Nature’s signal of retreat.  
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,  
These goods He grants who grants the power to gain;  
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does not find.’

We confess ourselves enthusiastic about Dr. Johnson; but, perhaps, after all, it may be worth while for some of those who smile at all the wisdom of our ancestors, and *inter alia* at him and his works, to consider whether, without calling for any assent to the abstract truth of his doctrines, the effect of them on the man himself as a man will not bear a comparison with the fruit of the other *sapientia*, as developed in any personal history they may choose to place by the side of his. His political creed, of course, appears a sort of thing that requires only to be mentioned to be  
laughed

laughed at—ininitely more absurd even than anything that now-a-days passes under the same unhonoured name—a dreamy congeries of dark prejudice and childish *sentiment*, altogether unworthy of a moment's serious consideration from a person imbued with the sound rational systems of a more enlightened age. His Christianity, on the other hand, even his warmest admirers will admit, was tinged with weak and rueful superstition. Yet, take him with all his follies and Gothic ignorances on his head,—set beside him the brightest liberal that ever sneered at authority in things human or divine,—and we are willing to 'set up our rest' with the Churchman and the Tory.

Johnson's lamentations over the decay of the *feeling of loyalty* in England, which, indeed, he thought had received its death-wound in the change of dynasty, have often been quoted to be derided; so have his gloomy diatribes (especially that in *Boswell's* Hebridean journal) as to the altered source of constitutional danger—no longer on the side of royal encroachment, but on that of popular aggression.\* The time is, perhaps, not far off when both of these questions may be put to the proof—possibly together. In the meantime, let it be remembered that if Boswell smiled at his great friend's *extravagant* opinions on these domestic topics, the same Boswell received with still greater incredulity his suspicions that at the same period (1773) there was something rotten in the state of the French monarchy.

'I mentioned,' says Boswell, describing the visit to Slains Castle, 'the happiness of the French in their subordination, by the *reciprocal benevolence and attachment* between the great and those in lower rank. Mr. Boyd gave us an instance of their gentlemanly spirit. An old Chevalier de Malthe, of ancient *noblesse*, but in low circumstances, was in a coffee-house at Paris, where was Julien, the great manufacturer at the Gobelins, of the fine tapestry so much distinguished both for the figures and the *colours*. The chevalier's carriage was very old. Says Julien, with a plebeian insolence, "I think, Sir, you had better

\* 'We stopped at Cupar, and drank tea. We talked of parliament; and I said, I supposed very few of the members knew much of what was going on, as indeed very few gentlemen know much of their own private affairs. Johnson. "Why, sir, if a man is not of a sluggish mind, he may be his own steward. If he will look into his affairs, he will soon learn. So it is as to public affairs. There must always be a certain number of men of business in parliament." Boswell. "But consider, sir, what is the House of Commons? Is not a great part of it chosen by Peers? Do you think, sir, they ought to have such an influence?" Johnson. "Yes, sir. Influence must ever be in proportion to property; and it is right it should." Boswell. "But is there not reason to fear that the common people may be oppressed?" Johnson. "No, sir. Our great fear is from want of power in government. Such a storm of vulgar force has broken in." Boswell. "It has only roared." Johnson. "Sir, it has roared, till the judges in Westminster-Hall have been afraid to pronounce sentence in opposition to the popular cry. You are frightened by what is no longer dangerous, like presbyterians by popery." He then repeated a passage, I think in Butler's *Remains*, which ends, "and would cry fire! fire! in Noah's flood,"—vol. ii. p. 292.

have your carriage new painted." The chevalier looked at him with indignant contempt, and answered, "Well, Sir, you may take it home and dye it!" All the coffee-house rejoiced at Julien's confusion.'

Mr. Croker's note on 'reciprocal benevolence and attachment' is, 'What a commentary on this opinion has the French revolution written!' This is brief, but pithy. The feeling on which Boswell chiefly relied for the safeguard of the old system in that country, was precisely that which, as at the touch of a poisoned wand, most suddenly and fatally gave place to its *opposite*—and one which will, most probably, never again exert any considerable influence on the conduct of that nation.

We must not, however, allow ourselves to be betrayed into polemics. To return to Johnson—whether the old system of opinions as to church and state was, in the main, right or wrong, there can be no doubt that the doctor was, in his day, their most effective champion and guardian. He did not live to stretch out his mighty hand by the side of Burke, as he assuredly would have done, in opposition to the deeds of the French liberals, in their hour of triumph, or the doctrines which their admirers took that opportunity to preach with such hopeful vigour here among ourselves. But the double leaven had been at work ere then; and it is impossible to forget what a 'power in Europe' Voltaire was all through the period of Johnson's exertions, and how ably he and his encyclopedists were seconded in *some* parts of their *assault general* by English writers, who must have possessed an almost despotic influence in this country, and who, it can scarcely be doubted, would have exerted their sway with sufficient boldness and decision, had there been no such person as 'the great Cham of literature.'

So Smollett, who had, however, a profound respect for Johnson, was the first to call him; and Horace Walpole, and a hundred more, thought the joke too good to be dropped.—'Surly Sam,' and 'Ursa Major,' and a long catalogue of less dignified soubriquets, still linger also in the public ear. Rough and surly, however, as he was on occasion, there was never any man, placed in the same species of literary eminence, whose actions, wherever he had it in his power to serve a fellow-creature, were more completely swayed by the spirit of human kindness, or who, in spite of the haughty tone of his critical opinions, did so much to serve in his generation the weaker, or less fortunate, brethren of the pen. His paternal condescension, in particular, in advising inferior authors, and in correcting their works, indolent as he was, and disgusting above all other drudgeries as that labour is, will ever fill one of the brightest pages in his story.

His roughness of manner, his grotesque appearance, his huge, unwieldy, awkward bulk, and other circumstances that we  
need



need not recall, had, of course, their share in producing an effect, which Mr. Croker dwells on at some length, and with some apparent wonder, namely, his limited intercourse, great acknowledged *lion* of the day as he was, with the upper world of fashion. We are not, however, inclined to acquiesce in the explanation which such circumstances may seem to furnish, but to attribute the actual result, mainly and essentially, to Johnson's own scorn of those subserviencies, at the cost of which most plebeian *lions*, whether of the smooth or the rough breed (for there are plenty of both) have been fain to purchase the protracted tolerance of circles that originally welcome them under the influence of mere curiosity. He had 'looked deep into the hearts of men;' and, though on principle the sturdiest of all the supporters of the monarchy and the aristocracy, perceived as clearly as any of their assailants, that political distinctions draw social lines, and that these rarely *seem* to be forgotten by the *porphyrogeniti*, except when they are in quest of amusement, or some equally selfish object. In the collision of masculine intellects he delighted; he was fully alive to the charms of feminine grace; but to be the show appendage of luxury came not within the range of his ambition. Keeping aloof from regions in which infantine wonder, and admiration on trust, and the gaze of soft eyes, and the blandishments of refined haughtiness, would have been ready and eager, yet as surely interspersed with indications of that sense of absolute inapproachable superiority which his spirit could not have endured, he also abstained from lowering, by any of his writings, the public sense of respect for external distinctions. He considered the gradation of ranks as an institution necessary for the good of all; and, neither envying nor despising others, was contented with that place of his own to which no man could dispute his title. One consequence of this abstinence may be noticed in a single word—he has left us none of those bitter pictures of high life of which we have had so many from persons who appear to have thought little in this world worthy of their acceptance, except such crumbs of its favour as flattery might conciliate from caprice.

We shall, perhaps, be thought to have indulged in a graver strain, in some of these observations, than was exactly called for by the appearance of a narrative so familiar as Boswell's, with certain notes and interpolations, which, after all, do not essentially interfere with the general impression left by the author himself. It may be so; and we shall endeavour, in selecting some specimens of the *cura Crokeriana*, to keep as much as possible out of the way of temptation to more trespasses of the like kind. The liveliness of the editor's manner, the clearness of his mental optics, and the delicate nicety of truth with which his language reflects

reflects his thoughts, would render the business of selection a difficult one, even were there much less of novelty, and diverting novelty, in the information thus elegantly conveyed. His excellencies are various, and different readers will *admire* different things the most highly. All, however, will agree with us, that the following is a good specimen of that instinctive tact which, being accompanied with intrepid industry, furnishes the most solidly valuable qualification of the *annotator*.

Of Michael Johnson, the Doctor's father, we have this account in Boswell's text—

'He was a citizen so creditable as to be made one of the magistrates of Lichfield; and, being a man of good sense, and skill in his trade, he acquired a reasonable share of wealth, of which, however, he afterwards lost the greatest part, by engaging unsuccessfully in a manufacture of parchment.'—vol. i., p. 7.

Now, see how Mr. Croker finds, in this casual hint, the clue for penetrating one of Johnson's hitherto most unintelligible prejudices:—

'Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines "*excise*, a hateful tax, levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the *common judges* of property, but by *wretches* hired by those to whom excise is paid;" and in the *Idler* (No. 65) he calls a *Commissioner of Excise* "one of the *lowest* of all human beings." This violence of language seems so little reasonable, that the editor was induced to suspect some cause of *personal animosity*; this mention of the trade in parchment (an *exciseable* article) afforded a clue, which has led to the confirmation of that suspicion. In the records of the Excise Board is to be found the following letter, addressed to the supervisor of excise at Lichfield:—"July 25, 1725.—The Commissioners received yours of the 22d instant; and since the justices would not give judgment against Mr. Michael Johnson, *the tanner*, notwithstanding the facts were fairly against him, the Board directs, that the next time he offends, you do not lay an information against him, but send an affidavit of the fact, that he may be prosecuted in the Exchequer." It does not appear whether he offended again, but here is a sufficient cause of his son's animosity against commissioners of excise, and of the allusion in the Dictionary to the *special* jurisdiction under which that revenue is administered. The reluctance of the justices to convict will appear not unnatural, when it is recollected, that Mr. Johnson was, *this very year*, chief magistrate of the city.'—vol. i., pp. 7, 8, note.

Mr. Croker's close scrutiny as to *dates* brings out, perpetually, most satisfactory results. Take, for example, the story given by Boswell, on the authority of Miss Adye, of Litchfield, of Johnson, when not quite three years old, participating in the public enthusiasm about Dr. Sacheverel, and insisting on being carried, on his father's back, to the cathedral, to hear him preach. What says our editor?—

'The



'The gossiping anecdotes of the Lichfield ladies are all apocryphal. Sacheverel, by his sentence pronounced in Feb. 1710, was interdicted for three years from preaching; so that he could not have preached at Lichfield while Johnson was under three years of age. But what decides the falsehood of Miss Adye's story is, that Sacheverel's triumphal progress through the midland counties was in 1710; and it appears by the books of the corporation of Lichfield, that he was received in that town and complimented by the attendance of the corporation, "and a present of three dozen of wine," on the 16th June, 1710: when the "*infant Hercules of Toryism*" was just nine months old.'—vol. i., p. 12.

On Friday, the 7th April, 1775, Johnson dines at *the club*, and Boswell records as follows:—

'Patriotism having become one of our topics, Johnson suddenly uttered, in a strong determined tone, an apophthegm, at which many will start: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."—vol. iii., p. 223.

The editor's note is a short one—

'This remarkable *sortie*, which has very much amused the world, will hereafter be still more amusing, when it is known, that it appears by the books of the club, that at the moment it was uttered *Mr. Fox was in the chair*.'—vol. iii., p. 223.

It is difficult to understand how such a Secretary of the Admiralty as Mr. Croker was could ever have found time for pursuing out his own notions of editorial duty throughout such a book as Boswell's—but so it is. We could fill a dozen of our pages with instances not less remarkable than the three we have quoted. We shall now extract some notes of another class.

When Boswell tells us (sub anno 1737) that his hero 'abstained entirely from fermented liquors,—a practice to which he rigidly conformed, for many years together, at different periods of his life,'—Mr. Croker writes thus:—

'At this time his abstinence from wine may, perhaps, be attributed to poverty, but in his subsequent life he was restrained from that indulgence by, as it appears, moral, or rather medical considerations. He probably found by experience that wine, though it dissipated for a moment, yet eventually aggravated the hereditary disease under which he suffered; and perhaps it may have been owing to a long course of abstinence that his mental health seems to have been better in the latter than in the earlier portion of his life. He says, in his *Prayers and Meditations*, p. 73, "By abstinence from wine and suppers I obtained sudden and great relief, and had freedom of mind restored to me; which I have wanted for all this year, without being able to find any means of obtaining it." Selden had the same notion: for being consulted by a person of quality, whose imagination was strangely disturbed, he advised him "not to disorder himself with eating

eating or drinking; to eat very little supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed; and I (Selden) made but little question but he would be well in three or four days."—*Table Talk*, p. 17. 'These remarks are important, because *depression of spirits* is too often treated on a contrary system, from ignorance of, or inattention to, what may be its *real cause*.'—vol. i., p. 74.

We are at a loss, with this note before us, to understand Mr. Croker's criticism, at p. 333 of the same volume, on the following passage:—

'I always (says Boswell) remembered a remark made to me by a Turkish lady, educated in France: "*Ma foi, monsieur, notre bonheur depend de la façon que notre sang circule.*"'

'Mr. Boswell (says his editor) no doubt fancied these words had some meaning, or he would hardly have quoted them; but what that meaning is, the editor cannot guess.'

Dr. Johnson is commended for struggling against *melancholy*, by avoiding strong drinks at night, and yet Mr. Croker does not understand how human happiness should be talked of as in any way dependent on '*la façon que notre sang circule.*' Disordered digestion is accompanied still more infallibly by irregularity of pulse than by troubled spirits.

Boswell says,—

'His "*Vanity of Human Wishes*" has less of common life, but more of a philosophic dignity, than his "*London.*" More readers, therefore, will be delighted with the pointed spirit of "*London,*" than with the profound reflection of "*The Vanity of Human Wishes.*" Garrick, for instance, observed in his sprightly manner, with more vivacity than regard to just discrimination, as is usual with wits, "When Johnson lived much with the Herveys, and saw a good deal of what was passing in life, he wrote his '*London,*' which is lively and easy: when he became more retired, he gave us his '*Vanity of Human Wishes,*' which is as hard as Greek. Had he gone on to imitate another satire, it would have been as hard as Hebrew."—vol. i., p. 168.

Mr. Croker thus comments:—

'Garrick's criticism (if it deserves the name) and his facts are both unfounded. "*The Vanity of Human Wishes*" is in a graver and higher tone than the *London*, but not harder to be understood. On the contrary, some classical allusions, inconsistent with modern manners, obscure passages of the latter; while all the illustrations, sentiments, and expressions of the former are, though wonderfully noble and dignified, yet perfectly intelligible, and almost familiar. Moreover, when Johnson wrote *London*, he was not living the gay and fashionable life which Mr. Garrick is represented as mentioning. Alas! he was starving in obscure lodgings on eightpence, and sometimes even fourpence a day; and there is in *London* nothing to show any intimacy with the great or fashionable world.'—vol. i., p. 168.

He throws in, also, the following scrap from Mrs. Piozzi:—

'When Dr. Johnson, one day, read his own satire, in which the life of a scholar is painted, with the various obstructions thrown in his way to fortune and to fame, he burst into a passion of tears.'—*ibid.*

When, in answer to those critics who censured the style of the Rambler as 'involved, turgid, and abounding with hard words,' and especially to Murphy's apt quotation from Dryden, viz. 'if so many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them'—when Boswell flies up at this, and asserts that 'there is not the proportion of one hard word to each paper,' Mr. Croker thus mediates:—

'Mr. Boswell's zeal carries him too far: Johnson's style, especially in the Rambler, is frequently turgid, even to ridicule; but he has been too often censured with a malicious flippancy, which Boswell may be excused for resenting; and even graver critics have sometimes treated him with inconsiderate injustice. For instance, the Rev. Dr. Burrowes (now Dean of Cork), in an "Essay on the Style of Dr. Johnson," published in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy (1787), observes:—"Johnson says that he has rarely admitted any word not authorized by former writers; but where are we to seek authorities for 'resuscitation, orbity, volant, fatuity, divaricate, asinine, narcotic, vulnerary, empireumatic, papilionaceous,' and innumerable others of the same stamp, which abound in and disgrace his pages?—for 'obtund, disruption, sensory, or panoply,' all occurring in the short compass of a single essay in the Rambler;—or for 'cremation, horticulture, germination, and decussation,' within a few pages in his Life of Browne? They may be found, perhaps, in the works of former writers, but they make no part of the English language. They are the illegitimate offspring of learning by vanity." It is wonderful, that, instead of asking where these words were to be found, Dr. Burrowes did not think of referring to Johnson's own dictionary. He would have found good authorities for almost every one of them; for instance, for *resuscitation*, Milton and Bacon are quoted; for *volant*, Milton and Phillips; for *fatuity*, Arbuthnot; for *asinine*, Milton; for *narcotic* and *vulnerary*, Browne; for *germination*, Bacon; and so on. But although these authorities, which Dr. Burrowes might have found in the dictionary, are a sufficient answer to his question, let it be also observed, that many of these words were in use in more familiar authors than Johnson chose to quote, and that the majority of them are now become familiar, which is a sufficient proof that the English language has not considered them as *illegitimate*."—vol. i., p. 195.

Again, when Boswell quotes, as conclusive on this topic, Johnson's own dictum in the Idler,—'He that thinks with more extent than another, will want words of a larger meaning,' the editor observes,—

'This is a truism in the disguise of a sophism. "He that thinks with

with more extent will," no doubt, "want words of a larger meaning," but the *words themselves* may be plain and simple; the number of syllables, and *ore-rotundity* (if one may venture to use the expression) of the sound of a word can never add much, and may, in some cases, do injury to the meaning. What words were ever written of a larger meaning than the following, which, however, are the most simple and elementary that can be found—"God said, *Let there be light, and there was light!*" If we were to convert the proposition in the Idler, and say, that "he who thinks feebly needs bigger words to cover his inanity," we should be nearer the truth. But it must be admitted (as Mr. Boswell soon after observes) that Johnson (though he, in some of his works, pushed his peculiarities to an absurd extent) has been on the whole a benefactor to our language; he has introduced more dignity into our style, more regularity into our grammatical construction, and given a fuller and more sonorous sound to the march of our sentences and the cadence of our periods.'—vol. i., p. 196.

It might have been added, that Johnson's style was getting more and more simple as he advanced; he himself, taking up the Rambler by accident, towards the close of his life, was heard to confess that the language seemed too artificial; and the later of his *Lives of the Poets* are in fact very plain and unambitious specimens of English prose.

We cannot, however, think Mr. Croker equally happy in all his criticisms, and are indeed sometimes extremely puzzled to comprehend what the difficulty he confesses to have found can be. For example, in talking of the Preface to the Dictionary, Boswell says,—

'One of its excellencies has always struck me with peculiar admiration; I mean the perspicuity with which he has expressed abstract scientific notions. As an instance of this, I shall quote the following sentence: "When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of senses in their own nature collateral?"'—vol. i., p. 277.

Mr. Croker's note is,—

'Mr. Boswell's apprehension was much clearer than, or his ideas of perspicuity very different from those of the editor, who is not ashamed to confess that he does not understand this *perspicuous* passage. There seems, moreover, to be something like a contradiction in the terms: how can *parallels* be said to *branch out*?'

Now, with great deference, we think the doctor's meaning plain enough. When many different senses are affixed to the same word, and we have no direct evidence as to the dates of their respective receptions into general use,—when in short we are unable to *prove* which of the oblique senses of a given vocable was adopted first, which second, which third, and so on, there opens a field of most complex and difficult conjecture; and it is, in fact, exactly in this exquisitely refined and laborious department, that

Dr. Johnson's most serious errors and negligencies, as a lexicographer, are now universally recognised.

On occasion of some discussion between Johnson and Boswell, about the political purity of Mr. Burke, Mr. Croker gives this note—

'Mr. Green, the anonymous author of the "Diary of a Lover of Literature" (printed at Ipswich), states, under the date of 13th June, 1796, that a friend whom he designates by the initial M (and whom I believe to be my able and obliging friend Sir James Mackintosh) talking to him of the relative ability of Burke and Gibbon, said, "Gibbon might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind without his missing it." I fancy, now that enthusiasm has cooled, Sir James would be inclined to allow Gibbon a larger share of mind, though his intellectual powers can never be compared with Burke's.'—vol. iii., p. 223.

We cannot help thinking that the right honourable Editor, in this passage, lets out something of the prejudices of the Irishman, and more of those of the 'public man.' A hundred years hence, what will be the relative positions, in the eye of the world, of the certainly splendid genius that dictated the 'Reflections,' and the great author of the 'Decline and Fall?' who will *then* talk about 'cutting out of a corner?'

At vol. i., p. 451, we read,—

'JOHNSON—"Pity is not natural to man. Children are always cruel. Savages are always cruel. Pity is acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason. We may have uneasy sensations from seeing a creature in distress, without pity; for we have not pity unless we wish to relieve them. When I am on my way to dine with a friend, and, finding it late, have bid the coachman make haste, if I happen to attend when he whips his horses, I may feel unpleasantly that the animals are put to pain, but I do not wish him to desist. No, Sir, I wish him to drive on.'

On which Mr. Croker says,—

'Johnson's antithesis between pity and cruelty is not exact, and the argument (such as it is) drawn from it is therefore inconclusive. Pity is as natural to man as any other emotion of the mind. The Bishop of Ferns\* observes, that children are said to be *cruel*, when it would be more just to say that they are *ignorant*—they do not know that they give pain. Nor are savages cruel in the sense here used, for cruelty's sake; they use cruel means to attain an object, because they know no other mode of accomplishing the object; and so far is pity from being acquired solely by the cultivation of reason, that reason is one of the checks upon the pity natural to mankind.'—vol. i., p. 451. We are surprised that neither the doctor nor his commentators should have called to mind Aristotle's definition of pity, which gives in a few words the whole *rational* of the matter. 'Pity is

\* In such a book as this, a designation like 'the Bishop of Ferns' seems out of place. Why not save future editors the trouble of saying 'Dr. Elrington?'

a painful feeling excited by the contemplation of some distress, the like of which we know *may* befall ourselves.' Children and savages have lively fancy, but little imagination : men are hard, generally, in proportion to their want of this last quality ; and Plato does not hesitate to give as the measure of *genius*, the extent of *sympathy*.

At the same dinner, by the by, where this question of pity was started, Dr. Johnson is introduced as thus handling ' a writer of deserved eminence' :—

' Why, Sir, he is a man of good parts, but, being originally poor, he has got a love of mean company and low jocularly ; a very bad thing, Sir. To laugh is good, and to talk is good. But you ought no more to think it enough if you laugh, than you are to think it enough if you talk. You may laugh in as many ways as you talk ; and surely *every* way of talking that is practised cannot be esteemed.'—vol. i., p. 462.

Mr. Croker's note is—

' It is not easy to say who was here meant. Murphy, who was born poor, was distinguished for elegance of manners and conversation ; and Fielding, who could not have been spoken of as alive in 1763, was born to better prospects, though he kept low company ; and had it been Goldsmith, Boswell would probably have had no scruple in naming him.'

Will he allow us to suggest the name of *Smollett*? The conversation occurs July 20, 1763 : Dr. Smollett had left London for Italy, in bad health, the month before, and might naturally be talked of. No one who recollects his own description of his Sunday dinners, in Humphry Clinker, the race for the pair of new boots between the fat bookseller and his poor translator, &c. &c., will dispute that the Novelist's tastes as to social diversion would appear low to the Rambler ; and Boswell, being (as the Hebridean Tour shows) a personal friend of the Smollett family, would have been likely to suppress the ' eminent writer's' name, even if he had not been an eminent Scotchman.

Since we are at such small matters,—Mr. Croker sometimes ' goes on refining.' When Johnson and Boswell, *e. g.* visit Calder, or (according to the pronunciation) *Cawdor* Castle in Invernesshire, the Editor discovers in Shakspeare's adherence to the latter spelling, which he seems to consider peculiar to Shakspeare, a ' strong, though minute instance of the general knowledge' of the author of Macbeth. Can Mr. Croker have forgotten that Shakspeare, in that first of tragedies, versifies numberless speeches, and two or three whole scenes, almost *literatim*, from Hollinshed? If he turns to the old chronicler, he will find him uniformly writing *Cawdor*. But enough of these notelings upon notes. Here is something better:—

' JOHNSON.—

'JOHNSON.—"Wise married women don't trouble themselves about infidelity in their husbands." BOSWELL.—"To be sure there is a great difference between the offence of infidelity in a man and that of his wife." JOHNSON.—"The difference is boundless. The man imposes no bastards upon his wife."—vol. iv., p. 280.

Mr. Croker's note on this passage is a capital compression of all that has been best said on the subject.

'This seems too narrow an illustration of a "boundless difference." The introduction of a bastard into a family, though a great injustice and a great crime, is only one consequence (and that an occasional and accidental one) of a greater crime and a more afflictive injustice. The precaution of Julia, alluded to *ante*, vol. iii., p. 390, did not render her innocent. In a moral and in a religious view, the guilt is no doubt equal in man or woman; but have not both Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell overlooked a social view of this subject? which is perhaps the true reason of the greater indulgence which is generally afforded to the infidelity of the man—I mean the effect on the personal character of the different sexes. The crime does not seem to alter or debase the qualities of the *man*, in any essential degree; but when the superior purity and delicacy of the *woman* is *once contaminated*, it is destroyed—*facilis decensus Averni*—she generally falls into utter degradation, and thence, probably, it is that society makes a distinction conformable to its own interests—it connives at the offence of men, because men are not much deteriorated as *members of general society* by the offence; and it is severe against the offence of women, because women, as members of society, are utterly degraded by it. This view of the subject will be illustrated by a converse proposition—for instance: The world thinks not the worse, nay rather the better, of a *woman* for wanting *courage*; but such a defect in a *man* is wholly unpardonable, because, as Johnson wisely and wittily said, "he who has not the virtue of courage has no security for any other virtue." Society, therefore, requires *chastity* from *women*, as it does *courage* from *men*. The Editor, in suggesting this merely worldly consideration, hopes not to be misunderstood as offering any defence of a breach, on the part of a man, of divine and human laws; he by no means goes so far as Dr. Johnson does in the text, but he has thought it right to suggest a difference on a most important subject, which had been overlooked by that great moralist, or is, at least, not stated by Mr. Boswell.'

One excellent point of Mr. Croker's editorship is the embodying of Boswell's Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides in the Life of Johnson: we only wonder how the two pieces, so obviously parts of the same design, and executed so entirely in the same style, should have been kept distinct so many years after all petty difficulties arising from questions of copyright had ceased. Assuredly they will never again be separated; and as surely, the long series of notes, furnished to Mr. Croker by Sir Walter Scott, on the Hebridean part, containing, as they do, the cream of that great



great writer's own observations during his tour to the Western Isles, and so much curious traditional matter, that he found lingering in the wilderness, concerning the sayings and doings of the 'Sassenagh More' (big Englishman), and his inimitable Cicerone, will never be divorced from the text which they so admirably illustrate, and indeed, invest with a new interest throughout. To us the expedition of 1773 appears by far the most entertaining episode of the doctor's life; and everything about it seems in harmony with the genial moment, so beautifully described, in which he first conceived the notion of his own account of his wanderings. 'I sat down on a bank, such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had, indeed, no trees to whisper over my head, but a clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour well, I know not; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration.'

We shall string together a few of Sir Walter Scott's contributions to this part of the undertaking; and begin with his note on that page of Boswell where 'Mr. Nairne' is mentioned as accompanying Johnson from Edinburgh to Fife.

'Mr. William Nairne, afterwards Sir William, and a judge of the Court of Session, by the title, made classical by Shakspeare, of Lord Dunsinnan. He was a man of scrupulous integrity. When sheriff depute of Perthshire, he found, upon reflection, that he had decided a poor man's case erroneously; and as the only remedy, supplied the litigant privately with money to carry the suit to the supreme court, where his judgment was reversed.'

'Monday, 6th Sept.—Dr. Johnson being fatigued with his journey, retired early to his chamber, where he composed the following Ode, addressed to Mrs. Thrale:—

'Permeo terras, ubi nuda rupes  
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,  
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni  
Rura labores, &c.'

*Note.* 'About fourteen years since, I landed in Sky, with a party of friends, and had the curiosity to ask what was the first idea on every one's mind at landing. All answered separately that it was this Ode.'

*Saturday, 18th Sept.*—The Lady Macleod, complaining of the inconveniences of Dunvegan castle, and wishing that the family residence should be removed to the valley below, says to Boswell,

'It is very well for you, who have a fine place, and everything easy, to talk thus, and think of chaining honest folks to a rock. You would not live upon it yourself.' BOSWELL—"Yes, madam, I would live upon it, were I Laird of Macleod, and should be unhappy if

if I were not upon it." JOHNSON (with a strong voice and most determined manner)—"Madam, rather than quit the old rock, Boswell would live in the pit; he would make his bed in the dungeon."

On Boswell's observing that it would be easy to improve the accommodation of the old chateau, so as to render it tolerably comfortable, Sir Walter adds,—

'Something has indeed been done, partly in the way of accommodation and ornament, partly in improvements yet more estimable, under the direction of the present beneficent Lady of Macleod. She has completely acquired the language of her husband's clan, in order to qualify herself to be their effectual benefactress. She has erected schools, which she superintends herself, to introduce among them the benefits, knowledge, and comforts of more civilised society; and a young and beautiful English woman has done more for the enlarged happiness of this primitive people than had been achieved for ages before.'

At the same place they are shown a Latin inscription by Macleod's parish minister, in which the chief is styled, '*Gentis suæ philarchus*;' on this Mr. Croker says:

'The minister seems to have been no contemptible Latinist. Is not *Philarchus* a very happy term to express the paternal and kindly authority of the head of a clan?'

The editor does not seem to be aware, that *Phylarchus* (*Φυλαρχος*), literally *chief of a tribe*, is the established phraseology of Buchanan and all who ever wrote in Latin about these Celtic reguli. The minister's mis-spelling has misled him.

We cannot leave *Dunvegan* without advertising to a most interesting fragment of autobiography by Johnson's Macleod, furnished to Mr. Croker by his son, the present chief, and which, besides throwing great light on Dr. Johnson's Hebridean proceedings, deserves to be attentively considered in a still more serious point of view. This phylarch

'of the Hebrid Isles,

Placed far amid the melancholy main,'

thus touchingly records his own behaviour—how unlike that of most of his brethren—at an epoch which will ever be miserably memorable in the history of those remote regions.

'In the year 1771, a strange passion for emigrating to America seized many of the middling and poorer sort of Highlanders. The change of manners in their chieftains, since 1745, produced effects which were evidently the proximate cause of this unnatural dereliction of their own, and appetite for a foreign, country. The laws which deprived the Highlanders of their arms and garb would certainly have destroyed the feudal military powers of the chieftains; but the fond attachment of the people to their patriarchs would have yielded to no laws. They were themselves the destroyers of that  
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pleasing influence. Sucked into the vortex of the nation, and allured to the capitals, they degenerated from patriarchs and chieftains to landlords; and they became as anxious for increase of rent as the new-made lairds—the *novi homines*—the mercantile purchasers of the Lowlands. Many tenants, whose fathers, for generations, had enjoyed their little spots, were removed for higher bidders. Those who agreed, at any price, for their ancient *lares*, were forced to pay an increased rent, without being taught any new method to increase their produce. In the Hebrides, especially, this change was not gradual, but sudden,—and sudden and baleful were its effects. The people, freed by the laws from the power of the chieftains, and loosened by the chieftains themselves from the bonds of affection, turned their eyes and their hearts to new scenes. America seemed to open its arms to receive every discontented Briton. To those possessed of very small sums of money, it offered large possessions of uncultivated but excellent land, in a preferable climate;—to the poor, it held out high wages for labour;—to all, it promised property and independence. Many artful emissaries, who had an interest in the transportation or settlement of emigrants, industriously displayed these temptations; and the desire of leaving their country, for the new land of promise, became furious and epidemic. Like all other popular furies, it infected not only those who had reason to complain of their situation or injuries, but those who were most favoured and most comfortably settled. In the beginning of 1772, my grandfather, who had always been a most beneficent and beloved chieftain, but whose necessities had lately induced him to raise his rents, became much alarmed by this new spirit which had reached his clan. Aged and infirm, he was unable to apply the remedy in person;—he devolved the task on me, and gave me for an assistant our nearest male relation, Colonel Macleod, of Talisker. The duty imposed on us was difficult: the estate was loaded with debt, incumbered with a numerous issue from himself and my father, and charged with some jointures. His tenants had lost, in that severe winter, above a third of their cattle, which constituted their substance; their spirits were soured by their losses, and the late augmentations of rent; and their ideas of America were inflamed by the strongest representations, and the example of their neighbouring clans. My friend and I were empowered to grant such deductions in the rents as might seem necessary and reasonable; but we found it terrible to decide between the justice to creditors, the necessities of an ancient family which we ourselves represented, and the claims and distresses of an impoverished tenantry. To God I owe, and I trust will ever pay, the most fervent thanks that this terrible task enabled us to lay the foundation of circumstances (though then unlooked for) that I hope will prove the means not only of the rescue, but of the aggrandisement of our family. I was young, and had the warmth of the liberal passions natural to that age; I called the people of the different districts of our estate together; I laid before them the situation of our family—  
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its debts, its burthens, its distress ; I acknowledged the hardships under which they laboured ; I described and reminded them of the manner in which they and their ancestors had lived with mine ; I combated their passion for America by a real account of the dangers and hardships they might encounter there ; I besought them to love their young chieftain, and to renew with him the ancient manners ; I promised to live among them ; I threw myself upon them ; I recalled to their remembrance an ancestor who had also found his estate in ruin, and whose memory was held in the highest veneration ; I desired every district to point out some of their oldest and most respected men, to settle with me every claim ; and I promised to do every thing for their relief which in reason I could. My worthy relation ably seconded me, and our labour was not in vain. We gave considerable abatements in the rents, few emigrated, and the clan conceived the most lively attachment to me, which they most effectually manifested."—vol. ii., Appendix, pp. 557-559.

We must not, at present, enter into the painful subject to which this beautiful *extract* tempts us. To return to the text—

' *Tuesday, 5th October.*—BOSWELL. I could now sing a verse of the song *Hatyin foam'eri*, made in honour of Allan, the famous captain of Clanranald, who fell at Sherrif-muir ; whose servant, who lay on the field watching his master's dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, " He was a man yesterday."

Sir Walter Scott's note is—

' *Hatyin foam.* A very popular air in the Hebrides, written to the praise and glory of Allan of Muidartach, or Allan of Muidart, a chief of the Clanranald family. The following is a translation of it by a fair friend of mine :

Come, here's a pledge to young and old,  
We quaff the blood-red wine ;  
A health to Allan Muidart bold,  
The dearest love of mine.  
Along, along, then haste along,  
For here no more I'll stay ;  
I'll braid and bind my tresses long,  
And o'er the hills away.

When waves blow gurlly off the strand,  
And none the bark may steer ;  
The grasp of Allan's strong right hand  
Compels her home to veer.

Along, along, &c.

And when to old Kilphedar came  
Such troops of damsels gay ;  
Say, came they there for Allan's fame,  
Or came they there to pray ?

Along, along, &c.—vol. ii., pp. 516, 517.

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We presume, if Sir W. Scott had been writing his note now, he would have had a melancholy satisfaction in giving the name of the accomplished authoress of these elegant verses. They are popular in Scotland, and were written by Margaret (born Maclean Clephane), Marchioness of Northampton—lost to society and literature, too early, in 1830.

'Sunday, 17th October.—Being informed that there was nothing worthy of observation in Ulva, we took boat, and proceeded to Inchkenneth.'

SCOTT.—'Inchkenneth is a most beautiful little islet of the most verdant green, while all the neighbouring shores are as black as heath and moss can make them. The ruins of the huts, in which Dr. Johnson was received by Sir Allan M'Lean, were still to be seen, and some tatters of the paper-hangings were on the walls. Sir George Onesiphorus Paul was at Inchkenneth with the same party of which I was a member. He seemed to me to suspect many of the Highland tales which he heard, but he showed most incredulity on the subject of Johnson's having been entertained in the wretched huts of which we saw the ruins. He took me aside, and conjured me to tell him the truth of the matter. "This Sir Allan," said he, "was he a *regular baronet*, or was his title such a traditional one as you find in Ireland?" I assured my excellent acquaintance that, for my own part, "I would have paid more respect to a knight of Kerry, or knight of Glynn; yet Sir Allan M'Lean was a *regular baronet* by patent;" and, having given him this information, I took the liberty of asking him, in return, whether he would not in conscience prefer the worst cell in the jail at Gloucester (which he had been very active in overlooking while the building was going on) to those exposed hovels where Johnson had been entertained by rank and beauty. He looked round the little islet, and allowed Sir Allan had some advantage in exercising ground; but in other respects, he thought the compulsory tenants of Gloucester had greatly the advantage. Such was his opinion of a place, concerning which Johnson has recorded that "it wanted little which palaces could afford."

'Friday, 22d October.—We bade adieu to Lochbuy, and to our very kind conductor, Sir Allan M'Lean.'

SCOTT.—'Sir Allan M'Lean, like many Highland chiefs, was embarrassed in his private affairs, and exposed to unpleasant solicitations from attorneys, called in Scotland *writers* (which, indeed, was the chief motive of his retiring to Inchkenneth.) Upon one occasion he made a visit to a friend, then residing at Carron lodge, on the banks of the Carron, where the banks of that river are studded with pretty villas; Sir Allan, admiring the landscape, asked his friend whom that handsome seat belonged to. "M——, the writer to the signet," was the reply. "Umph!" said Sir Allan, but not with an accent of assent, "I mean that other house." "Oh! that belongs to a very honest fellow, Jamie ——, also a writer to the signet." "Umph!" said the Highland chief of M'Lean, with more emphasis than before. "And  
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yon smaller house?" "That belongs to a Stirling man: I forget his name, but I am sure he is a writer, too, for——" Sir Allan, who had recoiled a quarter of a circle backward at every response, now wheeled the circle entire, and turned his back on the landscape, saying, "My good friend, I must own, you have a pretty situation here; but d—n your neighbourhood."

'Friday, 29th October. Glasgow.—The professors of the University being informed of our arrival,' &c.

SCOTT—'Mr. Boswell has chosen to omit, that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow; but I have been assured by Professor John Miller that they did so, and that Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Miller was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so, as Dr. Smith's temper seemed much ruffled. At first, Smith would only answer, "He's a brute, he's a brute;" but on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter on the death of Hume. Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. "What did Johnson say?" was the universal inquiry. "Why, he said," replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, "he said, *you lie!*" "And what did you reply?" "I said, you are a son of a ——!" On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy.'

We must take leave to express our strongest suspicion of this story.

'Saturday, 6th November. Auchinleck.—It would certainly be very unbecoming in me to exhibit my honoured father and my respected friend, as intellectual gladiators, for the entertainment of the public; and therefore I suppress what would, I dare say, make an interesting scene in this dramatic sketch, this account of the transit of Johnson over the Caledonian hemisphere.'—Boswell.

'Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar, after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued his own advantages as a man of good estate and ancient family, and, moreover, he was a strict presbyterian and whig of the old Scottish cast. This did not prevent his being a terribly proud aristocrat; and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James, for the nature of his friendships and the character of the personages of whom he was *engoué* one after another. "There's nae hope for Jamie, mon," he said to a friend. "Jamie is gaen clean gyte.—What do you think, mon? He's done wi' Paoli—he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon?" Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt. "A *dominie*, mon—an auld dominie; he kepted a schùle, and cau'd it an acaadamy." Probably if this had been reported to Johnson, he would have felt it more galling, for he never much liked to think of that period of his life: it would have aggravated his dislike

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of Lord Auchinleck's whiggery and presbyterianism. These the old lord carried to such an unusual height, that once when a countryman came in to state some justice business, and being required to make his oath, declined to do so before his lordship, because he was not a *covenanted* magistrate, "Is that a' your objection, mon?" said the judge; "come your ways in here, and we'll baith of us tak the solemn league and covenant together." The oath was accordingly agreed and sworn to by both, and I dare say it was the last time it ever received such homage. It may be surmised how far Lord Auchinleck, such as he is here described, was likely to suit a high tory and episcopalian like Johnson. As they approached Auchinleck, Boswell conjured Johnson by all the ties of regard, and in requital of the services he had rendered him upon his tour, that he would spare two subjects in tenderness to his father's prejudices; the first related to Sir John Pringle, president of the royal society, about whom there was then some dispute current; the second concerned the general question of whig and tory. Sir John Pringle, as Boswell says, escaped, but the controversy between tory and covenanter raged with great fury, and ended in Johnson's pressing upon the old judge the question, what good Cromwell, of whom he had said something derogatory, had ever done to his country; when, after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out, "God, doctor! he gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their neck." He taught kings they had a *joint* in their necks. Jamie then set to mediating between his father and the philosopher, and availing himself of the judge's sense of hospitality, which was punctilious, reduced the debate to more order.—*Walter Scott.* Vol. iii. pp. 78, 79.

It is much to be regretted that some *notes* on the Hebridean tour, which Lord Stowell (who accompanied Johnson as far as Edinburgh) had dictated to Mr. Croker, and which the latter transmitted by post to Sir Walter Scott, that he might have them before him while writing his own observations, should have, by some (in the days of Sir Francis Freeling unexampled) accident, never reached their destination, nor to this hour been recovered. Various fragments, however, of the venerable peer's information are embodied in the editor's own notes; and we shall conclude with one specimen:—

'The Editor asked Lord Stowell in what estimation he found Boswell amongst his countrymen. "Generally liked as a good-natured, jolly fellow," replied his Lordship. "But was he *respected*?" "Why, I think he had about the proportion of *respect* that you might guess would be shown to a *jolly fellow*." His Lordship evidently thought that there was more *regard* than *respect*.'

*Respect* indeed! Mr. Croker informs us (vol. ii. p. 71) that at Garrick's Shakspeare Jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon, Mr. Boswell, 'lest he should not be sufficiently distinguished, wore the words **CORSICA BOSWELL**, in large letters, round his hat;' and where the biographer makes solemn mention (vol. iv. p. 317) of his



his 'esteemed friend Mr. Akerman, the keeper of Newgate,' we have the following note :—

'Why Mr. Boswell should call the keeper of Newgate his "*esteemed friend*" has puzzled many readers; but besides his natural desire to make the acquaintance of every body who was eminent or remarkable, or even *notorious*, his strange propensity for witnessing executions probably brought him into more immediate intercourse with the keeper of Newgate.'

On the whole, in spite of a few trivial mistakes and inadvertencies, easy to be corrected hereafter, we may safely pronounce this 'Boswell' the best *edition* of an English book that has appeared in our time. It is set forth, as might be supposed, with all the luxury of modern *embellishment*. The engravings are exquisitely beautiful; and one wholly new thing in this way, viz. a Boswell, after a dashing early drawing of Lawrence (much in the style of a sketch by 'H. B.') is, to our fancy, more satisfactory, in the case of such a person, than the most elaborate portrait, done under the fear of the proprieties, could ever have been. We ought not to omit, that a really good index has now, for the first time, been given with a book that, above almost any other, wanted such an appendage. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is, we suspect, about the richest dictionary of wit and wisdom any language can boast, and its treasures may now be referred to with *infinitely* greater ease than heretofore.

ART. II.—*Introductory Lectures on Political Economy, being part of a Course delivered in Easter Term, 1831.* By Richard Whately, D.D., Professor of Political Economy to the University of Oxford, (now Archbishop of Dublin.) London. 1831.

IN a recent article\* we exposed several of the fallacies, contradictions, and downright absurdities of the modern writers on political economy, and traced the most pernicious of them to a fundamental error, by which the whole fabric of the science was necessarily vitiated,—the confounding wealth, as measured by its exchangeable value, with utility or advantageousness. Since the publication of that paper, another chair of Political Economy having been instituted, and another professor having put forth a series of *Introductory Lectures on the science*,† we opened his work with some curiosity to ascertain whether it would be attempted to get over our objection, or that the reform we recommended would be adopted, and the science of wealth confined within its proper boundaries, and strictly segregated from the science of political welfare. The latter we find to be the object which Dr. Whately

\* Art. I. No. LXXXVII.

† Whately's Lectures. 1831.

has proposed to himself, though he has somewhat slurred over the difficulty, and has not expressed himself with the clearness and decision which this important point, affecting as it does the very nature of the science he professes, undoubtedly required of him. The eight lectures now published are, it is true, only introductory—a lengthened preface—nay, but a part of a preface, since the reader is, at the end, referred to his *next* course of lectures for the elucidation of *other* preliminary matters, namely, ‘the explanation of the practical principles relative to the mode in which the science should be studied, and the paramount importance of precise language on the subject.’ ‡ At this rate of progress, it will be only after some years, and at the end of several volumes, that the lecturer will enter upon the subject itself. The extraordinary length of these prefatory discourses must, like a puritan’s grace before meat, be somewhat tantalizing to the appetite of the students, who are naturally impatient to get at the marrow of the matter. If the Professor is so dilatory in making his approaches, we fear malicious people will conclude he is deficient either in the courage or the forces necessary for attacking the citadel.

However, we are gratified to find Dr. Whately, in the very commencement of his first lecture, concede at once, that political economy, as it has been hitherto pursued and understood, has reference only to wealth, and to wealth, not in the sense of utility, but of exchangeable value. Indeed, the whole of these eight introductory lectures are occupied by an apology for the study of the science of wealth in this sense, and a series of arguments to show that it is not inconsistent with religion, morality, or national happiness. In these conclusions, of course, we agree most readily; just as we admit the same of the study of hydrostatics, for example, or any other of the sciences of fact. All we contend for is, (and this point Dr. Whately has evaded,) that the limits of the subject-matter of the science should be well defined, and always borne in mind; that the laws which we discover on examination to regulate the production and distribution of wealth in a nation, should not be mistaken for the laws which determine the wellbeing of that nation, any more than the laws which regulate the conduct of its waters. Wealth is, no doubt, an element in national welfare, and its increase, in due proportions and directions, is an increase of the general good—but so also is water; and we might as reasonably take the laws of hydrostatics as exclusive rules for legislation, as the laws of the science of wealth. We might as well place a scientific engineer at the head of the state, with directions to supply the country with the largest possible quantity of water, without any regard to its distribution, or

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\* Whately’s Lectures. 1831.

the circumstances which may render it desirable in some places, hurtful in others—as give up the reins of government to a political economist, in order that he may augment the aggregate stock of wealth, without regard to the manner of its distribution, or the circumstances which may, and do, render a small increase in one direction of far greater public utility than a larger increase in another direction.

That the mere increase of wealth *is* no measure of the prosperity of a community we have already shown ; \* but a point of such importance, that the whole question, as to the true ends of government and legislation, depend upon it, cannot be too often or too clearly demonstrated. As an example, therefore, let us suppose a country, A., to raise large quantities of corn by the labour of a body of agriculturists, who, from the conditions on which alone they are allowed to cultivate the soil, have but a bare subsistence left to them, and live in a state of extreme misery. The corn remaining beyond their consumption is the property of the landowner, who exports it in exchange for luxuries, as jewels, wines, pictures, and rich stuffs, for his own consumption. Now there can be no question that the total wealth of A. is increased by this trade, because for the wealth exported in the shape of corn, wealth *of greater value*, in the shape of luxuries, is imported. But is the trade which thus produces an increase of wealth in A., of a beneficial character ? Does it tend to increase the prosperity of the inhabitants of A. ? Suppose the trade did not exist, and that the same quantity of corn we first supposed to be exported was consumed in maintaining the population of A. in abundance instead of penury ; whatever circumstances occasioned this different state of things, of a political or other nature, it is evident that the condition of the inhabitants of A. would be vastly superior to what we supposed them before, *though the total amount of wealth possessed by them would be less.*

It is certain, therefore, that the amount of wealth in a country is no measure of its prosperity, understanding by that term the aggregate of comfort, ease, and happiness enjoyed by its inhabitants ; and that the study of the circumstances which determine the wealth of a country is entirely distinct from the study of the circumstances which determine its prosperity, while all will allow that it is the latter class of circumstances only which are to be regarded by the statesman and the philanthropist.

The name which has been unfortunately given to the science of wealth (however trifling such a circumstance may appear to those who have never considered the power of names) is one of the principal causes of the existing misapprehension as to its real

\* No. LXXXVII. pp. 43, 44.

limits. The term Political Economy naturally conveys the ideal of the study of the means of applying to the greatest *advantage* the resources of a nation. The Economists themselves plunge into the fallacy at their first step, and drag their disciples along with them, when they declare, that 'political economy is to the state, what domestic economy is to a family.'\* Domestic economy, however, regulates the application of the resources of a family, not with a view to the mere increase of its wealth, but rather to such a disposition of it as may conduce most to the comfort and gratification of its members. It is the domestic economy of the miser only that affords a parallel to the political economy of our professors. Both confine their views to the bare increase of the sum total of wealth, without heeding the sacrifices of ease or enjoyment at which such increase may be obtained, or studying the modes in which it may be applied to the production of pleasure. Both rather assume, by a very similar aberration of intellect, that every increase of wealth (*quocunque modo rem*) is, necessarily, tantamount to an increase of happiness.

A name which conveys an incorrect idea is liable to become a source of perpetual error; and the application of the term political economy to the science of wealth, has perhaps tended, more than any other cause, to induce its followers to forget the narrow limits within which their researches are properly confined, and to trespass on the domain of the moralist and the statesman. Dr. Whately, in order to remedy the evil, very reasonably suggests the substitution of another name (*catallactics*) for that of political economy, although he doubts whether it is not too late to introduce the change. We are not of that opinion; we consider that from the moment it is ascertained and acknowledged that the science is concerned only with wealth in the sense of exchangeable value, and has no direct reference to utility or national welfare, it is placed upon a new basis, and must be wholly remodelled;† and a change of name, even though the former title were unobjectionable in itself, would be exceedingly desirable, as a memento of the change of character, and a pledge for the avoidance of early errors. Still more, then, is it advisable when the old name, as we have shown, is both inappropriate and mischievous, from its tendency to produce and keep alive those errors.

\* McCulloch, Principles, p. 1, last edition. Mill, Principles, p. 1.

† The witty Doctor Folliott, in Mr. Peacock's amusing *jeu d'esprit*, Crotchet Castle, deals many a severe hit among the Macquedys of the day, of which the following is not the least effective:—'The moment you admit that one class of things, without reference to what they respectively cost, is better worth having than another; that a smaller commercial value, with one mode of distribution, is better than a greater commercial value with another mode of distribution, the whole of that curious fabric of postulates and dogmas which you call the science of political economy, and which I call *politica economica inscientia*, tumbles into pieces.'—p. 180.

With regard to the choice of a new appellation, we are well contented to take that which Dr. Whately proposes, namely, *cattallactics*,\* since it serves as a definition to the science, limiting it to its true meaning, 'the study of exchanges, or of wealth, the subject-matter of exchanges.' This view does not differ from that of political economists in general, who, when they have attempted to define the object of their inquiries, have limited it to exchangeable articles. But while in definition they have been thus modest, in practice they have been extravagantly otherwise.

We know well that those writers who have been accustomed to take their fling over the whole domain of moral and political science, and to consider their doctrines as the text-book of the legislature, will demur both to the propriety of this new appellation, and to the narrow boundaries within which we propose, by its aid, to restrain their capricious caracoles—Mr. M'Culloch, for example, who, in the introduction to the last edition of his '*Principles*,' while distinguishing the politician from the political economist, confines the former to the consideration of the constitution of the government, and claims for the latter the undivided right of sitting in judgment upon its *acts*.

'Whatever measures affect the production or distribution of wealth, necessarily come within the scope of his observation, and are freely canvassed by him. He examines whether they are in unison with the principles of the science. If they *are*, he pronounces them to be *advantageous*, and shows the nature and extent of the benefits of which they will be productive; if they *are not*, he shows in what respect they are defective, and to what extent their operation will be injurious.'

We put aside the shallow disclaimer of interference with the constitution of governments,—shallow indeed, because whatever rules determine the advantages or disadvantages of the acts of a particular form of government, must necessarily determine the character of the form of government which produces them. But it is clear that in this, as in numberless other passages, the professors of political economy arrogate for their science the power of deciding on the utility of laws and state measures, upon the strength of the evident fallacy that whatever increases the wealth of a nation *must be* for its benefit.

We will, however, fix these gentlemen at once between the horns of a dilemma; for either the science in question must be confined to treat of wealth solely as measured by exchangeable value, in which case it can have no more paramount influence over the *general interests* of a nation, or the laws which are necessary to promote those interests, than any other of the political, moral, or economic sciences,—or, on the other hand, it does not measure

\* From *Kattallaxy*.

wealth by its exchangeable value alone, but admits of other considerations, independent of value, in which case wealth will be synonymous with utility, or the tendency to produce political, that is, general happiness; and then exchangeable value, it must be allowed, is no measure whatever of it, for though value be *one* of the elements of utility, it can no more alone act as a measure to it than weight alone can be the measure of momentum or length of area.

When, however, a man sells 100*l.*'s worth of goods of any sort, and buys with them a jewel, or a picture, or a book, of that value, though it is to be presumed that he has benefited himself by the exchange, or he would not have made it—though even we may know that the jewel, or book, or picture, is, *to him*, ten times more desirable than the goods with which he parted to procure it, yet his *wealth* remains unaltered. The wealth of individuals is, therefore, calculated strictly and solely by its value in exchange, without reference to other considerations; and as the wealth of a nation is simply the sum of the wealth of the individuals composing it, the former must indubitably be estimated by the same measure as the latter, and there can be no hesitation between the alternatives we have proposed, and which admit of no middle course. Let the Economists, however, we repeat, take their choice, and, either renouncing the title they have hitherto borne, and which has led them astray, let them, as catallacticians, investigate the laws that regulate the interchange of valuable products, and deduce from them rules for our guidance in the increase of these products, that is, of wealth in its legitimate sense; or, renouncing their habitual practice of measuring wealth by value, let them enter on the wide sea of moral and political happiness, and test every step of their propositions by a reference to the other varying elements of gratification, mental as well as physical, that are independent of value.

Dr. Whately does not hesitate in his selection. Nothing can be more explicit than the terms in which he disclaims all idea of a connexion between the question as to advantages or disadvantages, and political economy, 'whose strict object is,' he says, 'to inquire only into the nature, production, and distribution of wealth, not its connexion with virtue or happiness.'\* Mr. Senior is no less decided in his disavowal. 'It is not with happiness, but with wealth,' says the Professor of Political Economy to the King's College, 'that I am concerned as a political economist; and I am not only justified in omitting, but, perhaps, am bound to omit, all considerations which have no influence on wealth.'† And again,

\* Whately, p. 53.

† Three Lectures on the Rate of Wages, p. 16.



in a subsequent page, 'Many writers and readers of political economy forget that wealth only is within the province of that science; and that the clearest proof that absenteeism diminishes the virtue or the happiness of the remaining members of a community, is no answer to arguments which aim only at proving that it does not diminish their wealth.'\*

We trust we run no risk, through what we have said, of being classed with those who despise wealth and discourage its acquisition or increase; who think it incompatible with virtue or happiness, and that poverty is more fruitful in both. Still less do we consider it useless or prejudicial to investigate the nature of wealth, the causes that promote or accelerate its production, and the laws that regulate its distribution. On the contrary, it is our earnest wish for the advancement of this most useful study, that renders us desirous of simplifying and clearing it from all extraneous matter, which can only confuse and mislead its investigators. Nor are we less friendly to the augmentation of wealth, that is, of the purchaseable means of human gratification. All we are anxious for is a clear, general, and specific acknowledgment that the theory of wealth is *not* the theory of government; that the laws which regulate the increase or diminution of wealth are *not* the laws which determine the well or ill being of a nation; that it is of infinitely greater importance *how* the wealth of a community is *distributed*, than what is its absolute amount; that an increase of national wealth may be made at the expense of much national and individual happiness; and consequently, that the conclusions of the science of wealth, serviceable as we acknowledge they must be, if correctly deduced from true principles, and properly applied, ought, on no account, to be taken by themselves as guides to the knowledge of the real interests of a society, but must be first tested and tried by a reference to other data, upon which the welfare of societies depends, in an equal, if not in a still greater degree, than on their aggregate wealth. Nor would our argument for the separation of the studies of wealth and general happiness be in the least weakened by any probable grounds that may be adduced for believing that when an enlarged and comprehensive view of the interests of mankind can be taken, the two pursuits will be found to coincide; that the circumstances which are most favourable to the progressive, continuous, and permanent advance of the wealth of a community, are really, *in the long run*, the same with those which conduce in the highest degree to its happiness. This may, or may not, be the truth. But it is clearly only *after* an elaborate and complete examination of the nature and causes of

\* Three Lectures on the Rate of Wages, p. 35.



both wealth and national welfare, *studied separately*, that we can arrive at this conclusion with any certainty. To begin by assuming that they are identical, would be to destroy all the means of being able to prove that they are so. To make such an assumption the ground of our inquiries into the causes of wealth and happiness, would only be to prevent the possibility of our ever obtaining clear views upon either.

If we confer the name of *catalactics* on the science of wealth, that of political, or (as we would prefer calling it) social economy, will be most aptly appropriate to the higher and more general class of studies, of which the former must be reckoned but a subordinate branch—THE SCIENCE OF THE INTERESTS, OR HAPPINESS, OF NATIONS;—a glorious subject of speculation, the first, undoubtedly, in rank of the moral sciences, since, indeed, it comprehends and crowns them all. The great questions as to the best forms of government, the best institutions, the best schemes of municipal, national, and international law, the best systems of education and of morals, as well as that as to the best mode of directing the resources of each community for the acquisition and distribution of wealth, enter into the domain of social economy in this noble and extended sense. *Catalactics*, or the science of exchangeable wealth, bears the same relation to this great and almost boundless study, that botany bears to natural history, or mineralogy to geology. It would not be more hurtful to the progress of true knowledge to confound the classification of plants or of minerals with the general history of animated nature or of the globe, than the classification of phenomena relating to the production and distribution of wealth with the general theory of social happiness. That theory is too extensive and complicated to be studied as a whole, without subdivision into parts; but social economy has hitherto suffered the fate of all infant sciences, whose progress has always been at first impeded by the confusion of ill-directed efforts, until the necessary subdivision has taken place of the different branches of inquiry, and each has assumed its proper station, and had its just limits and right direction assigned to it.

The time is now arrived for submitting the science of national welfare to that subdivision of the several branches of inquiry included in it, which, at a certain epoch, has been found necessary for the due cultivation of all the physical sciences. That the 'Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations,' the mode in which it is produced and distributed, be studied as phenomena, and pursued up to their general determining laws, is of the very first importance; but it is essential to the due prosecution, as well as to the subsequent utility, of this study, that it be no longer mixed up  
and

and confounded with more general and complicated views on the moral and social happiness of men. It must be carried on independently, and on its own proper basis, or its conclusions are worse than worthless,—they become mischievous in the highest degree by introducing error, under the mask of exact science, into the great problems of legislation and politics. Whether its students choose to pursue their researches under the title of *catalactics*, or any other, we earnestly trust they will eschew that of *political economy*, leaving it, if still to be employed at all, to designate the higher and more general study of the laws which determine the happiness of nations; but which, in order to avoid confusion, as well as the not wholly unmerited discredit so generally attached to that name, we should prefer calling, as we have said above, *social economy*.

It may be thought that we are extending too widely the domain of social economy in the new and enlarged sense we would affix to that term, when we comprehend in it the sciences of government, legislation, and moral and religious education. But it will appear on examination that an inquiry into the economy of a state, even if understood merely in a pecuniary sense, as the best means of applying the wealth of a nation and its resources for the production of wealth to the national benefit, must inevitably include all these several branches. Government, laws, institutions for public education, charity, or religion, are all of them contrivances for employing the joint resources of the community in the best imaginable manner for its advantage. Each requires the appropriation of a part of the common funds, the stock purse, for their furtherance; and it is only by showing that they are the most *economical* modes of attaining in the greatest perfection the desirable objects of security to person, property, and industrious pursuits—peace at home and abroad—mutual harmony and goodwill—an increase of the general and individual command over the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life, and consequently of the general well-being of the society—that *any* national institutions, supported at the public expense, or by the public concurrence, can be justified. In short, if social economy is to be to a society what domestic economy is to a family (and this is certainly the only legitimate application of the word), it must comprehend all these branches of study—it is identical with the science of civil polity, or the art of arranging a state for the best advantage of its component members.

ART. III.—*The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London for the Year 1830—31. London. 1831.*

WE have here before us the first proceedings of an infant society, which, if we mistake not, bids fair to arrive at an early state of maturity. That such a society should never have been thought of till about a twelvemonth ago, is somewhat surprising, in a great country like this, which throws out its numerous and comprehensive arms into every corner of the globe,—and the more so, since almost every capital in Europe had long had its Geographical Society, and our own metropolis its literary and scientific societies, in all their various branches, with the single exception of geography, probably the most popular of all. But, as had been seen in the origin of all the rest, it required only some person or persons, known to be zealous in the cause, to take the lead, in order to fill up this vacant space in the circle. With this view it was announced on the dinner-card of the ‘Raleigh Travellers’ Club,’ that a proposition would be made for the establishment of such a society. A full attendance of its members and other gentlemen, as visitors, was the consequence; and Mr. Barrow, who was in the chair, submitted to the meeting, that, to complete the circle of literary and scientific societies which flourished in this great city, an institution was still wanting, whose object should be the promotion and diffusion of that most important and entertaining branch of knowledge, Geography,—a pursuit so easy of attainment, that all who can read may comprehend; that an opportunity now offered for forming, under the auspices of the ‘Raleigh,’ a new society, under the name of THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. The proposition having met the concurrence of the company present, a committee was then and there named; and from the rapidly increasing number, and still more from the character, of the subscribers, it soon became manifest that a favourable opinion of the scheme was spreading and strengthening. As a further proof of this feeling towards it, we observe, by a notification in the Journal, that the African Association, which sent out Hornemann, Houghton, Mungo Park, and some others, has united itself with the Geographical Society; and that His Majesty, always ready to sanction by his patronage and liberality whatever undertakings may hold out a promise of being beneficial to the public, has not only lent the use of his royal name, but contributed to the society an annual donation of fifty guineas, as a premium for the encouragement of geographical knowledge.

This number of the Journal of the Society’s proceedings, and of the papers read in the course of the first session, certainly holds out a fair promise, that the views and objects stated in the introductory

introductory address will not be lost sight of. There can be little doubt, indeed, that when the establishment of such a society shall be made known in our distant colonies, much curious, interesting, and substantial information will pour in, and through the medium of the *Geographical Journal* become available to the public.

The first, in the series of papers, is on the state of the new colony of Swan River, chiefly extracted from Lieutenant-Governor Stirling's report, and preceded by a few observations from Mr. Barrow on New Holland generally; a country which, though as large as Europe, is as yet represented on our maps nearly as a blank. 'Yet,' it is observed, 'as this extensive territory will, in all probability, in process of time, support a numerous population, the progeny of Britons, and may be the means of spreading the English language, laws, and institutions over a great part of the Eastern Archipelago, it is presumed that every accession to our knowledge of its geographical features, however limited, will be acceptable to the Society,'—and, we may add, to the public at large, particularly at this time, when the subject of emigration is beginning to receive that attention which it has long merited. It is highly desirable that the true state of all those portions of that great country, which have been fixed on for settlements, should be accurately ascertained and made generally known, that persons intending to embark with their whole property and families may neither be deterred, nor urged on, by the gross misrepresentations so constantly made, from a spirit of rivalry and jealousy, in the provincial journals. As to the interior of Australia, we have as yet had very little but vague conjecture, and how valuable that is, one specimen may shew. The notion prevailed that the interior was a vast swamp, or a Mediterranean sea, towards which the land had a dip or inclination from every side, and that into this great basin all the waters flowed from the surrounding rim of mountains. The recent discovery of the Murrumbudgie river, which, uniting with the Lachlan, forms the Murray, and terminates in an estuary on the southern coast, of sixty by thirty miles in extent, fully demolishes, if any proof was wanted to demolish, this absurd notion. But, in fact, our knowledge of this vast country is confined to its coasts, and the greater part of them have only been looked at, not examined; and numerous rivers may, therefore, yet be found, on a closer survey, to discharge themselves into the sea, of which at present we are wholly ignorant.

\* For instance, on the western side, from North-west Cape, in lat.  $22^{\circ}$ , to Clarence Strait, in lat.  $12\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , a distance of more than one thousand miles, there are numerous large openings, not yet examined, in which no land is visible to the eye of the spectator in the interior, and through which rivers of the first magnitude might discharge their waters

waters unseen and unknown. The whole of this coast is fronted with innumerable islands, with deep channels between them, through which, according to Captain King's expression, "the tide rushes with frightful rapidity." He suspects the great mass of land called Dampier's Land, extending from Cape Levique to Pointe Gantheaume, to be an island, behind which there is an opening of at least eight miles in width; and here, as well as in the Buccaneers' Archipelago, he found the rise and fall of the tides six and thirty feet, which on other parts of the coast did not exceed eight or nine feet. From these phenomena, Captain King comes to the same conclusion with that excellent old navigator Dampier. "From all that is at present known," he observes, "of this remarkable opening, there is enough to excite the greatest interest; since, from the extent of the opening, the rapidity of the stream, and the great rise and fall of the tides, there must be a very extensive gulf or opening, totally different from every thing that has been before seen." But in parts of the coast so dangerous, no survey can be made, except in boats or by land, along the shore.—pp. 3, 4.

Captain Stirling's first report on the progressive state of the colony of Swan River for the year 1830 is on the whole satisfactory; and in a private letter of March in the present year, he says, 'Through good report and evil report we have worked our way nearly to the conclusion of the second year, and I am proud in saying, that our prospects are brighter and better assured than ever.' He states, that at the head of Flinders' 'Dangerous Bight,' where there is no danger, he had established a settlement, where 'about one hundred persons make it a very contented and prosperous little place; where ships may obtain excellent water, wood, and vegetables at a few minutes' notice.' In the same letter, Captain Stirling gives a brief account of the discoveries which have been made since the planting of this establishment. The Darling range, he says, is about thirty-six miles broad; 'beyond them, to the eastward, is an undulating variety of fair land; the valleys or plains always good and covered with grass; the soil, though variable, presenting a proportion of good land, to the extent of one-third of the first quality.' The progress of discovery in this direction was stopped by a river flowing to the north, which at the time was rolling down an impetuous flood, caused by the rains of the season. Mr. Dale, who first discovered this river, penetrated, on a subsequent journey, to the distance of a hundred miles from the coast, and returned with a most favourable account of the country. The river here mentioned is, in winter, a very powerful stream. 'Its source and ulterior course,' says Captain Stirling, 'is at present unknown, but by a recent exploration of the coast to the south (north), as far as lat.  $28^{\circ} 40'$  S., no river nor inlet exists on it.' This point of interest shall not be allowed to remain much longer

longer in obscurity.' Another officer, of the name of Bannister, proceeded about ninety miles in a south-by-east direction, and traversed 'the most beautiful country he had ever seen.' Proceeding in the same direction, over a hilly region, the party thought they saw an immense mountain to the east, far above the clouds, the height of which was estimated by the surveyor at ten thousand feet. They made the coast near Cape Chatham, and, after enduring the extremes of hunger, reached King George's Sound. 'The effect of these discoveries on the minds of the settlers,' Captain Stirling observes, 'has been to remove all doubt as to the success of the colony.'

This paper is followed by another, containing a general view of the botany of the vicinity of Swan River, by Mr. Brown, the celebrated botanist. He observes, that the number of species put into his possession does not exceed one hundred and forty, and that, from materials so limited in extent, but few general observations can be hazarded on the vegetation of this portion of the south-west coast of New Holland; and that if an opinion were to be formed of the nature of the country merely from the inspection of these collections, it certainly would be extremely unfavourable as to the quality of the soil; that the opinion, however, so formed, would be necessarily modified in noticing the entire want, in the collections, of tribes, all of which must be supposed to exist, and some even in considerable proportion in the tract examined;—in allowing for the unfavourable season when the herbarium in question was collected;—in the abundance and luxuriance of kangaroo grass;—in the extraordinary size of some arborescent species of *Banksia*;—and, lastly, in adverting to the important fact stated by Captain Stirling, namely, that the stock had not only been supported through nearly the whole of the dry season, but that most descriptions of it had even fattened, on the natural herbage of the country. We must pass over the enumeration of the different families of plants that compose the collection made on this western coast of Australia, and conclude our notice of this paper by a remarkable circumstance, which Mr. Brown had stated in the account of Captain Flinders' voyage, respecting the genus *eucalyptus* and the leafless *acaciæ*; two genera the most widely diffused, and by far the most extensive in this country. Speaking of these plants, he had observed,—

'They agree very generally also, though belonging to very different families, in a part of their economy, which contributes somewhat to the peculiar character of the Australian forests—namely, in their leaves, or the parts performing the functions of leaves, being vertical, or presenting their margin, and not the surface, towards the stem, both surfaces having consequently the same relation to light.

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‘This economy, which uniformly takes place in the *Acaciæ*, is in them the consequence of the vertical dilatation of the foliaceous petiole; while in *Eucalyptus*, where, though very general, it is by no means universal, it proceeds from the twisting of the footstalk of the leaf.’

He now extends his observations on these genera as follows :—

‘To this quotation it may be added that these two genera still more uniformly agree in the similarity of the opposite surfaces of their leaves. But this similarity is the indication of a more important fact—namely, the existence equally on both surfaces of the leaf of those organs, for which, as I believe them to be in general imperforated, I have adopted the name of *cutaneous glands*, but which by most authors are denominated pores, or *stomata* of the *epidermis*. In leaves especially of trees and shrubs, these glands are generally found on the under surface only; while among arborescent plants in a very few instances, as in several *Coniferae*, they are confined to the upper surface.

‘In addition to the two extensive New Holland tribes here mentioned, there are many other cases in which these organs occupy both *paginæ*; and I am inclined to think such cases more frequently occur on that continent than in any other part of the world. It is at least certain that on this microscopic character of the equal existence of cutaneous glands on both surfaces of the leaf, depends that want of lustre which is so remarkable in the forests of New Holland.’

These papers are followed by a third, containing a ‘Description of the Natives of King George’s Sound, (Swan River Colony,) and adjoining Country, by Mr. Scott Nind, and communicated by Mr. Brown.’ Mr. Brown observes, that Mr. Nind, being the medical officer of the settlement established there in 1827, and living on shore till 1829, ‘diligently availed himself of this opportunity, and the result of his observations appears to form an important contribution to the history of the race.’ Those whose pursuits lead them to the study of man in his lowest and most humiliating condition will find in this article abundant food for philosophising. Its descriptions, however, are not confined to the natives, but embrace the surface of the country and its natural productions; and, combined with the two preceding papers, may help us in forming a tolerably correct estimate of a part of Australia, which, there is every ground to hope, will ere long become a flourishing English colony.

There are three interesting papers on islands that owe their existence to the action of submarine volcanos. One by Captain Smyth of the Royal Navy, on the Columbretes, volcanic rocks on the coast of Valencia in Spain; a second on the Island of Deception, one of the New Shetland Isles, by Lieutenant Kendall of the Navy; a third on the Cocos, or Keeling Islands, transmitted by Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Owen.

‘Much



‘Much discussion,’ says Captain Smyth, ‘has been lately directed towards Paul’s, St. Santorin, and other volcanic islands, which enclose circular bays or gulfs, whence the theory of “craters of elevation” has arisen.’ The most interesting part, however, of the discussion is that which is noticed by Mr. Barrow, in his short introduction to the account of ‘Deception Island.’

‘The New Shetland Isles,’ he observes, ‘are a cluster recently discovered, or, more correctly speaking, re-discovered, by Mr. Smith, a master in the Royal Navy. Dirck Gheritz, who commanded one of five ships which sailed from Rotterdam in 1598, to make a western passage to India, was separated from his companions off Cape Horn, and carried, by tempestuous weather, as far as latitude  $64^{\circ}$  S., where he discovered a high country, with mountains covered with snow, resembling the coast of Norway; and there can be no doubt that this was the group of islands in question. They seem to be a continuation of the Cordillera of the Andes, and Archipelago of Tierra del Fuego; being, for the most part, precisely of the same formation with the latter—their strata even inclining the same way. But the particular island here described is completely volcanic; and its circular crater bears a very striking resemblance to that of the Island of Amsterdam, or, as it is called by some, St. Paul, in the mid-ocean between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia.

‘The shape of both, too, is so like that of the lagoons which are met with in nine-tenths of the numerous low coral islands, that are scattered over the intra-tropical portions of the Pacific, as to give a colour to an opinion I was led to form many years ago, that these extraordinary fabrics, the creation of minute marine worms, are for the most part based on the edges of sub-marine volcanic craters, rising sufficiently near the surface to allow these creatures the requisite light and heat to carry on their wonderful operations, creating perpetually new islands.’—p. 62.

This creation of new islands, by effecting a change on the earth’s surface, and adding to it an increase of *land*, brings the subject appropriately enough within the sphere of geography, though it may seem to appertain more strictly to the province of geology and natural history in general; but it is not easy to draw the precise limits that separate these sciences. Comparing these ‘craters of elevation,’ as Captain Smyth calls them, with the ridges of coral reefs that surround their inclosed lagoons, with the exception generally of an opening that communicates with the sea on one side, it is only necessary to imagine one of these reefs to be lifted up to a certain height, or these elevated islands to be depressed to the level of the reefs, and the Columbrete, Amsterdam, and Deception, would assume the precise form of so many coral islands in the one case, while a coral lagoon island would, in the other, exactly resemble an Amsterdam or Deception; and if a submarine force

force was applied to the numerous low coral islands in the Pacific, which inclose lagoons, sufficient to raise them to a certain height, we should have many thousand such islands as those above named, differing very much in size, but not materially in form. Like these too, almost all the coral reefs have their sides steep, except that where the opening is to the sea; in fact no soundings are to be had close to many of them. The inference to be drawn from this close resemblance is, that these circular islets of coral formation are based generally on the edges of submarine volcanoes, of which the lagoons are the craters. In most of them too, as a further proof, are to be found pumice stone, and other volcanic products; and as calcareous deposits are always abundant in the immediate regions of volcanoes, it is possible that these *lithophytes* affect such situations as being most congenial with their nature, and thus enabling them more successfully to carry on their wonderful calcareous fabrics. It is true these creatures also construct their edifices, at once their habitations and their tombs, on a grand scale, where there is no appearance of volcanic action, as, for instance, on the great 'barrier reef' that stretches along the eastern coast of Australia; but still it is probable they all have their bases fixed to ridges of rock, or the summit of submarine mountains. The waving lines that these kind of reefs assume, like the summit ridges of mountains as designated on maps, afford an indication of this. A remarkable one exists among those numerous coral reefs and islands which lie near and among the Seychelles; from its peculiar shape it has taken the name of the Snake Reef. Generally, however, but more especially in the Pacific, the coral formations are 'îles à lagune;' and these we conceive to be all based on volcanic ridges. Of this kind Admiral Krusenstern enumerates no less than a hundred, in a band extending between  $20^{\circ}$  and  $14^{\circ}$  of south latitude, and  $134^{\circ}$  and  $149^{\circ}$  of west longitude. Beechey visited thirty-two coral islands, where living *lithophytes* were gradually extending the limits of their creative labours, twenty-nine of which had lagoons in their centres, and many of these were evidently fast filling up with living rock.

Against the opinion we have here stated, that these lagoon islands are all of volcanic origin, an objection may be taken, that in many of them, as well as in the 'barrier reef,' and other coral formations, there is no appearance whatever of volcanic products, no lava of any kind. But we conceive that the visible presence of volcanic products is by no means necessary to prove that volcanic action has existed. We have a fresh and striking example of this in the total absence of lava on the island which has just been thrown up between the coast of Sicily and Pantellaria; neither in the materials projected into the air, nor  
in

in the more solid parts raised to the height of one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy feet, has any appearance of lava been detected. In the smell of the vapour or steam thrown out, one of the bystanders observes, there was not even the slightest symptom of its being impregnated with sulphur, and the white steam was charged only with carburetted hydrogen gas. Mr. Osborne, the surgeon of the Ganges, who was on shore, states the substance of the island to be chiefly ashes, the pulverized remains of coal, deprived of its bitumen, iron, scorise, and a kind of ferruginous clay—no trace whatever of lava, no terra puzzolana, no pumice stone, no shells or other marine remains, usually found at *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*. A short account of this new island is inserted in the miscellaneous matter of the 'Journal,' and a very striking lithographic view, taken at the height of the eruption. While noticing this island, it may be mentioned as a remarkable circumstance, that on the 28th June, about a fortnight before the new island burst forth, Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, in the *Britannia*, passed over the position nearly which it now occupies, and experienced several shocks as if the ship had struck on a sandbank; and it is further observed in the short account given in the 'Geographical Journal,' that a tradition is current at Malta, that a volcano burst out on the same spot about the commencement of the last century. In a chart of the Mediterranean, published some time ago, by Faden, is laid down a shoal, with only four fathoms on it, named 'Larmour's Breakers,' within a mile of the spot occupied by the present volcanic island. It is part of this shoal lifted up, but no melted matter had been ejected by the latest accounts. It is only, perhaps, one of the vents or safety-valves of that subterranean furnace, which heaves out its melted lava through the great chimnies of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*. We have not heard whether either or both of these were in a state of activity at the time.

Volcanoes are undoubtedly among the most powerful instruments by which changes of the earth's surface have been effected; but none of these changes are more remarkable, and, until of late years, less regarded, than those portions of the ocean which have been raised to the surface, or just below the surface, as we have assumed, by volcanic action, and subsequently converted into productive land, by the creative powers of animals so minute and so insignificant, as scarcely to occupy a place in the classification of the great system of Nature. We know but little of their physical economy, or of the means they employ in fabricating their gigantic piles, an operation which, for want of a better word, we designate as instinct, or, as John Hunter more forcibly expressed it, 'the stimulus of necessity;' by their works only we know them. That these minute gelatinous worms should

should have created thousands of islands and millions of acres of land, in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, especially in the two latter, would seem almost incredible, were it not that they may at any time, and at all times, be, and frequently have been, caught in the fact of creating and continually adding to those innumerable islands and reefs that are strewed over these seas. When it is known that these fine tubes of calcareous matter, that constitute coral rock in all its varied shapes and modifications, can at any time be drawn up from below the surface in a state of imperfect induration, and so soft, indeed, as to be flexible, and that they are hardened into stone as life in these little animals becomes extinct, there is no ground left for doubting what their occupations were while alive. As little reason is there to doubt that coral reefs and islands are incessantly increasing in number and extent; but the progress is necessarily so slow, the observations that have been made are so few, and of such recent date, and it is so rare that the same observer has an opportunity, after a long interval, of repeating his observations, that few facts have yet been procured to establish this point. It is generally believed, however, that the immense beds of coral that surround the Bermudas have considerably approached the surface of the sea within the memory of man.

It would be well worth the trouble of the Geographical Society to draw up a set of questions to be distributed to navigators, especially those who are in the habit of visiting the Indian seas, and to request them to procure specimens of the various kinds of coral formations, as also, as far as this may be practicable, of the substrata on which these rest. There is one particular spot, which is, in our opinion, more than any other, worthy of being minutely examined;—this is the immense groupe of the Maldivé islands; in point of extent and number congregated into one cluster, they are, perhaps, among these wonderful fabrics, the most wonderful. The old Mahometan traveller, Batoota, who visited them in the thirteenth century, and calls them *Zobyet-el-Mahal*, says they constitute one of the wonders of the world; that their number is about two thousand, about one hundred of which are so close to each other as to form a sort of ring. The two Mahomedan travellers, who visited China in the ninth century, estimate them at one thousand nine hundred. Marco Polo was told that their number was not less than twelve thousand seven hundred; Linschoten, the Dutch navigator, calls them eleven thousand. Davis, the distinguished navigator, who so often attempted the discovery of the north-west passage, saw them in 1598, and was quite unable to count them, so great was their number, but he was told they were reckoned at eleven thousand.

A Frenchman

A Frenchman of the name of Peyrard de Laval, who was shipwrecked upon them in 1602, and kept a prisoner there for five years, says, that they were governed by Sultan Ibrahim, who styled himself 'Sovereign of the thirteen provinces or atolls, and the twelve thousand islands.'

These provinces are so many groups or systems, with deep channels between them, and are composed of reefs and islets, with circular or oval lagoons in their centres, each communicating by a single opening with the sea. The whole of this immense field of coral extends from lat.  $1^{\circ}$  S., to  $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  N., being nearly six hundred English miles, with a breadth of about seventy or eighty. They are almost wholly covered with cocoa-nut trees, which afford the means of supporting a large population with every necessary of life. We know of no subject to which the Geographical Society could better appropriate the king's premium, than for the best Essay on the formation of coral reefs, and the natural history of the animals that construct them.

The next paper we shall notice is a 'Memoir on the Voyage of His Majesty's Ship Blonde in the Black Sea, by the Rev. Edmund Goodenough, Dean of Wells.' The doctor observes, that 'of all the waters of the deep which have been penetrated by the enterprise of British sailors, there are none so little known to us, by actual observation, as the Black Sea.' In the times of Queen Elizabeth and Charles II., British merchantmen were permitted to navigate the Euxine for the purposes of commerce, 'yet the most copious naval histories of our country do not afford a single instance of a ship of war, antecedent to the short excursion made by his Majesty's ship Blonde, in November, 1829, having been permitted to navigate the Euxine.' This little expedition must therefore be considered at least as curious; and though, as Dr. Goodenough says, the facts of the voyage may be few, yet 'simple as they are, they form a feature in our naval history which we cannot elsewhere find throughout its range;' 'in the paucity of our information, relative to the actual state of the shores of the Black Sea, they are worth recording; and taken in connexion with the different periods of the Greek and Roman settlements in this sea, they cannot but possess a very considerable interest for the geographer.'

To inquire into the state of this sea, as recorded by ancient writers, and compare it, as we now find it, with their accounts, is one principal object of Doctor Goodenough's paper. He commences with a brief notice of some of the transactions and settlements of the ancients on the shores of this sea, which however small its importance in modern European history, 'was to them a place of much resort, the scene of some of the earliest adventures

adventures of their poetical history, an ample field for their favourite practice of colonization, and the emporium from which they procured many of the luxuries and necessities of life.'

'Neither the barbarians of the western or northern shores, nor the Asiatic potentates on its southern and eastern banks, could exercise dominion over the Euxine; yet they who have held Constantinople and its canal have at all times, from their geographical position, possessed the greatest influence over its navigation and commerce; and although this very position, and the facility which it afforded of exacting tribute from foreign merchants, have sometimes exposed the city to hostile attacks, yet it has much more frequently, from the same cause, been the object of courteous attention on the part of foreign powers, even when, as at present, the military character of its inhabitants may have sunk below mediocrity. Byzantium, says Polybius, writing about one hundred and fifty years before Christ, occupies a position as remarkable for its excellence in regard to the sea, as for its badness in respect to the land; and without her will no merchant can sail either to or from the Euxine. The Byzantines are therefore masters of that branch of commerce; and it is through them that the articles, for the supply of which the Euxine is celebrated, are brought into the markets of the Mediterranean; and these he states to be *cattle* and slaves of the best description, honey, wax, and salt fish. The trade in corn does not appear to have been then, as now, one exclusively of export from the Black Sea; but alternately of import and export, according, no doubt, to the seasons, and the state of demand under the various latitudes. In a fragment of Polybius, quoted by Athenæus (lib. vi. cap. 21.), we find mention again made of the export of salt fish from the Euxine. It was one of the foreign luxuries introduced at Rome which drew down the indignation of Cato the censor, who complained that the Roman citizens would purchase a jar or small barrel of the salted or pickled fish of the Euxine, perhaps our caviare among the rest, at the price of three hundred drachms (something under 10*l.*), and comely youths for slaves at a cost greater than that of an estate. Many anecdotes, indeed, that rival the wit and *gout* even of the celebrated *Almanach des Gourmands*, may be found in Athenæus, with regard to the salt fish and the tunny of the Euxine; where Archestratus, who made a gastronomic tour of the world, is made to tell his brother epicures, in the Homeric vein, that, dressed after a particular fashion, they are—

ἀνδρότατοι θηρίων φάρμακον καὶ ἰδιὸς ἰσχυρὸν

And, to be serious, the constant recurrence of the figure of a fish on the coins of the Greek cities on this sea, as well as of a fish-hook on those of Byzantium, is sufficient to show us what a value was set upon this source of wealth.—pp. 103, 104.

The excursion of the Blonde tends to prove that the Euxine has not materially, if at all, diminished in depth; though such an effect might very naturally have been looked for, in consequence

of the great quantities of mud and silt which, for ages, have constantly been carried down by the numerous large streams that empty themselves into the Euxine and the Palus Mæotis or Sea of Azof,—the Boristhenes or Dneiper, the Dniester, the Danube, the Sakarin, the Kizêlermak, the Phasis, the Kouban, and the Don.

The ancients did not overlook the probable consequences of this perpetual accession of mud into this great inland sea; and Polybius in particular reasoned very logically on the subject. Dr. Goodenough observes,—

‘ It is remarkable that Polybius, an historian and geographer of no small experience and ability, and one who prided himself upon taking his facts from actual observation rather than from report, hazards the prediction that the Euxine was destined to be choked up, and to become unfit for navigation, if not absolutely dry land; and that too not at a remote or indefinite period, but speedily (*ταχίως*) after the time at which he wrote. The manner at which he arrives at this conclusion is sufficiently curious. Whenever, he says, an infinite cause operates upon a finite object, however small may be the action of the cause, it must at last prevail. Now, the basin of the Black Sea is finite, while the time during which the rivers flow into it, either directly or through the Sea of Azof, bringing with them their alluvial deposit, is infinite; and should it only, therefore, be a little that they bring, the result described must ultimately come to pass. But when we consider how great the accumulation is from the numerous streams that empty themselves into this basin—that is, how powerful and active is the operation of the cause—then it is manifest that not only at some indefinite time, but *speedily*, what has been said will come to pass. He then strengthens his position so assumed, by stating, that according to all tradition, the Palus Mæotis, having been formerly a salt sea, conjoined, as it were, in the same basin (*σπίρρος*) with the Euxine, had then become a fresh water lake, of no greater depth of water than from five to seven fathoms, and no longer therefore navigable for large ships without the assistance of a pilot; and he further instances, as an evidence of the progress of his cause, the great bank (*ραβία*) which appears in his time to have existed off the mouths of the Danube, of which we shall afterwards have occasion to speak.

‘ Now, without going back to the question of the flood of Deucalion, or the supposed bursting of the waters through the canal of Constantinople, and the consequent lowering of all above it, we may remark, that with regard to the Palus Mæotis, or Sea of Azof, it certainly appears from the statement of Captain Jones of the Royal Navy, who was at Taganrog in 1823, that in the neighbourhood of that place—that is, near the mouth of the Don—the water is exceedingly shallow, varying from ten to three feet, according to the direction of the wind; and that although in south-west winds, when the water is highest, it becomes



becomes brackish, yet at other times it is drinkable, though of a sweet, and by no means refreshing, flavour. But upon casting our eyes upon our modern charts, especially upon that complete and excellent one constructed at Paris in 1822, and corrected by observations made in 1820 by M. Gaultier, captain in the French naval service, M. Benoist of the hydrographical department, and others, (for the use of which, as well as of the remarks of Mr. James Turton, the master of the *Blonde*, I am indebted to the liberal kindness of the Admiralty,) we are immediately struck with the fact, that all over the rest of the Sea of Azof, the soundings vary from forty French feet in the centre, to an average, perhaps, of seventeen or eighteen close in with the shore; so that in the space of nearly two thousand years, no approximation whatever has been made to that entire choking even of the *Palus Mæotis* which Polybius so confidently and so speedily anticipated, while Captain Jones expressly assures us, that upon strict inquiry, he ascertained there was not the slightest foundation for the favourite theory of the diminution of the waters of the Sea of Azof.

‘ In the Cimmerian Bosphorus, indeed, the strait leading from the Sea of Azof into the Black Sea, the water is shallow, as it was in the days of Polybius, and as it may always be expected to remain from the crookedness and extreme intricacy of the passage, which prevents the fair rush of the stream from the northward, and thereby favours the accumulation of deposit. The soundings, in the shallowest part of this, are as low as thirteen French feet; but as soon as we get into the part of the passage which opens into the Euxine, we find the soundings deepening from four fathoms French gradually to twenty or more, when we reach the open water; and although, on the eastern side of the channel, the soundings are on mud, yet they change in the course of five miles to sand and mud, and afterwards rapidly to shells; while down the middle of the passage they are continually upon shells or sand and shells,—in either case affording a pretty convincing proof that no accumulation is going on in the passage, but that even there, with all its disadvantages, the rush of water from the less sea to the greater is sufficient to keep its own channel clear, and to obviate the inconvenience Polybius apprehended.

‘ But if we look to the southern portion of the Euxine, and the entrance into the Thracian Bosphorus or canal of Constantinople, we there find a depth of forty-eight fathoms French, immediately off its opening, and an equal or greater depth all around, with a bottom of sand and shells, except on the coast trending towards the north-west and the mouths of the Danube, where the bottom is indeed mud, but the soundings are from forty-five to fifty-five fathoms; while at a distance of about thirty-six miles from the opening, the soundings are marked at one hundred and sixty fathoms, and *no bottom*, upon the French chart; and in the track of the *Blonde* it appears she sounded in thirty-five fathoms in the mouth of the channel; in fifty fathoms at eighteen miles north-east of the opening; and afterwards, six times in her run to Sebastopol, with one hundred, one hundred and

twenty, and one hundred and forty fathoms of line, and found no bottom,—the last of these soundings being only sixteen miles from the lighthouse on the point of land before making the harbour.

‘It must fully appear, therefore, that however plausible may be the theory of Polybius, his melancholy anticipation is in no assignable degree likely to be realized in any imaginable time; but that the depth of the Euxine itself, and the constant and vigorous rush of water through the comparatively straight, narrow, and deep passage of Constantinople, even though the surface water may there sometimes be found, in strong southerly winds, to set a little to the northward (as was actually experienced by our enterprising countryman Dr. Clarke, as well as observed by the master of the *Blonde*), will always be sufficient to contain, or rather to carry off, any deposit however large, which the Danube, the vent of so large a portion of Europe, or the Phasis, the Halys, and other Asiatic streams, or the mighty rivers of the north, can bring down from the countries through which they flow.’—p. 105-107.

This conclusion, so confidently arrived at by Polybius, was not, it seems, in his own time, altogether new. Strabo records the opinion to the same effect, of Strato of Lampsacus, who died two hundred and seventy years before Christ, and therefore wrote about one hundred years before Polybius. Doctor Goodenough adds, ‘it is not a little surprising that Doctor Clarke has given this surmise apparently as his own, deducing his inference chiefly from the shallows prevailing about Taganrog, and the mouth of the Don.’ This learned traveller observes, ‘it may not be unreasonable to conclude that both the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof, by the diminution their waters hourly sustain, will, at some future period, become a series of marsh lands, intersected only by the course and junction of the rivers flowing into them.’

‘Now as he professes (says Dr. Goodenough) to have diligently examined, and greatly extols the accuracy of Strabo, particularly in his description of the coasts of the Crimea, it is hardly to be supposed that the passage in question should have escaped his observation, even if he should not have been aware of that of Polybius; and we can only imagine that, finding in his notes a memorandum to this effect, which had been originally inserted in order to recall the passage of Strabo to his recollection, he had forgotten, at the moment of writing, from whence he had derived the hint, and accordingly worked it up inadvertently as a suggestion of his own. His own voyage, at least, from Odessa to Constantinople, and the terrific sea he encountered in the deep waters of the Euxine, might have sufficed to show him that this ancient prophecy was as far as ever from its accomplishment.’—p. 108.

This interesting communication is drawn up in such a manner as might be expected from so distinguished a scholar as the Dean of Wells;

Wells; and we trust he will continue his inquiry into that singularly interesting country between the Euxine and the Caspian, through which the Phasis flows, and to explore which the earliest nautical expedition on record proceeded, no doubt for the purposes of commerce, though handed down to us as a poetical romance. We understand that the whole of this intervening region has been surveyed by Lieut.-Col. Monteith, of the East India Company's Engineers, and that his Charts and Memoir have been presented by him to the Royal Geographical Society, for the purpose of publication. This will indeed be a valuable addition to our stock of information concerning a part of the world which, in all probability, was among the earliest to receive the benefits of civilization.

The next paper on which we shall say a few words is a 'Geographical Notice of the Empire of Marocco,' by Lieutenant Washington, of the Royal Navy. Mr. Washington accompanied our consul on a diplomatic mission from Tangier to the city of Marocco; and being an officer of considerable talent and in possession of excellent instruments, he availed himself of so good an opportunity to collect and bring back whatever was deemed worthy of being recorded. His itinerary gives a minute and accurate register of the latitudes and longitudes that were daily observed, the face of the country, and the several objects upon it, whether natural or artificial; and the condensed digest presented to the Society and now printed, is accompanied with a very beautiful map, on which is a plan of the city of Marocco, and a section of the country from Meltsin, the highest peak of the Atlas mountains visible from Marocco, (being 11,400 feet,) to the coast of the Atlantic. The writer observes—

'A few words must be said of the map. Travelling along the coast of the Atlantic from Cape Spartel to Cape Blanco, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, generally within one mile of the sea, and often along the beach, a sailor's attention would naturally be directed to endeavour to fix the line of the coast, to effect which no opportunity was lost; not less than one hundred bearings were taken, solely for the purpose of fixing points and headlands accurately, and which were invariably transferred to paper before going to bed.'

It is by such detached portions of the earth's surface as are contained in this map, when constructed from actual observations made with care and accuracy, that our professional map-makers will best be enabled to correct those which already exist; and were it only in this point of view, we should say the Geographical Society will possess the means of conferring a very great benefit on the public. On entering, through a broken country,  
upon

upon the great plain on which the capital stands, Mr. Washington says—

‘Debouching from this rocky defile, the imperial city—with its buildings, its mosques, its minarets, and lofty tower, on a large plain, in the midst of a forest of palms, backed by the eternal snows of Atlas, rising to the height of eleven thousand feet, and brought forward in striking relief from the deep blue sky behind them—burst on our view. While we gazed with delight on this beautiful prospect, our Moorish leader, on first sight of *Marocco*, halted his troops, and one and all offered up prayers for the health of the sultan their master, and thanksgiving for the happy termination of their journey; encamped for the night under the shade of the palm-trees; the contrast striking between this emblem of tropical and burning climes, and the snowy mountains, now rising almost immediately above our heads; at sunset many of the peaks still lighted up, while all below lies buried in one mass of shadow.’—p. 134, 135.

The following day, the 10th December, they

‘Cross the river *Tensift*, at *Al Kantra*, a bridge of thirty pointed arches, and continue over a perfectly level plain, through a forest of palms, towards the city; accompanied by the sultan’s guards, all in white clothing, and the whole of the troops and male population of *Marocco*, not less than forty thousand persons; spirited charging of cavalry; firing of guns and crackers; barbarous music; incessant shouting; bawling, and piercing screams of women! in short, suffice it to say, every honour that could be offered, attended us as we advanced. At high noon—at the moment the white flags were waving from the summits of the minarets, and the loud and deep voice of the *Mueddin* was heard from the lofty towers of the mosques, calling on the faithful Musselims to acknowledge that ‘there is no God but one God, and that Mohammed is his Prophet’—did we unbelieving Nazarenes enter the imperial city of *Marocco*. An abrupt turn brought us to our quarters, in a vast garden, “at once silent, shaded, verdant, and cool,” and where we were at full liberty to take our repose.

‘The plain of *Marocco* extends in an east and west direction, between a low range of schistose hills to the north, and the lofty *Atlas* to the south, about twenty-five miles wide, and apparently a dead flat to the foot of the mountains, which rise abruptly to the height of eleven thousand feet, their peaks covered with snow. This plain, which has no limit as far as the eye can reach east or west, lying about fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, the soil of a light sandy loam, with numerous rolled stones of crystallized quartz, agates, flints, porphyry, a green stone, cornelians, &c. &c., is, generally speaking, covered with low brushwood of the thorny plant called *sidra nebach*, or buckthorn; the banks of the streamlets fringed with oleanders in great beauty, while to the north of the city is a forest of palm-trees and olives. The river *Tensift*, springing from the northern hills about forty miles eastward of the city, flows along at their base about four miles north

of

of Morocco, and joined by several streamlets from Atlas, reaches the Atlantic fifteen miles south of Saffy, nearly one hundred miles distant; the river is shallow, but rapid; the channel here about three hundred yards wide, but fordable, except in the spring, in almost all places.

'The *City of Morocco*, lying on the northern side of this rich plain, is surrounded by a strongly built, machicolated wall of tapia-work, thirty feet high, with foundations of masonry; square towers about every fifty paces; the whole nearly six miles in circuit, entered by eleven strong double gates. But this vast area is far from being generally covered with buildings; it comprises large gardens, and open spaces from twenty to thirty acres in extent. The *Sultan's Palace* stands on the south of the city facing the Atlas, outside the main wall; but enclosed within walls of equal strength, in a large space of about fifteen hundred yards long, by six hundred wide, divided into squares laid out in gardens, round which are detached pavilions, forming the imperial residence; the floors of the rooms tessellated with various coloured tiles; otherwise quite plain; a mat, a small carpet at one end, and some cushions, form the furniture.'—pp. 135, 136.

He then describes the mosques, the fountains, the bazaars, streets, and houses—the aqueducts, cemeteries, and gardens. It was one of those belonging to the Sultan, with which the British mission were accommodated during their residence of a month in Morocco. It was called

'*Sebt el Mahmōniā*, covering an extent of fifteen acres, planted in the wilderness style, with every variety of fruit tree—olive, orange, pomegranate, citron, mulberry, walnut, peach, apple, pear, vine, &c.; with cedar, poplar, acacia, rose, myrtle, jasmin—forming a luxuriant and dense mass of foliage only broken by the solemn cypress and more stately palm, and through which nothing was to be seen but the snowy peaks of Atlas rising almost immediately above our heads, and the tall tower of the principal mosque distant about a quarter of a mile. Nought but the playfulness of gazelles, and the abundant trickling of water in every direction, to break the stillness of this delightful spot, combining everything to be desired in a burning clime, silence, shade, verdure, and fragrance. But, as a contrast to the bounded view of our garden, the terraced roof of our house commanded a view over the city, the extensive plain boundless to the east and west, and the whole *dahir*, or belt, of the Atlas, girding, as it were, the country from the south-west to the north-east with a band of snow; and few days passed during our stay in Morocco, that we did not spend the hours of sunrise and sunset gazing on this striking and beautiful object, noting its masses and peaks of snow, and deploring that this mighty range, combining, within one day's journey, every variety of climate, from the torrid to the frigid zone, and offering such a field to the naturalist, the geologist, and the botanist, should still remain unexplored, and present an impassable barrier to civilization.'—p. 139.

On the return of the mission, by the northern feet of the Atlas mountains, Mr. Washington took the opportunity of ascending a part of this range, by following the course of a mountain torrent. The following extract will be read with interest, and at the same time with a regret that this intelligent traveller had not the opportunity of making more extensive researches in this celebrated chain of mountains.

'At daylight, struck our tents, and set forward by a sharp ascent; a brawling torrent in the valley below us; its banks well wooded with olive, carrooba, walnut, acacia, cedar—the finest timber we had yet seen in the country, though not very large—and profusion of oleanders, stunted palms and rose-trees; cheered and enlivened on our march by the shouts of the *Shellûh* huntsmen, re-echoed from rock to rock, in their endeavours to rouse the game; each turn of the road disclosing fresh beauties in the valley, and a more boundless view of the plain and city of Marocco, its various mosques glittering in the morning sun; basis of road, limestone; soil, stiff clay, stony; boulders of limestone, sandstone, agate, flint, porphyry, gneiss, greenstone, and cornelian; on the brow of the hill a range of limestone, fissures vertical, resembling a pile of gigantic tombstones, artificially placed; passed several villages, perched in the most romantic situations, and inhabited by the free *Shellûhs*, the aborigines of these mountains.

'After about three hours' ascent, the paths becoming narrow and intricate, we dismounted, left our Moorish escort, and put ourselves under the guidance of the *Shellûh* mountaineers—our only directions, pointing to the snowy peaks above our heads; still ascending through a forest of *carrooba*, olive, cedar, walnut, &c., overrun by wild vines, and the hop-plant in great luxuriance; the scenery now becoming truly romantic; abrupt, sterile, sandstone mountains rising on each side of us; the valley, not a quarter of a mile broad, through which rushed a brawling torrent five hundred feet below us, with the mountain path at times on the very brink of the precipice, while, before us, the snowy peaks appeared to recede as we climbed.

At noon, halted on the summit of a conical schistose hill, much decomposed at surface; strata, east and west; dip,  $30^{\circ}$  north-east, for a meridional observation, which gave our latitude  $31^{\circ} 25\frac{1}{2}'$  N.—the first ever perhaps taken in the Atlas. Our barometers here showed four thousand six hundred feet above the sea.

'While making our observations we were surrounded by the native *Shellûhs*, who gazed with astonishment at our persons—our dress, particularly the gilt buttons; they silently looked at the compass, the spy-glass, the barometer, as things far beyond their comprehension; but when the quicksilver was poured out for an artificial horizon, they burst out into an exclamation of mingled astonishment and admiration, but no incivility, no rudeness: the contrast between the apathy of the Moors, and the intelligence and curiosity of these primitive mountaineers, is striking; they have an air of freedom about them unknown in the plains; well-formed athletic men, not tall, not marked features, and

and light complexions. Goitre is unknown among them; their language unintelligible to our interpreter, nor, generally speaking, did they understand Arabic. We conversed through the medium of the scheik of the Jews residing in this valley, and obtained correctly some hundred words of their language; they dwell in cottages, built of rough stones and mud, with slightly sloping slate roofs; their chief occupation is hunting, mix very little with the Arabs and Moors of the plain; wherever their valley afforded a spot of ground it was *enclosed* and cultivated; to us they were hospitable and generous. In each village are many Jewish families, who had fled hither to avoid the degradation and taxation to which they are liable in the cities; this valley contains ten villages, between four and five thousand inhabitants, one-fourth of which are Jews. Saltpetre is found here, and good gunpowder made. Copper-mines are said to have been worked at the upper end of the valley. How little is known of the central recesses of the Atlas! Doubtless these valleys are all inhabited by a race of men probably as unmixed as any existing, of whom nothing is known, hardly even a few words of their language! Here is a field for an inquiring mind.

‘But to proceed: for two more hours continued ascending; ground covered with scanty herbage and stunted cedar; reached the limit of snow, and continued some distance above, till finding the thawing snow giving way under our feet, and our guides declaring they would no longer accompany us, we reluctantly halted and gazed on the highest peaks, still far beyond our reach, the space between us and them one mass of untrodden snow. Our barometer here showed an elevation of six thousand four hundred feet. The mountain on which we stood was of hard red sandstone, strata running in an east and west direction, dip  $10^{\circ}$  south; we had thus only passed limestone, micaceous schist, and sandstone, only transition and secondary rocks; no traces of the primitive, except a boulder of granite or rather of gneiss in the valley below, and veins of foliated quartz in the schistose hills; besides, the tendency of the formation is to table-land, ridges, and rounded summits, not to sharp or Alpine peaks; neither did we on our route through the country see any trace of volcanic agency, nor is there anything in the outline of Atlas indicating the former existence of a crater.’—p. 148—150.

We find that our limits will not permit us to notice Captain King’s communication on the geography of Tierra del Fuego, and the Strait of Magelhaens, nor the ‘Notes respecting the Isthmus of Panamá,’ by Mr. Lloyd, who, having served for some time on General Bolivar’s personal staff, received from him a special commission to survey that isthmus, with the view of ascertaining the most eligible line of communication across it, whether by road or canal. The Spaniards have frequently caused surveys to be made, but none of them have held out much encouragement to set on foot a laborious and expensive undertaking



ing of this kind, nor do we think the result of Mr. Lloyd's leveling affords any hope of success for this project, which, if feasible, at an enormous expense, would probably not answer the end proposed.

The last paper we can afford to notice, is on a subject which has attracted more attention than any geographical problem that remained to be solved in our times, excepting, perhaps, the discovery of a north-west passage. The long sought for termination of that river which has been so long and so improperly called the Niger, has now been discovered, and by a very humble but intelligent individual, who, without having any theory to support, or prepossession to gratify, set about the task in a straightforward manner, and accomplished, not without difficulty and danger, an undertaking in which all former travellers had failed.

Richard Lander, who had accompanied the late Captain Clapperton as his domestic on his second journey to Soccatoo, and who conducted himself so well on the death of his master, in bringing home his journals, besides a great deal of additional information of his own, volunteered his services to follow up their former discoveries, and to trace the river to its termination, wherever it might be. His instructions were to take the same route as Clapperton did, till a convenient spot might be reached, from whence he should find the means of embarking on this river; then to commit himself to the stream, and descend with it whithersoever it might convey him—whether to the sea or to the lake Tsad, the only two probable, we might say possible, reservoirs of the waters of this great river. Richard Lander, accompanied by his brother John, landed at Badágyry on the 31st of March, 1830, and, on the 15th of November following, they were launched into the Atlantic through the channel of the Nun, a branch that discharges a small portion of the waters of the Quorra into the Bight of Benin.

The paper which is here published consists only of a few 'Extracts from the Journal of an Expedition, undertaken by order of His Majesty's Government, to determine the Course and Termination of the Niger, more properly named Quorra, from Yáoori to the Sea, by Richard and John Lander,' communicated by Lieutenant Becher of the Royal Navy. This, of course, is the title of the book about to be published by Mr. Murray, for which it appears he has given the travellers the liberal sum of one thousand guineas, and which, with equal liberality, we see announced to be published in the 'Family Library,' a work that, from the smallness of the price, makes the valuable information its volumes generally contain accessible to all. The present paper consists of a few extracts, merely to explain the route and the mode in which the accompanying map was constructed by Lieutenant Becher.

The

The travellers, in the first instance, proceeded, with some slight deviations from the former track, as far as Boossà, which, it appears, does not stand on an island, as Clapperton supposed, but on the main land on the right bank of the river. Clapperton's mistake was a very natural one; the small river Menai flows into the Quorra, just below Boossà, and it being necessary to cross this in order to arrive at that town from the southward, Clapperton supposed the Menai to be an arm of the great river. Lander says :—

‘ This morning I visited the far-famed Niger or Quorra, which flows at the foot of the city, about a mile from our residence; and I was greatly surprised at its reduced breadth. Black rugged rocks rose abruptly from the centre of the stream, and its surface was agitated by whirlpools. At this place, in its widest part, (the end of the dry season,) it was not more than a stone's throw across. The rock on which I sat overlooks the spot where Mr. Park and his associates met their unhappy fate.’—pp. 180, 181.

From Boossà to Yáoori they proceeded up the river by a canoe; it was divided into many channels by rocks, sand-banks, and low islands, covered with tall rank grass, and some of the channels were so shallow, that their canoe was constantly grounding. They were told at Yáoori, however, that above that place and below Boossà, the navigation was not interrupted by either rocks or sand-banks; and that, after the *malca* or wet season (setting in with fourteen days of incessant rain), canoes of all kinds pass to and fro between Yáoori, Nyffe, Boossà, and Funda.

‘ It is immediately after the *malca*, also, that the river, by the depth and velocity of its current, sweeps off the rank grass which springs up annually on its borders. Every rock and every low island are then completely covered, and may be passed over in canoes without difficulty, or even apprehension of danger. Many years ago a large boat arrived at Yáoori, on a trading voyage from Timbuctoo; but when they had disposed of their merchandise, the boatmen returned to their country by land, because they asserted, that the exertion of working their vessel back so long a way against the stream was too great for them, and therefore they left it behind at Yáoori. The journey from hence to the city of Soccato, when no stoppage is made on the road, may easily be accomplished in five days, and this is the regular time the natives take to go there.

‘ Yáoori is a large, flourishing kingdom. It is bounded on the east by Hàussa, on the west by Borgoo, on the north by Cubbie, and on the south by the kingdom of Nouffie. The crown is hereditary; the government an absolute despotism. The last sultan was deposed by his subjects for his violent measures and general bad conduct; and the present ruler has reigned for the long period of thirty-nine years. The sultan has a strong military force, which, it is said, has successfully repelled

pelled the continued attacks of the ever restless Falátahs: it is now employed in a remote province in quelling an insurrection, occasioned partly by the inability of the natives to pay their accustomed tribute, and partly by the harsh measures adopted to compel them to do so. The city of Yáoori is of great extent, and very populous. It is surrounded by a high and strong wall of clay, and may be between twenty and thirty miles in circuit. It has eight large entrance gates or doors, which are well fortified after the manner of the country. The inhabitants manufacture a very coarse and inferior sort of gunpowder, which, however, is the best, and we believe the only thing of the kind made in this part of the country: they also make very neat saddles, cloth, &c. &c. They grow indigo, tobacco, onions, wheat, and other varieties of corn, and rice of a superior quality, and have horses, bullocks, sheep, and goats; but, notwithstanding their industry, and the advantages which they enjoy, they are very poorly clad, have little money, and are perpetually complaining of the badness of the times.'—pp. 181, 182.

Having passed Boossà and Nyffe or Nouffie, the river opposite Layaba became narrow and deep.

'After leaving Layaba, we ran down the stream for twelve or fourteen miles, the Quorra, during the whole distance, rolling grandly along—a noble river, neither obstructed by islands, nor deformed with rocks and stones. Its width varied from one to three miles, the country on each side very flat, and a few mean, dirty looking villages scattered on the water's edge. Just below the town of Bajiebo the river is divided by an island. At this town, which we left on the 5th of October, for the first time, we met with very large canoes having a hut in the middle, which contained merchants and their whole families. At the island of Madjie, where we were obliged to stop for canoe-men, we found trees of hungry growth and stunted shrubs, whose foliage seemed for the most part dull and withering: they shoot out of the hollows and interstices of rocks, and hang over immense precipices, whose jagged summits they partly conceal; they are only accessible to wild beasts and birds of prey. The river below Madjie takes a turn to the east by the side of another range of hills, and afterwards flows for a number of miles a little to the southward of east. On leaving the island, we journeyed very rapidly down the current for a few minutes, when, having passed another, we came suddenly in sight of an elevated rocky hill, called Mount Késey by the natives. This small island, apparently not less than three hundred feet in height and very steep, is an object of superstitious veneration amongst the natives.'—pp. 183, 184.

At Rabba, a large, populous, and flourishing town, with a great slave-market, the river turns off to the eastward. A little below they passed the mouth of a river of considerable size, which entered the Quorra from the north-east. This was the Coodonia, which Richard Lander had crossed on his former journey from

from Soccatoo ; and Lieutenant Becher observes, it is a remarkable instance of the accuracy of the present and former route, that the coincidence falls within a mile or two. Lower down is Egga, a town of two miles in length, populous, and the people clothed with Benin and Portuguese stuffs, from whence it is inferred that they have a communication with the sea-coast—the more probable, as their canoes are large, and have a shed in the middle, under which the owners and their families live. The river now took a southerly direction, and at the distance of three or four days' navigation, was joined by another river nearly as large as itself, falling in from the north-eastward. This stream was also in a state of inundation, and from two to three miles in width. It was called the Tshadda. The travellers understood that Funda, of which Clapperton heard so much when at Soccatoo, was at the distance of three days' journey on the banks of this river, and not, as had been supposed, on the Quorra. There is little doubt, that when the Arab sheikh stated the Quorra to flow past Funda and turn to the eastward, the Tshadda, flowing in a contrary direction, was intended ; and the mistake made Denham conjecture that the Shary might be a continuation of the Quorra.

Below the junction of the Tshadda the Quorra passes through the mountains, which appear to increase in height towards the south-east quarter, and probably terminate in those lofty peaks which are seen from the Bight of Benin, and have been found by trigonometrical measurement to be from twelve to thirteen thousand feet high. Having cleared the mountain pass, the voyagers arrive at a town called Kirree, at which place the great delta of the Quorra may be considered to commence, extending south-westerly to the mouth of the river Benin, and south-south-east to that of Old Calabar, the distance between these two mouths being about two hundred and forty miles, and that from Kirree to the mouth of the river Nun, about the same. This great delta is intersected with numerous branches of the Quorra, the banks generally overflown, and the mangrove trees growing in the water ; the whole surface low, flat, and swampy, abounding with creeks, on the sides of which were everywhere seen the huts of the slave-dealers, and lying before them, for carrying on this inhuman traffic, the long canoes and the vessels.

• The course of the Quorra is well illustrated by a map constructed from the compass-bearings and distances as laid down in the journal. Lieutenant Becher says,

• The accompanying sketch of the course of the Quorra is combined with Captain Clapperton's map on a reduced scale, and it is due to the Society to offer a few remarks on the method which has been adopted in tracing it. The only instrument possessed by the travellers was the mariner's

mariner's compass, and even this was lost at Kirree, which is placed about one hundred and eighty miles in a direct line from the mouth of the river; therefore, in the absence of all means of ascertaining, with any pretensions to certainty, a single geographical point, the position of Boossà, and that of the mouth of the river Nun, lying nearly at the two extremes of the whole journey, were adopted as limits within which the course of the river navigation between these places must necessarily fall. The daily progress of the travellers in course and distance, according to their own estimation, was then subjected to rigorous scrutiny; and the probable distance supposed to have been travelled each day, in which allowance was made for the rate of the stream, (never exceeding three miles, and decreasing downwards,) was adopted and laid down on a large scale. This was next reduced into the five sheets that accompany the present paper, which, when joined together as they are marked, show the general course of the river, with such remarks from the journals relating to its banks as occurred during its construction. The materials, thus brought together, underwent a further reduction, on being copied in the general map, between the points before mentioned; and it is with some satisfaction, even after the necessarily rough manner in which the whole has been put together, that the following particulars may be pointed out as throwing a degree of probability on the course now laid down being nearly that of the Quorra, which was scarcely to have been expected. The mouth of the river Nun in the map is nearly due south of Boossà, and the course of the river to the east is about the same as that to the west, which corresponds with that condition. The river Coodoonia falls into the Quorra nearly in the same place as before laid down. The great Tshadda was also found to enter the Quorra at about the point before reported. And with respect to Yaoori it may be added, that Soccatoo was said to be five days' journey from it; while the distance from the former, as laid down by Lander, to the latter as given by Clapperton, is about one hundred miles, which nearly corresponds with a journey of five days.'—pp. 190, 191.

Thus at length has this geographical problem been solved, and for its solution we may thank the efforts by which hypothetical or speculative geography had kept alive curiosity. Since Park's first discovery of the Joliba, every point of the compass has been assumed for the ulterior course and termination of that river. M. Reichard the German hit upon the happy conjecture, for it was nothing more; he arrived at a conclusion which happened to be right, though every stage of his reasoning was grounded on false data; he had not a single fact to guide him; he assumed a large lake which has no existence, for our modern travellers have sought for Wangara in vain; he filled it with the waters of the Niger, and other rivers that are equally nonentities with the lake; he assumed dimensions for the one, and the volumes of water thrown in by the other; he calculated the waste by evaporation and absorption, and from the surplus he formed the waters which are discharged through

through various channels into the Bight of Benin. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Queen, almost as ingenious as M. Reichard, but a humble copyist, with an equal poverty of facts, claims the merit of the discovery; which however is due, and solely due, to Richard Lander, on whom the Society has very properly bestowed his Majesty's royal premium of fifty guineas.

Two questions are put—is this Quorra in reality the continuation of Park's Joliba? and is the Joliba or the Quorra the Niger? To the first we reply, without hesitation, YES; but, to the second, if by Niger is meant the river so named in the works of ancient geographers and historians, we say decidedly, NO. That the Quorra is identical with the Joliba, we have the strongest testimony short of ocular proof. Mungo Park, on his departure from Sansanding, writes to Lord Camden and to Mrs. Park, to say he means to follow the river in his double canoe or schooner as, if our recollection serves us, he calls it, until he reaches the sea, and that he will probably come home by the West Indies. The Mandingo priest, who was sent to make inquiries after the fate of this traveller, reported the loss of his vessel, and the destruction of himself and remaining companions, at a place called Boossà. No one had before this ever heard of such a place as Boossà. When Clapperton went from Badágyry on his second expedition, he found this Boossà situated on the right bank of the Quorra, and there ascertained the fate of Park, in the manner described years before by the Mandingo priest. He saw the ledge of rocks on which the boat was wrecked, and was told of books and papers in the hands of the Sultan of Nyffe. On the return of Lander he was kept by the Sultan of Boossà to clean some muskets which had the Tower mark on them. No reasonable doubt therefore can be entertained that Park had arrived as far as Boossà. But the late voyage has produced something still more decisive; the old king showed the travellers a book of logarithms and a hymn book, on which was the name of Mr. Anderson, Park's companion, and which they brought home. There was also in the former book a note from a gentleman in the Strand, inviting Mr. Park to dinner; and another from Lady Dalkeith, thanking him for some drawings. These are sufficient proofs of Mungo Park's having been at Boossà; it is also clear that his canoe was wrecked there; and if so, the river must either have been continuous or he must have carried his vessel—his double vessel—over land into the Quorra; in which case he must have acted contrary to his avowed intention, and abandoned his quest of the Joliba's termination for the discovery of that of some other river. Such a supposition would be absurd.

Not less absurd is the notion of those who contend that Herodotus, Pliny, and Ptolemy, or any of them, were acquainted with,  
or



or had the slightest knowledge of, any portion of the Joliba or Quorra under the name of Niger. That Herodotus should be lugged in by our modern writers, in support of this opinion, is inconceivable. He knew of no such river, nor even mentions the name. He tells a story (which he received at fourth hand,) of some young fellows who were supposed to have crossed the desert of Lybia, which desert he describes as extending from Egypt to the promontory of Soloeis; and who, as he says, had travelled directly west, (*προς Ζεφυρον ανεμων*), and not either to the south or the south-west; they could never, therefore, let them travel all their lifetime in either of these directions, have come near to the Joliba. Of the great desert of Zahara, in point of fact, Herodotus knew nothing, and therefore says nothing. Beyond the Lybian desert, that is at the southern foot of the Mauritanian Atlas, these youngsters are related to have come to a city on a great river, running from the west towards the rising sun. The Adjidi, which flows into the Lake Melaig to the southward of Algiers, or one of the many streams in Segel-messa, running easterly, might be reached by travelling westerly; and one of these is called Ghir by Leo Africanus, and appears under that name on Carey's last map of Africa.

The Niger of Pliny points evidently at one of these streams. He informs us that the Roman general, Suetonius Paulinus, who first crossed the western Atlas, fell in with a river running to the eastward; that its name was Niger; that it lost itself in the sands, and after emerging and sinking two or three times, finally flowed into the Nile, dividing the Lybians from the Ethiopians. We may rest assured that when any of the ancient writers talk of Ethiopia, they mean nothing more than a complete *terra incognita*, peopled with all manner of monsters. The Ghir of Leo Africanus, or the Adjidi, may have been the Niger of Paulinus' expedition, and furnished materials for the confused and unintelligible description of the Geir and Nigeir of Ptolemy. Whatever Ptolemy was able to glean of Africa beyond Lybia (and this is the case with all the ancients) was obtained by the owners or pilots of coasting vessels on the west, and by means of the Nile of Egypt on the east of this continent. The Zahara was more recently and for the first time passed by the Arabs on their camels. But on this subject we must refer our readers to our review of Sir Rufane Donkin's 'Dissertation on the Course and probable Termination of the Niger' (No. lxxxi., p. 226); and after what is there stated, we trust that the word *Niger*, so vaguely employed by the ancients, will be expunged from the map of Africa.



ART. IV.—*An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth and the Sources of Taxation.* By the Rev. Richard Jones, A.M. of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. London. 1831.

THIS work is the first systematic attempt that has been made to pursue the inquiry into the production and distribution of wealth upon the Baconian principle of cautious induction from an extended range of observations. The first book, which alone has at present appeared, is occupied by a dissertation on rent. The remaining books, we are told, will be devoted to the examination, in a similar manner, of the other main channels into which wealth distributes itself, namely, wages, profits, and taxation. In the glimpses which the author affords, in the preface to his present volume, of the conclusions at which he has arrived on these different subjects by a close process of induction from a wide survey of facts, we are pleased to perceive that they will be found to coincide almost wholly with our own views, as they were developed, with unavoidable brevity, in January last.\*

Our opinions, as there given, upon rent, the subject matter of the volume we have now in review, agree likewise very closely with those which Mr. Jones has deduced from an examination of the nature of the tenure and occupation of land throughout the known and cultivated regions of the globe. He has dealt the finishing-stroke to the miserable 'theory of rent' of the Ricardo school of economists, which declares what they call 'the decreasing fertility of soils' to be the sole cause of rent, and the cause, at the same time, of a progressive reduction in the profits of capital and the wages of labour (that is, of the share of wealth which falls to every other class of society than the landlords), 'of such magnitude and power as finally to overwhelm every other,'†—to be, in fact, 'a great law of nature, from whose all-pervading influence the utmost efforts of human ingenuity cannot enable man to escape,'‡ and 'which is sure in the long run to overmatch all the improvements that may occur in machinery or agriculture.'§ Upon this theory,

\* Since the article here alluded to was printed, Mr. Senior's 'Three Lectures on the Rate of Wages' issued from the press, and we were gratified to find this able writer completely agreeing with us on several of the points in which we ventured to differ most widely from the prevailing opinions; as, for instance, on the doctrine of absenteeism—the limitation of the principle of free trade—the separation of national wealth from national welfare—and the paramount importance of a sufficiency of food to all other considerations. We mention this not for the foolish purpose of establishing a claim to the original discovery of these principles, but as exhibiting a pleasing instance of independent thinkers arriving at the same conclusions at the same time, though in complete opposition to the current and accredited notions. The confirmation thus afforded to a chain of reasoning is greater than that derived from the subsequent assent of thousands.

† Malthus, *Principles of Political Economy*, p. 317.

‡ McCulloch, *Principles*, &c. p. 488, last ed.

§ *Idem*. p. 489.

narrow, vague, and visionary as it is, suggested by a contracted view of an exceedingly limited class of facts, contradicting the experience of almost every country in the world, and opposed to the most obvious theoretical considerations, a whole system was, in truth, founded of hypothetical maxims relative to the great subjects of wages, profits, and taxation, as well as rent ; and, dignified by the title of political economy, has been for some years past referred to in the senate and the council-chamber as the oracle of statesmen and the text-book of legislators !

The task of destroying this false and pernicious theory, and of establishing the true character of rent, and its real bearings upon the interests of the classes who are not possessed of property in land, has been accomplished by Mr. Jones with a fulness of research which scarcely leaves anything to be desired, and with a novelty in his mode of treating the subject which renders his work one of the most valuable contributions to the study of human welfare, perhaps the most valuable that we have had since the immortal essay of Adam Smith. He is the first writer we are acquainted with who has drawn the attention of the public to the striking fact of the *immense importance*, with regard to the social and economical condition of any division of the human race, of the laws and customs that prevail among them respecting the occupation of land, and the share of its produce received or claimed by the landowners. There is no exaggeration in the assertion that it is *by these circumstances almost alone that the position of any nation in the scale of civilization is practically determined*. Nor can any one be surprised that the fact is so, when he adverts to the simple consideration that it is from the land, and the land alone, that nations derive as well the whole of the food on which they are supported, as the raw materials out of which, by the exertion of their industry and ingenuity, they elaborate all the other necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life ; that, therefore, the class who are possessed, no matter how or why, of the exclusive property of the land, have it in their power, by the more or less easy and equitable terms upon which they choose to admit of its cultivation, either to restrain production of every kind within the narrowest limits, or to permit its full development to the utmost extent of which human industry is capable.

The terms which circumstances have in practice led the owners of the soil to make with its cultivators, vary very materially in different parts of the globe ; and a review of these different customs, and of their effects, during an experience of ages, as unfolded to us in history and from recent observation, by exhibiting their respective merits and defects, and the influence they severally exercise over the moral, economical, and political condition of the inhabitants

inhabitants of the countries in which they prevail, must, it is evident, offer one of the most instructive subjects of contemplation to the philanthropist and statesman, and form the first, and perhaps the most important division of the whole field of inquiry which is subjected to the social economist.

Will it be credited that this paramount inquiry is, as yet, unentered upon by those who have hitherto exclusively arrogated to themselves the title of political economists?—that in their pretended investigations of the nature and causes of the wealth of nations, they have omitted all research into the determining circumstances of that process which is the sole fountain of all wealth, namely, the cultivation of land? This, however, is the fact, almost to the letter; for the attention which has been hitherto given by them to the rent of land, (and which had been better omitted altogether than treated as they have treated it,) confined itself to an almost insignificant fraction of the subject—to what is, in fact, but an inconsiderable part of the rent of land in one country only, itself but a very inconsiderable portion (not a hundredth part) of the cultivated earth!

The cause of this almost inconceivable blindness is to be looked for in their habitual practice of setting off from some imaginary *à priori* assumption, without troubling themselves with observation or history. Acting upon this system, they have chosen to take it for granted that all lands were originally open to the appropriation of those who were willing to bestow pains on their cultivation; and, consequently, that no rent could be, in any case, paid or demanded for land until the whole of the best soils within reach were already cultivated, and the increase of population made it necessary to resort to soils of inferior quality, upon which the first would rise in value, and enable their owners to demand a *rent* equal to the difference between their produce and that of the latter soils, when cultivated at the same expense.

We will not stop to correct this statement of the causes of *that* portion of the rent of land which does, in fact, arise as cultivation spreads over inferior soils; we shall have another opportunity of proving the complete fallacy of the doctrine of the Economists on this point, and indeed we have already done so on a former occasion. But Mr. Jones very properly demurs to their proposition *in limine*, or rather to the postulate on which it proceeds; and, pursuing his more legitimate system of inductive reasoning from a comprehensive survey of facts, looks to the various nations which have cultivated land, and finds that in no one of them have the circumstances, supposed by the Ricardo theorists to be universal, ever existed. In all periods of the history of all countries, an exclusive property in the soil has been claimed by, and allowed to, some parties,

parties,—a claim apparently originating, in almost every case, in the supposed right of conquest. Sometimes, as throughout Asia, the sovereigns have reserved to themselves the ownership of the whole soil of their dominions, and the cultivators are universally the immediate tenants of the throne. In modern Europe, the right which originally likewise vested in the sovereign, was imparted by him, under more or less of restriction as to tenure, to subordinate chiefs, military leaders, or favourites. In America, both North and South, the state still assumes the exclusive title to all uncultivated land, and forbids its appropriation except on specific terms. If there ever existed a people among whom the land was free to all, it was only where the state of society was such as to render land worthless, as among the wandering tribes of New South Wales, though, even there, it is probable that the hunting-grounds are appropriated as we know them to be in North America. As soon as land came to be of any value, it has been always seized by the powerful, and dealt out to those that were in want of it on the dearest terms that could be made by its lords. The *natural right* of every individual to a share of the common earth on which God has placed him (the people's farm, as it is sometimes called) has never been practically acknowledged, insisted on, or enjoyed by any people.

On the contrary, there has always, and in every country, existed, as we have seen, on the one hand, a party exercising an exclusive *de facto* property in the land; on the other, the bulk of the people, who must obtain leave to cultivate it or starve. The terms on which they acquire this permission from the proprietors constitute what is called its rent. Mr. Jones distinguishes two principal classes of rents; those paid by the labourer who extracts his own wages from the earth, and which he calls *peasant-rents*, and those which, in a more advanced stage of society, are paid by *farmers*, or capitalists employing labourers under them. He considers that ninety-nine hundredths of the cultivated surface of the globe are tilled by peasants directly responsible for rent to the landowner; and that the system of cultivation by capitalists is confined to a very minute district, consisting only of England, the Netherlands, and a very small part of France. It is this system, notwithstanding, which has monopolized the attention of the inquirers into the nature of rent, though they are far indeed from having fathomed its true character, even in that limited sense.

Though the contracts entered into with the owners of the soil by its peasant cultivators are infinitely varied in detail, they yet class themselves very decidedly into four great divisions, called, by Mr. Jones, labour, *métayer*, ryot, and cottier rents. The three first are found occupying, in contiguous masses, the whole breadth

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of the old world, from the Canary Islands to the shores of China and the Pacific, and deciding, each in its own sphere, not merely the economical relations of the landlords and tenants, but the political and social condition of the mass of the people. The cottier rents, being money-rents paid by peasant-occupiers, are almost confined to Ireland and parts of Scotland.

In the ordinary form of occupation by labour (service) or *serf*-rent, the peasant is permitted to cultivate a certain portion of ground for his own subsistence, on condition of performing sometimes a fixed, sometimes an indefinite quantity of labour on the remainder of the estate which is retained in the hands of the proprietor, and the produce of which forms his revenue. This system, which was once universal throughout the north of Europe (not excepting, of course, England), still prevails in all the countries east of the Rhine, though more or less modified in some, and particularly in those which approach nearest to that river. In Russia it yet exists in its unmitigated form, and accompanied by that which was perhaps everywhere its original attendant—the complete personal slavery of the peasant. The attempts that have been made of late years, with partial and imperfect success, in Germany, Hungary, Poland, and even in Russia, by the policy and humanity of the nobles or sovereign, to substitute a better form of tenancy, and to communicate freedom, and with it the industry and spirit of improvement which freedom alone can impart to the cultivator, are detailed in an exceedingly interesting chapter in Mr. Jones's work, to which we can only refer our readers. The progress of the change, as it *has* taken place in the west of Europe, may be illustrated from the example of England. During the Saxon æra, serfship and the system of labour-rents were universal. Even at the end of the thirteenth century, two hundred years after the occupation of the country by the Normans, a very large proportion of the body of cultivators was still precisely in the situation of the Russian serf. During the next three hundred years, the unlimited labour-rents paid by the villeins for the lands allotted to them, were gradually commuted for definite services, still payable in kind, and they had a legal right to the hereditary occupation of their copyholds. Two hundred years have barely elapsed since the change to this extent became quite universal, or since the personal bondage of the villeins ceased to exist among us. The last claim of villeinage recorded in our courts was in the 15th of James I. 1618. Instances probably existed some time after this. The ultimate cessation of the right to demand their stipulated services in kind has been since brought about silently and imperceptibly, not by positive law, for, when other personal services were abolished at the

the Restoration, those of copyholders were excepted and reserved. Throughout Germany similar changes are now taking place on the land; they are perfected perhaps nowhere, and in some large districts they exhibit themselves in very backward stages.\*

The disadvantages of a system of service-rents are obvious, and are attested by the low state of civilization, the poverty, and imperfect cultivation of the countries in which it prevails. The labour performed by tenants on the grounds or on behalf of their landlords, is sure to be performed in a very slovenly manner. Men do not exert themselves with spirit or effect unless they are working on their own account, and are allowed to reap all the advantages of superior industry. Our own parishes afford us sufficient proofs of the vast difference between the productiveness of compulsory and of free labour. Two Middlesex mowers, it has been shown, upon inquiry, will mow as much grass in a day as six Russian serfs; and, in spite of the dearth of provisions in England, and their cheapness in Russia, the getting in a fixed quantity of hay will cost an English farmer from one-sixth to one eighth only of the expense to a Russian proprietor. The same comparative inefficiency of labour is found in Prussia, Austria, and wherever labour-rents are exacted. The indolence and carelessness thus induced among the labourers become habitual to them, extinguish everything like energy or industry, and must keep such nations in a state of comparative poverty and political feebleness, from which it will be impossible to emerge while so deleterious a system is suffered to prevail. In such a country capital cannot accumulate to any extent, commerce and manufactures can hardly be expected to show themselves; the mass of the population is exclusively agricultural, and in the lowest state of degradation; the landowners and their menials compose the remainder, and while possessing an abundance of raw produce stored in their granaries, it is often difficult for them to command the smallest sum in money. These disadvantages are very generally recognized in the serf countries, and have given rise to numerous attempts, which are still going on, to substitute produce or money-rents for labour, and to encourage the industry of the cultivator by placing him in a position to improve his own circumstances, as well as those of his landlord, by increased skill and exertions. For the details of these efforts, and their varied success, we must refer to Mr. Jones. They are no less interesting in a political than in an economical view, since it is certain that the future progress of Eastern Europe, the sources of its wealth and strength, and all the elements of its social and political institutions, will continue to be mainly influenced by the results of the gradual

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\* Jones, p. 40.

alterations now taking place in those relations between the proprietors and cultivators of the soil which have hitherto formed the rude bond of society. The fate of those nations, which have, up to this time, been the depositories of the civilization of the modern world, is, for the future, inseparably connected with events which the career of these powerful neighbours must engender.\* Upon this point, Mr. Jacob's Second Report confirms both the facts and the reasonings of the author we have now under review.

The *métayer* (*medietarius*) pays, as rent, a fixed share, generally the half of the produce of his lot of land, the landlord supplying the stock by which his labour is assisted. The existence of such a class of tenantry indicates some improvement in the body of the people, compared with the state of things which accompanies serf-rents. They are freed from the tyranny or irksome interference of the proprietor, and may, in some cases, have it in their power to increase their share of the produce by increased skill and industry. The *métayer* system is found springing up in various parts of the world, engrafted occasionally on the serf-rents, and more often on the *ryot*-rents, which we shall shortly speak of. It is in Italy, Savoy, France, and Spain, that the pure *métayer* tenancy is the most common, and it is there that it influences most decidedly the systems of cultivation, and those important relations between the different orders of society which originate in the appropriation of the soil and the distribution of its produce. This form of holding is to be traced, very clearly, to Greece; thence it was introduced among the Romans, and has perpetuated itself in most of the countries which were formerly provinces of that empire. In France, before the revolution, four-sevenths of the surface was occupied in *métairie*. Even now, in spite of the multiplication of small proprietors consequent on the revolution, *métayers* are supposed to cultivate one-half of France. Italy, from the Alps to Calabria, is covered with this class of tenants.

Though the *métayer* has many advantages over the serf in his personal freedom, the power he enjoys of cultivating his farm as he pleases, and *apparently* in the circumstance of the reward of his toil increasing with its productiveness, yet he labours practically under very great disadvantages, particularly as compared with the cultivator who employs his own capital and pays a fixed money-rent. The short-sighted covetousness of the proprietors usually induces them to throw all the government taxes on the tenant; and this, with other contrivances for reducing his share of the produce, leaves him a bare subsistence and no hope of im-

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\* Jones, p. 70.



proving his condition by any exertion of industry. Again, the divided interest which exists in the produce mars almost every attempt at an improved cultivation.

‘The tenant is unwilling to listen to the suggestions of the landlord, the landlord reluctant to intrust additional means in the hands of a prejudiced and usually very ignorant tenant. The tenant’s dread of innovation is natural; he merely exists upon a system of cultivation familiar to him. The failure of an experiment might leave him to starve. This dread makes it practically almost impossible, as Arthur Young declares, to introduce improved cultivation among métayers. While the tenant is frightened at a change of system, the landlord hangs back, with a hardly less mischievous reluctance, from the advances necessary to carry on any system whatever. When stock is to be advanced by one party, and used by another, for their common benefit, some waste and carelessness in the receiving party, great jealousy and reluctance in the contributing party, follow naturally.’

Hence the capital which is placed at the disposal of métayers is, in general, very scanty, and their land, on the whole, very imperfectly cultivated. These disadvantages must continue severely to affect the condition of countries in which the métayer system prevails. Their population is chiefly agricultural, and the extent of their wealth must be mainly dependent on the success of their agriculture. But not only the wealth of a nation, the extent and the respective influence of the different classes of which it consists, and their progress in all that constitutes civilization, are powerfully determined by the efficiency of agriculture. The extent of the classes maintained in non-agricultural employments throughout the world, must depend on the quantity of food which the cultivators produce beyond what is necessary for their own maintenance. The agriculturists of England, for instance, produce food sufficient to maintain three times their own numbers; and the large non-agricultural population which this country is thus enabled to support, affects, in a very striking manner, its social and political organization, and lies at the very root of that superiority in wealth and productive capacity which excites at once the envy and astonishment of its continental neighbours.

*Ryot-rents* are, with few exceptions, peculiar to Asia and European Turkey. They are produce-rents, paid by a labourer raising his own wages from the soil, to the sovereign as proprietor. The occupier has generally a more or less precarious right to retain his allotment of land so long as he pays the rent demanded of him. Ryot-rents are not necessarily mischievous. If fixed and moderate in their amount, as when restricted to a sixth, or even a fourth of the produce, and collected peacefully and fairly, they become a species of land-tax, and leave the  
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tenant a beneficial hereditary estate. It is in their indirect effects, and the opening they afford to abuse and tyranny, and from the form of government in which they originate, and which they serve to perpetuate, that they are full of evil, and are found in practice more hopelessly destructive of the property and progress of the people than any form of the relation of landlord and tenant known to us.

‘The proprietary rights of the sovereign prevent the formation of any really independent class of persons. There exists nothing in the society beneath him which can modify his power. The peasants are at his mercy as supreme proprietor of the land they cultivate; the remaining part of the population look to him alone for subsistence in the character of his civil and military servants, or rather slaves. He is by his position necessarily a despot. But the results of Asiatic despotism have ever been the same. While it is strong, it is delegated, and its power abused by its agents; when feeble and declining, that power is violently shared by its inferiors, and its stolen authority yet more abused. In its strength and in its weakness, it is alike destructive of the industry and wealth of its subjects and of the arts of peace; and it is this which makes that peculiar system of rents on which its power rests particularly objectionable and calamitous to the countries in which it prevails.’ . . . . ‘Hence in a great measure the actual state of Asia, the misery of the people, the poverty and feebleness of the governments. An examination into the nature and effects of ryot-rents receives an almost mournful interest from the conviction, that the political and social institutions of this large division of the earth are likely for many long ages yet to come to rest upon them. We cannot unveil the future; but there is little in the character of the Asiatic population which can tempt us even to speculate upon a time when the future, with respect to them, will essentially differ from the past and the present.—p. 142.

The *cottier-rents*, which form Mr. Jones’s last division, are found in Ireland alone in such a mass as palpably to influence the general state of the country.

‘Money payments from the occupiers of land are by no means necessary, we must recollect, to the rise and progress of rents. Over by far the greater part of the globe such payments have never yet been established. Tenants yielding plentiful rents in produce, may be quite unable, from the infrequency of exchanges, to pay even small sums in money; and the owners of land may, and do, form an affluent body, consuming and distributing a large portion of the annual produce of a country, while it is extremely difficult for them to lay their hands on very insignificant sums in cash. Money-rents, indeed, are so very rarely paid by *peasant* cultivators, that where they do exist among them, we may expect to find the power of discharging them founded on some very peculiar circumstances. In the case of Ireland, it is the neighbourhood of England, and the connexion between the two countries,

tries, that support the system of money-rents paid by the peasantry. From all parts of Ireland the access, direct or indirect, to the English market, gives the Irish cultivators means of obtaining cash for a portion of their produce. In some districts it even appears that the rents are paid in money earned by harvest-work in England; and it is repeatedly stated in the evidence before the Emigration Committee, that were this resource to fail, the power of paying rents would cease in these districts at once.

'The disadvantages of cottier-rents may be ranged under three heads:—first, the want of any external check to assist in repressing the increase of the peasant population beyond the bounds of an easy subsistence; secondly, the want of any protection to their interests from the influence of usage and prescription in determining the amount of their payments; and, thirdly, the absence of that obvious and direct common interest between the owners and the occupiers of the soil, which, under the other systems of peasant-rents, secures to the tenants the forbearance and assistance of their landlords when calamity overtakes them.'—p. 145.

Of the reality of these disadvantages, and more particularly of the last, the sad picture presented by the actual condition of the Irish peasantry affords a melancholy and convincing proof. The owner of serfs relies upon their labour for his own subsistence, and when his tenant becomes a more inefficient instrument of cultivation, he maintains a loss. The owner of a *métairie*, taking a proportion of the produce, cannot but see that the energy and efficiency of the tenant are his own gain, languid and imperfect cultivation his loss. Both serfs and *métayers* constantly from this cause receive assistance from their landlords when from any misfortune their own resources fail. But the Irish cottier has no hold upon the interests or the sympathies of his landlord. If calamity overtake him, and disable his exertions, or prevent his sparing from his necessities the full measure of that exorbitant share of the produce of his field at which the desperate competition for land as the sole means of existence preserves rent, he is ejected at once, to starve, or live by beggary and plunder, and a more sanguine bidder admitted in his place. The Irish landlord is not even restrained by the check of fear which operates on the Eastern despot, lest extremity of suffering should drive his ryot-peasants to desperation, and endanger the security of his power and property. He depends on an English army, maintained by English taxes, for the collection of the amount of his bond, and for securing the passive submission of his tenantry to any exactions he may choose to inflict! There can be no question, that of the various classes of peasant tenantry, the Irish cottiers stand the most thoroughly destitute and alone in the time of calamity, are the most entirely at the mercy of their landlords, and, as a body, occupy the lowest, the most helpless, and

and utterly hopeless position. It is only the circumstances resulting from the proximity of England—the facility, namely, of procuring money and suppressing insurrection—which create the peculiar power of extorting high rents possessed by the landlords of Ireland, and place the cultivators of the soil of that country in a situation of unexampled hardship. May the common legislature, by extending the benefits of the English poor-law to that portion of the empire, speedily remove this dreadful state of things, which, so long as it exists, is an indelible disgrace to a nation that prides itself on standing at the head of civilization, on the benevolence of its character, and on the equality, the justice, the impartiality of its institutions!

In reviewing and collating the different varieties of peasant-rents, one striking feature common to all is their intimate connexion with the wages of labour. In this respect the serf, métayer, ryot, and cottier, are alike; the terms on which they can obtain the spot of ground they cultivate determines the reward they shall receive for their personal exertions,—in other words, their real wages. The next remarkable circumstance in them is their influence in preventing the full development of the productive powers of the earth. This is a necessary consequence of the very low degree of encouragement they hold out to the increase of *skill* and of *capital*, the two primary sources of improvement, to which alone is owing the difference between the productive powers of a body of savages, and those of an equal body of English agriculturists or manufacturers. Poverty, the constant fatigues of laborious exertion, and the grasping blindness of his landlord, put both science and the means of assisting his industry by the accumulation of capital out of the reach of the peasant. And from the landowners themselves it is vain to hope for either much steady superintendence of cultivation, or the accumulation of capital. They are not a saving class.

‘Some skill and some capital must be found among the very rudest cultivators; but the most efficient direction of labour, and the accumulation and contrivance of the means to endow it with the greatest attainable power, seem to be the peculiar province, the appointed task, of a race of men, capitalists, distinct from both labourers and landlords, more capable of intellectual efforts than the lower, more willing to bring such efforts to bear on the improvement of the powers of industry than the higher of those classes.—p. 159.

But whatever increases the productiveness of land must be for the permanent and effectual benefit of the proprietor.

‘It is, therefore, no less the interest of landlords than it is that of other classes in the state, that the ruder and more oppressive forms of tenancy should be exchanged for others more consistent with the social and political welfare of the cultivators.

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‘All the advantages incident to the position of a landed proprietor are only reaped in their best shape, when his income is fixed, and (extraordinary casualties excepted) certain; when he is free from any share in the burdens and hazards of cultivation; when, with the progress of national improvement, his property has its utmost powers of production brought into full play, by a race of tenants possessed of intellect and means equal to the task. The receiver of labour-rents, therefore, gains a point when they are changed to produce-rents; the receiver of produce-rents from a *métayer* gains a point when they are changed to money-rents. The landlord of cottiers gains a point when they become capitalists; and the sovereign of the *ryot*-cultivators gains a point when the produce due from them can be commuted for fixed payments in money. There is no one step in the prosperous career of a tenantry of any description, at which the interests of the landlords are not best promoted by their prosperity.’—p. 163.

The difficulty of emerging from the system of peasant occupation is one of its worst features. We have seen that all the cultivated soil of the globe is yet tilled under this imperfect arrangement, with the exception of a very minute fraction. The change, where it has taken place, has been the work of centuries. Cultivation by manorial tenants was very long before it finally disappeared from England. The legal obligation to perform such labour has glided out of sight almost within memory. It is mainly by the efforts of the lower classes themselves to improve their condition that advance must be made; but, unfortunately, the system of peasant cultivation almost necessarily tends to continue and perpetuate the degradation, poverty, indolence, and ignorance of that class of cultivators. It is this action and reaction of causes, in a vicious circle, which forms the great obstacle to the commencement of national improvement, and keeps stationary the wealth, numbers, and civilization of a very large portion of the earth. This, indeed, is only one instance of a great general truth, of which further researches into the real economy of nations will more and more convince us—that the degradation and abject poverty of the lower classes can never be found in combination with national wealth and political strength.

The only means of relieving the peasant cultivators from the pressure which restrains their exertions, and limits the advance of the civilization and prosperity of the community, necessitates a temporary sacrifice of revenue on the part of those whose exactions weigh them down,—a relaxation of the tenure of their contract with their landlord, or a diminution of the burdens imposed on them by the state. By the increase which would thus be made in the share of the cultivator, he would be both enabled and encouraged to accumulate capital, and employ it in increasing the produce of his land. Improved circumstances would give  
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life and vigour to his industry, and enable him to acquire, by degrees, the requisite skill for employing his earnings to the best advantage. The temporary sacrifice made by the landlords, or the state, would be repaid eventually with accumulated interest; and the march of improvement, once begun, would go on with accelerated rapidity.

‘But the difficulty of procuring such a relaxation, arising often from the necessities, more often from the blind selfishness of the landlords or sovereigns, is the real cause of the stagnation and inefficiency of the art of agriculture, and of the duration of the present forms of holding, over a great part of the world. In the hands of a peasantry thoroughly depressed, cultivation may spread, but its powers will not increase; the people may multiply, but the relative numbers of the non-agricultural classes will not become greater; and, abstracting the increase of gross numbers, the wealth and strength of the population, and the elements of their political institutions, undergo no alteration.

‘Such, then, is the miserable cause which has maintained the rude forms of primitive holding so long and so extensively unchanged, and which seems, unhappily, to promise them a long period of future dominion over too many wide districts of the earth.’ . . . ‘We may observe on some small spots, of which England is one, the effects of a different system. Agriculture is further advanced towards perfection, and hence arises a capacity of supporting much more numerous non-agricultural classes, which afford abundant and excellent materials for a balanced form of government: hence, too, intellect, knowledge, leisure, and all the indications and elements of high civilization are multiplied and concentrated. Were the whole of the earth’s surface cultivated with like efficiency, how different would be the aggregate of the commercial means, political institutions, the intellect, and civilization of the inhabitants of our planet!’—p. 176.

The system of tenancy under which the productiveness of the soil and labour of England has made such immense comparative progress, is that of *farmers*, or capitalists employing labourers under them, and contracting with the landlords for a fixed money-rent. The cultivator, in this case, is no longer chained to the soil: he may transfer his stock to other farms or other employments at will, and the rent which he is willing to pay will, therefore, consist of all that could be gained by the employment of his capital and labour on the land beyond what could be gained by it in any other occupation. Rent is also, by this arrangement, dissevered from wages, the labourer no longer depending on the leniency or cupidity of a landlord for the share of the produce of his labour which he is to receive, but being free to hire himself to that employer who offers him the largest remuneration, and conscious that the extent of that remuneration depends on his own exertions.

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Under this system the rent of particular spots of ground will depend wholly on their comparative powers of production, which are, in turn, determined by their natural fertility, their greater or less proximity to markets or manures, and on the amount of auxiliary capital which has been already invested in them, whether by the landowner or preceding tenants, in the shape of buildings, fences, drains, roads, manure, &c. These several circumstances are the elements of the *value* of land. The land which ranks lowest in these respects, but which will yet produce sufficient to repay the capital employed in its tillage, with the ordinary rate of profits, will be tilled for the sake of that profit, but will pay no rent, or what is next to none. The rent of the lands under more favourable circumstances, in other words, of greater value, will be exactly equal to the difference between their respective returns to the same amount of capital, and that of this inferior soil.

Mr. Jones investigates the causes which may occasion the increase of rent in this sense, and divides them into three. First, an increased production from the employment of larger quantities of capital in cultivation. The same circumstances which cause a difference in the produce of different lands cultivated with the same capital, will cause a like (or very nearly a like) difference in the produce of every additional outlay of capital on the same lands; so that, even abstracting all consideration of the extension of tillage to fresh soils, the rents of the lands previously in tillage must rise in proportion as more capital is applied to their cultivation. Secondly, rents will be increased by every improvement in the efficiency of labour or capital applied to agriculture. Such improvements, by augmenting the produce on every gradation of land, and enabling fresh lands to be taken into tillage which previously would not pay a profit on the requisite capital, will go directly both to increase the rents paid on all the old lands, and to create a rent from those that could not afford it before. It may be said, and it has been urged by Ricardo and his school, that if we suppose the demand for agricultural produce to be stationary, any increase of the powers of production would diminish the range of land to which it is necessary to resort for the supply, and, by lessening the value of land in general, lower rents instead of increasing them. This, however, is a supposition against all probability; for not only is the demand of a country for agricultural produce never stationary, and, on the contrary, continually on the increase for the supply of its increasing population, but experience proves that the demand always does keep fully up to the supply through every improvement in cultivation or enlarged outlay of capital. Ricardo and his disciples, reasoning on imaginary abstractions, may repeat, as they please, that 'the  
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increased productiveness of agriculture *must necessarily lower rents*, but they will never persuade the landlords of England of this, who form their judgment from plain and obvious facts, and who know that the various improvements in agriculture which have taken place of late years—the introduction of the turnip husbandry, for example, which added so prodigiously to the gross produce of the country—have had the effect, not of lowering rents, but of raising them universally on the old soils, and, at the same time, of occasioning a rent to arise from a very large extent of surface which previously paid little or none.

There is a third source of a temporary increase of rent, namely, a rise in the relative value of agricultural produce, owing to the demand outrunning the supply. In this case the increase of rent takes place at the expense of the rest of the community, and forms no addition to the resources of the country. It is merely a transfer from one class to another. In this respect, as in many others, this cause of a rise of rent contrasts, much to its disadvantage, with the two other causes above mentioned, where increased rents are a consequence of increased production, in the benefits of which the productive classes share with the landlords. Though, however, a rise of rents in this third and least desirable manner is possible, and does occasionally take place for very short periods, and, under peculiar circumstances, sometimes artificially contrived with that express view, yet nothing can be more certain, as we shall shortly show, than that rents do not, in fact, and cannot be permanently increased through this cause, but that the practical and real causes of the augmented rents of this country (where almost the only example of farmer's rents is to be met with) have been *better farming* and *greater produce*, and that the public at large has, therefore, all along shared with the landlords in the benefit.

It has, however, happened, by a strange, though, in them, not unusual obliquity of intellect, that Mr. Ricardo and his school of reasoners have fixed their attention exclusively on the rise which occasionally for short periods takes place in rent, from a deficient supply and relatively increased value of agricultural produce, and have argued that rents *cannot* increase, nay, cannot begin to exist at all, except as a consequence of the rise of prices, owing to the continually increasing cost of producing the requisite supplies for an increasing population. Inferior soils, say they, must be resorted to for this purpose, and every additional quarter of wheat must be procured at an increased cost; but as the cost of that portion of the produce which is raised under the greatest disadvantages determines the price of the whole, prices must rise, and the rents of the landowners increase, while all the other classes  
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of the community are losing. The interests of the landlords are thus, by these writers, declared to be directly, and in all cases, at variance with those of the public at large; and, in the 'decreasing fertility of the soils successively brought into cultivation,' they see an iron necessity dragging down the rate of profits and wages, and the remuneration of the productive classes generally, as population swells and cultivation is extended, and elevating the lords of the soil to a pinnacle of prosperity upon the ruined fortunes of the rest of the community.

See, however, the inconsistency of this school of doctrinists. When, as we saw just now, they were desirous of proving that landlords lose by every addition to the productiveness of agriculture, the demand for agricultural produce was supposed by them to be always falling behind the supply. When it is their object to show that landlords can only gain at the expense of the public, the demand is declared to be always gaining ground on the supply. Are they to be allowed thus to blow hot and cold with the same breath?

But renouncing the task of fixing such Protean reasoners, it will not be difficult to show that their gloomy and disheartening views of the opposing interests of the several classes of society, and of the future prospects of humanity, have their origin in a very contracted range of vision, which hinders them from perceiving two very simple circumstances, either of which alone completely oversets their doctrine. First, that the increase of population cannot *force* the cultivation of soils of inferior value, so long as there are millions of acres of the very first quality still unbroken, and which the increasing population may proceed to cultivate, by only taking the trouble to remove to them as fast as they find it advisable. If they do not take this trouble, but choose rather to cultivate the inferior soils near at hand, it can only be that these latter are really the more valuable of the two, and possess, in their proximity to the great foci of commercial or manufacturing industry, in improved communications, or other favourable circumstances, some advantages which *more than* compensate for their lower degree of natural fertility, and enable them to be cultivated not only at no greater cost, but positively at a less cost than the rich, and yet uncultivated, and though distant, yet easily accessible soils.

Secondly, that even if we suppose what is barely possible, a population necessarily limited to a particular district, of which all the best soils are in cultivation, and that the increase of numbers makes it necessary to resort to inferior soils for the requisite supply of food, still it must be recollected, that every improvement in agriculture, in manufactures, or in the means of communication,

nication, every addition to the efficiency of labour or capital in any branch of production, counteracts *pro tanto* the tendency of this decreasing fertility of the soils successively brought into cultivation, to diminish the gross returns of industry, and lower profits and wages. Now, if they are acquainted with any country which is both denied the resource of emigration, and in which, also, the increase of population habitually takes place in a faster ratio than it can be met by any improvements that are at the same time making in the arts of production—in *that* country their doctrine may be true, but assuredly that country is not Britain; nor is it probable that such will ever be her situation. In this country then, it is not that the increasing demand of her growing population has forced the cultivation of her poorer soils at a continually augmented cost,—it is that her increasing powers of production, through the wonderful industry and inventive genius of her inhabitants, have diminished the cost of raising agricultural produce, and enabled the poorer soils to be brought under tillage at no greater expenditure of labour and capital than was required to raise the same amount of produce on the superior soils before—have made it more *profitable* to cultivate these poor soils near home than the rich soils which still court the plough at a greater distance from the thriving markets and concentrated industry of the mother country. The additional revenue which the landed proprietors have derived during this process, so far from having taken place through a decrease in the returns to agricultural industry in the soils governing prices, and consequently at the expense of the rest of the community, have been caused by a gradual increase of produce from all gradations of soils, and by successive improvements in agriculture and the other productive arts,—circumstances from which the other classes of society have necessarily profited at the same time as, and unquestionably to a much greater extent than the landowners.

All this we have said before,\* yet the opposite doctrine has been so pompously and repeatedly set forth, and so sedulously propagated by nearly all the political economists, Ricardo, Mill, M'Culloch, Malthus, and even Senior, and the question at issue is of such momentous importance to the future prospects of mankind and the principles of social economy, that it can scarcely be dwelt upon and elucidated too fully. We repeat, then, that the improved rent which arises from land in the progress of civilization, is a consequence, not of any stern necessity for cultivating inferior soils in order to maintain a growing population, but of the *concentration* which, as the division of labour, the multiplication of wants, and the mutual dependence of the members of

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\* No. LXXXIX., p. 104.

society increase, becomes more and more desirable, and renders it *more profitable*, in other words *less expensive*, to cultivate the soils of inferior natural staple, which are near at hand, than to spread over and reduce to tillage (in the same manner as the fertile soils now cultivated were originally reduced) those that are at a distance from the great centres of wealth and industry. In all cases it is evident, that so long as there exist soils of the best natural quality unappropriated and uncultivated in any part of the globe, so long can the difficulty, in the way of supplying an increasing population with food, never amount to more than the cost of conveying a part of the excessive population to those fertile soils, and fetching the surplus produce of their labour upon those soils to support the remainder of the excess at home. It is, correctly speaking, not 'the decreasing fertility of the home soils,' but the increasing distance of the most fertile soils, that is the real impediment, if we are to call it one, to be got over. But when we consider that this only acts in a slow and gradual manner, and that the gradual spreading of the population as it enlarges itself *may* obviate the whole difficulty, and *will* do so, in a state of freedom, unless the advantages of spreading over the most fertile soils are counterbalanced by still greater advantages attending the concentration of the population at home—and also that every improvement in the facilities of communication, in the efficiency of agriculture, or of the other arts by exchange of whose products food may be obtained from other countries, lessens the difficulty *pro tanto*—it must appear most absurd to consider it as any real and practical difficulty at all, and that to call it 'an insuperable obstacle,' to talk of 'the increasing sterility (!) of the soil' as 'sure, in the long run, to overmatch the improvements that can occur in machinery and agriculture, and occasion a rise of prices and a corresponding fall of profits,'\*—is to make a bugbear of a shadow.

But this dreadful obstacle is declared by the Economists to be peculiar to the cultivation of land, and 'to form an important and fundamental distinction between agricultural, and commercial, and manufacturing industry.' . . . 'In manufactures, the worst machinery is first set in motion, and every day its powers are improved by new inventions, and it is rendered capable of yielding a greater amount of produce with the same expense.' . . . 'In agriculture, on the contrary, the best machines, *that is, the best soils*, are brought first into use, and recourse is afterwards had to inferior soils, which require a greater expenditure to make them yield the same supplies.'† But why is land here identified with

\* McCulloch, Principles of Political Economy. Last ed., p. 488.

† Idem, p. 443. See also Malthus, Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent, p. 37. machinery?

machinery? What can be more distinct? Is not land cultivated by machinery? And are we to class in the same category the plough and the ploughed field? Nay, is not a pair of stockings raised from land, just as much as a loaf of bread,—machinery assisting in the production of both? The Economists are in the habit of referring so constantly to quarters of wheat to illustrate their disquisitions *de re rusticâ*, that it appears they must have forgotten that land produces other things besides wheat, as, for instance, cotton, hemp, flax, coal, iron, metals, timber, and other raw materials, upon which the industry of the artisan is exercised to produce what are loosely called manufactures, just as the industry of the miller and baker is exercised on wheat to produce bread. Will they deny that it is as necessary to resort to inferior soils for increasing the stock of flax, hemp, and cotton, as of wheat and barley, and to deeper mines and more distant forests for procuring additional supplies of coal, metals, and timber, as the demand for manufactures advances with the growth of population? But if they cannot deny this, what becomes of their ‘broad and important distinction between agricultural and manufacturing industry’? ‘Here,’ it might be said by some shallow reasoner, ‘is a cause at work in the increasing difficulty of procuring the materials of our manufactures and machinery, which must daily more and more impede the progress of manufacturing industry, and finally eat up all profits.’ But who, except, perhaps, an economist, does not see that this trifling difficulty is far more than counterbalanced by the improvements that are continually taking place in the mode of cultivating those crops which form the raw materials of our manufactures—in the contrivances for working mines of coal and metal—in the application of the power obtained from coal through steam-machinery—in the processes to which that power is applied—in the facilities of transporting produce, raw or manufactured, from place to place—in short, by all the additional means which man is daily obtaining of subjecting matter to the gratification of his wants? And is it not equally true that the same circumstances all operate to diminish the trifling impediment which is placed in the way of the supply of *food* also to an increasing population, through the necessity of resorting either to the soils of inferior natural fertility near home, or to those of superior natural fertility at a comparative distance?

If our readers wish to see the errors of the Ricardo school on this subject exposed in still fuller detail, they may consult Mr. Jones’s most satisfactory analysis of the various pretended proofs which have been brought forward in confirmation of the ‘Theory of Rent,’ such as the fall of profits which usually accompanies the advance of wealth and civilization, and consequently the increase

of rents, and which these writers insist to be the effect, not the mere concomitant, of that increase.\*

Perhaps the most useful chapter in Mr. Jones's instructive work is one in which he demonstrates that the interests of the landowners, instead of being opposed to those of the other classes of society, as Ricardo and his school directly affirm,† are completely identified with them, and ultimately that all classes have a common interest in each other's prosperity.

'If indeed,' he says, 'the being in a position to derive occasional gain from the losses of others, were sufficient to characterize any class of society as having interests in permanent hostility with those of their countrymen, Mr. Ricardo, to be consistent and just, should have made his denunciation more general, and included in it both the capitalists and the labourers; for it is not disputed that they too have, each of them, occasionally, interests which are adverse to those of the rest of the community; and that wages may be increased by a decrease of profits, and profits swelled by the decrease of wages, as certainly as rents may be elevated by encroachments on the revenues of the producing classes. But if we were seriously to argue thence, that the interests of all the different classes of the community are in constant and perpetual opposition to each other, the conclusion would arouse the suspicion of the most unwary inquirer. The fact is, that the prosperity which each class can grasp by the depression of others, is, by the laws of nature, limited and insecure. The advantages which each may draw from sources of increasing wealth, common to all, or at least injurious to none, are safe, and capable of being pushed to an extent of which the limits lie beyond our experience or means of calculation. And in this respect, there is no difference in the social position of the landlords, and that of the other classes which compose the state.

'When the revenues of any one class increase, that increase may in every case proceed from two causes; first, from an invasion of the revenues of some other class, the aggregate revenue of the state remaining what it was; or secondly, from increased production, leaving the revenues of all the other classes untouched, and presenting a clear addition to the aggregate revenue of the nation.

'A little consideration will show us, that it is only in the last, that is, the most advantageous manner, that the revenue of any class can increase *progressively* and securely in the progress of nations. We will trace this truth, first, in the case of the labourers and capitalists, and then in that of the landlords.

'The productive power of a people being stationary, wages may increase, we know, at the expense of profits; or, on the other hand, with the advance of the productive powers of the population, wages

\* Jones, p. 255, et subseq.

† Ricardo, *Essay on the Influence of a Low Price, &c.*, p. 20: 'It follows, then, that the interest of the landlord is always opposed to the interests of every other class of the community.'

may increase while profits are undiminished. The power of production being stationary, we have already had occasion to show how small an increase in the rate of wages will produce a considerable depression of profits; and we have seen, that supposing the capital employed to amount to five times the wages paid, an addition of one single shilling to every 10*s.* paid as wages, would lower profits from 12 to 10 per cent. In the ordinary state of the world, the further progress of a rise of wages, attended by such an effect, would soon cease to be possible. Long before, in any one nation, the rate of profits had, in the course of such a process, been reduced to one-half their actual amount, capital would flow abroad, employment become more scarce, and the rise of wages be stayed. But if the increase of the rate of wages be accompanied by a corresponding or a greater increase of productive power, it may go on indefinitely without any deterioration, possibly with an increase, of the rate of profits, and of the revenues of the capitalists, and need only cease when the productive powers of mankind have reached their ultimate limit. It is then, unquestionably, a momentary advantage to the labourer, that his wages should increase at the expense of the profits of the capitalist. But his interests, and those of the capitalists, are not, therefore, in perpetual opposition; because his prosperity, if it is to be permanent and progressive, can only exist under circumstances in which it is perfectly compatible with the undiminished means and revenues of his employers.

‘In like manner, the productive power of labour being stationary, the rate of profits may rise from a diminution of wages; and the capitalists have, therefore, a momentary advantage in the depression of the labouring classes. But the arrangements of Providence are such, that their great and permanent interests can safely rest on no such gloomy foundation. As the poverty and degradation of the population proceed, the productive powers of the labouring classes, and, after a certain point, the security of property, diminish. We have an example of the first of these effects in the serfs of eastern Europe, and of the last in Ireland. The serf does but one-third of the labour of the well-paid freeman; and the Irish peasant, on his low wages, works little better, if compared either with the English peasant or with himself when less depressed. But a difference of two-thirds in productive power will alone more than balance any difference in the respective rates of wages, of the best, and of the worst paid workmen in Europe. The English capitalists then would lose by the establishment of a German or Irish rate of wages, if their workmen were to be replaced by a race as listless and inefficient as German boors or as Irish cottiers in their actual state of degradation. The inefficiency of the exertions of the labouring classes is not, however, the only circumstance which makes a low and decreasing rate of wages unfavourable to the permanent prosperity of the capitalists. The accumulation of large masses of auxiliary capital cannot go on undisturbed in the midst of a degraded and turbulent population; and it is on the great accumulation of such capital, relatively to the num-  
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bers of the population, that the comparative revenues of the capitalists themselves, and their station and influence on the community, depend. In England, profits are low and wages are high, but in no part of the world do the capitalists form so prosperous and important a body. Their revenue exceeds that of the proprietors of the soil, and equals at least half the wages of labour. If English wages were run down till the state of the labourers approached that of the Irish, their discontent and turbulence, added to habits of reluctant and inefficient labour, would make it neither profitable nor safe to employ here the mass of capital at present used in production; and then, in spite of a rise in the *rate* of profits, the *mass* of profits realized, and the revenues, influence, and comparative importance of the owners of capital, must shrink to dimensions more nearly resembling those of other countries. Although the capitalists, therefore, may reap a momentary advantage from the depression of the labourers, yet their permanent prosperity cannot rest on such a basis. To proceed securely in a career of increasing wealth, they must be surrounded by workmen whom penury and degradation have not made either useless instruments of production, or dangerous neighbours. The interests of the capitalists and the labourers, although they may be occasionally in apparent opposition, are substantially and permanently in perfect harmony. It is the interest of each class that the other should thrive, and that additions to its own revenue should be derived solely from an increase in the productive powers of the industry of the country.

‘The position of the landlords, in this respect, is similar to that of the labourers and capitalists. There is a momentary gain, which they may snatch from the depression of the rest of the community; but they are not excluded from the operation of that just and benevolent law of Providence which knits together the interests of society by making fleeting and limited all advances in the revenues of any class, which rest on the deprivation of others; and which permits a career of stable and indefinite increase, only when the prosperity attained by one part goes hand in hand with that of all parts of the nation. An advance of rents, founded solely on a transfer to the landlords of a portion of the produce before enjoyed by the productive classes, must diminish what, without such a transfer, would have been the joint amount of wages and profits. Mr. Ricardo and his school contend that, in such a case, the revenue of the productive classes would become positively less than it was before; that the decrease in the amount of raw produce returned to given quantities of capital and labour could be balanced by no increase in the effects of non-agricultural industry; and they contend further, that this decrease must fall exclusively on the employers of labour, and diminish the rate of profit, which, according to them, must vary with each change in the returns to the capital last employed upon the land; on which returns they state the rate of profits to be exclusively dependent. Were we to concede the soundness of this view of the case, it would at once become evident how very limited the advantages must be which the  
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landlords could derive from such a cause. When, in different countries which have an easy intercourse with each other, an ordinary rate of profit has been established, any peculiar cause which diminishes that rate in any one country has a tendency to drive capital to others. The rate of profit in England rests at a point somewhat below that of neighbouring countries, but if the rate be depressed below this inferior point, we know, from experience, that capital begins to escape very rapidly. A very short period, therefore, during which only very limited effects could be produced, must put an entire stop to a rise of rents founded only on a continuous fall of profits. And the landlords of an increasing country would soon be reduced to insignificance, were this the only source on which they could rely for the advance of their incomes, as the numbers and wealth of all the other classes were swelling round them.

‘To see, however, more distinctly that the actual sources of the increase of the revenue of the landlords are perfectly compatible with the prosperity and undiminished wealth of the people, we must not confine ourselves to so imperfect a view of the causes of the increase of rents. A diminution in the share of producing classes in the produce is, as we must again repeat, certainly a possible, but as certainly only a limited and very rare source of an advance of the revenues of the landlords; that gradual increase of their means, which keeps pace with the riches of other branches of the community, flows from healthier and more copious fountains.

‘We have seen that the accumulation and concentration of capital, and its gradually increasing efficiency as the power and skill of man advance, are causes of increase in the mass of rents of which the constant operation is established by the same laws which regulate the productive powers of the earth, and the progress of civilized nations in the art of cultivating it. But neither the increase of capital, nor the increase of agricultural science and power, can be rationally expected among a people, the augmentation of whose numbers is attended at every step by an invasion, on the part of the landlords, of the interests of the cultivating classes. A rise of rents, founded on such an invasion, if it is injurious to the people, is not less unfavourable to the progress of the revenue of the owners of the soil: it presents them with a momentary and limited profit, while it destroys the hopes of large and enduring improvement. We saw, when examining the different classes of peasant-rents, that while they last, the depression of the cultivators stops the progress of those changes in the forms of tenure which the ease and interest of the landlords demand should be completed as fast as society is fit for them; and when the capitalist enters on the scene as a distinct character, it is obviously the interest of the proprietors that every spot of ground should receive the benefit of all the auxiliary capital which the wealth of the country can supply, made more and more efficient by all the skill and power which intellect, and knowledge, and experience can create. These are sources of increased rents which contain within themselves no causes

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of stagnation and decay, and which, for an indefinite period, may continue to buoy up the revenues and influence of the landed body, though the numbers and wealth of the other classes are multiplying rapidly around them. While these wholesome causes of increasing rents are in operation, the power and wealth of the country, we have seen, must be advancing, the territory must become capable of supporting a larger population, and the capital and revenue of that larger population must receive considerable accessions. The circumstances, therefore, which are the most essential to the continuous prosperity of the landlords, are also most conducive to the increasing wealth and strength of the nation. The miserable gains which it is possible for them to wring from the necessities of an impoverished people, are not less destructive to their own prospects of maintaining a permanent and progressive advance of income, than the same gains are injurious to the producing classes. Like the other classes of the community, then, they have an interest in diminishing the revenues of those who share with them the produce of the soil. As in the case of all the other classes, too, their gains from such a diminution are limited, scanty, and temporary; while the permanence and full development of their prosperity can only be secure when it goes hand in hand with the progress of the people in wealth, and power, and skill.

‘It was an error, therefore, to suppose that there is anything peculiar to the landlords in the fact that they have occasionally a limited interest opposed to that of the other bodies which compose the state. It was a much graver error which led men to teach that their case forms an exception to that general rule of Providence which makes sterile and evanescent all advantages which any one class of the community can gain at the expense of the others; that they alone have no source of prosperity common to them with the whole population, and constitute a class marked by the miserable singularity of having no interests, during the progressive advance of national industry and wealth, but such as are hostile to those of all the rest of mankind.’—*Jones on the Distribution of Wealth*, pp. 288—297.

‘The erroneous views in which these positions originated, proceeded no doubt from imperfect observation and hasty reasoning; there is no reason whatever to believe that they were prompted by malignity, or put in circulation to create mischief. But, however calm and free from thought of evil may be the philosophy from which false political theories are engendered, they are no sooner afloat and current in the world than they necessarily come into contact with prejudices and passions which convert them into sources of very serious delusions. Mistaken views and excited feelings as to the sources of the prosperity of the landed proprietors, like those which have lately prevailed in England, have a doubly bad effect. They lead the people to look with jaundiced and angry eyes upon augmentations in the revenue of the proprietors, which are in truth only so many indications and effects of a great and most desirable increase in the resources of the country. And when discussions have arisen as to practical measures, the same  
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mistaken views and feelings have evidently served, first to make one party querulous and angry, and then the other, as if in self-defence, suspicious and reluctant.'—*Idem*, pp. 304, 305.

Mr. Jones concludes his valuable work with the recapitulation of the one great truth which he has placed on the sound foundation of a patient and copious induction.

*'In no one position of society, during no one period of the progress of civilization, do the real interests of the proprietors of the soil cease to be identical with those of the cultivators, and of the community to which they both belong. But even this truth itself, if the views which I have, with some labour, arrived at, do not deceive me, will, in the future progress of our subject, appear to be included in one yet more cheering, because more comprehensive; namely,—that all systems are essentially false and delusive, which suppose that the permanent gain and advantage of any one class of the community can be founded on the loss of another class; because the same Providence which has knit together the affections and sympathies of mankind, by so many common principles of action and sources of happiness, has, in perfect consistency with its own purposes, so arranged the economical laws which determine the social condition of the various classes of communities of men, as to make the permanent and progressive prosperity of each, essentially dependent on the common advance of all.'*—pp. 328, 329.

In spite of the length of these extracts, we cannot forbear from quoting another passage, in which the author contemplates the bearing of his conclusions as to the nature and causes of rent on the actual position of England.

*'It is, we have seen, on the increasing wealth and progressive skill of the agricultural capitalist, the farmer, that the steady progress of the landed body is dependent. Not a step can be made in agriculture, not one improvement, not a single portion of new power introduced into the art of cultivation, which does not, if generally adopted, by its unequal effects over the surface of the country, raise the mass of rents. The property and the energy and mental activity of the farmers are thus the mainstay, the sole permanent reliance of the landlords. Every circumstance which diminishes the means, the security, or the hopefulness and energy of these agents of cultivation, must be proportionably detrimental to the best interests of the proprietors. I think there is little doubt, that if the changes and fluctuations which have occurred since the peace had not crippled the means and damped the enterprise of the farmers, they would, by spreading improved modes of cultivation to large districts, as yet impervious to them, and by a continuous progress of power and skill, have produced a considerable mass of produce rents which do not now exist. The non-existence of these is unquestionably a serious and gratuitous misfortune to the proprietors—perhaps the greatest they have experienced; for had it not occurred, their incomes, in spite of the altered circumstances*

stances of the country, might have been buoyed up to something like their former level.

‘ But proprietors do not suffer alone, when the national progress in developing the powers of its soil is stayed and thwarted by the farmers being impoverished and disheartened. The non-agricultural classes suffer in their turn, and that in a manner and to an extent which is not the less formidable, because it is not easy accurately to track the loss in its progress and diffusion, or to measure its precise amount. It is probable, that after allowing for their own consumption, the value of the produce bartered by the agriculturists with the non-agriculturists is not less than one hundred millions. This fact is well adapted to show the mutual dependence of the two great classes of the state. Let us suppose, that, scared by losses and apprehensions, the farmers withdraw one-fourth of their annual expenditure from the task of cultivation. This is a process, which every one acquainted with country business will know might be quietly, and almost imperceptibly effected, by using less labour, or by farming less highly in a variety of ways. If a proportionate diminution in production were to follow, and, consequent on that, a similar diminution in the home traffic between the agriculturists and the non-agriculturists, the decrease in the demand for the produce of the industry of these last would be considerably more than equivalent to the decrease of demand which would follow the destruction of one half the whole foreign trade of the country. I do not say that such a case either has occurred, or is likely to occur, although I have heard some strong opinions on that subject from persons well entitled to be listened to with attention; but an effect much less than this, would unquestionably be more than equal to the sudden and complete stoppage of the most important branch of our export trade; and an effect even greater than this, would certainly follow any sudden and violent attack upon the means of the farmers. The results of any decrease in the domestic demand would be spread over a larger surface, and would therefore be less intensely felt on any one point, and create less concentrated clamour, than the results of a decrease to a similar extent, when felt in the export market alone; but it would be an obvious delusion to suppose, that the resources and prosperity of the whole body of non-agriculturists would not be affected to precisely the same extent in the one case as in the other.

‘ It is difficult not to believe that part of the distress which seems to have lighted from some mysterious cause on many classes of the community, is to be traced to the imperceptible contraction of this part of the home demand. There are persons doubtless who think, that any possible reduction of home, may be compensated by the extension of foreign demand. This, in practice, is only true to a certain extent; but this question would provoke discussion, and we will suppose it true to any extent. Still it is clear that foreign demand is not likely to be suddenly created, to counteract the effects of sudden contractions of the domestic traffic; and that therefore a period of considerable dis-

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tress and languor, perhaps ruin and calamity, must follow all such contractions.

‘It is the evident interest of the non-agriculturists, then, that whatever changes take place in foreign demand, the home market should be prosperous, because it is their largest market; and that it should not vary, because such variations must affect their own prosperity. If the unchecked career of the farmers is essentially connected with the prosperous fortunes both of the landed proprietors and of the non-agricultural classes, it must obviously be closely connected with the prosperous fortune of the nation; and no plan of legislation can be sound and wise, which does not cautiously avoid any measures likely to destroy either the means or the spirit of the agricultural capitalist. Now considering how many interests are bound up in the results of wise and cautious legislation, whenever the interests of the agricultural capitalists are concerned, it is singularly unlucky that such a question as that of the “Corn-Laws” should exist, which seems fated never to be approached without provoking an angry and headlong spirit in one great division of the nation, and a most mischievous temper of fear and depression in the other division. Yet it is admitted, that in the present financial situation of the country, corn-laws of some description must exist. Nor is there in truth any great dispute about the main principle; the establishment of a “protection from peculiar burthens” is what all profess to be content with.

‘But here the real difficulty of the question begins: what are the peculiar burthens sustained by the agriculturists? and it is because I can point out two important measures, the effecting which would go far to remove the difficulty of deciding this question, or at any rate would make that difficulty less decisive and important, that I have ventured into this digression.

‘There are two payments made by the farmer, which, while they remain in their present state, will continue to confuse the subject so much, that neither party to the discussion is likely to be satisfied; and these are, Tithes and Poor Rates. The real incidence and the effects of both of these, we shall explain more at large when speaking of taxation. The incidence of tithes is certainly in every particular instance a question which involves some statistical difficulties—not because the principles which enable us to determine the question are abstruse or obscure, but because that incidence is different, in countries differently circumstanced as to the actual position and state of their agricultural population. In the particular case of England, however,—in the first place it can be made abundantly clear, that tithes, when first created, must have been, in the then circumstances of the English population, meant to act as a rent-charge; and in the second place, it seems agreed on all hands, not only that tithes should be put upon such a footing as to be no real burthen on agriculture; to cause no addition to the growing price of produce; but further, that they should be placed upon such a footing, that it may be palpable and clear to all branches and classes of the population on and off the land, that they  
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are not such a burthen, and do not cause such an addition. Now this can only be effected by a general commutation. What has passed in Parliament may be taken as a proof, that the leaders of the Church are perfectly willing to co-operate in the adoption of any rational plan of this kind: should the legislature set about the task, with a serious conviction of its usefulness and importance, and intrust the execution of it to the hands of persons acting on sound views, and in a frank and honest spirit of conciliation, its very few difficulties would quickly disappear. On the immense importance of such a change in a political and religious as well as in an economical point of view, it cannot be necessary to enlarge.

‘The poor-laws present a much more pressing and alarming mass of evil, as they do also much more serious difficulties. In the first place, the effects of the poor-laws as a mere economical evil, as affecting the interests and calculations of the farmer, and the growing prices of corn, are considerably underrated. These laws are, first, a burthen the direct and indirect pressure of which, it is difficult for the farmer himself to calculate; and which it is probable, therefore, that in all cases he exaggerates; and in the next place they form a much more, *a very much more*, serious addition to the necessary price of agricultural produce in England, than a mere arithmetical calculation would lead us to conclude they did: and they do this because their pressure is unequally distributed, and falls by far the most heavily on those poorer soils, the expense of cultivating which must, in the long run, (abstracting from the effects of foreign importation,) determine the average prices of raw produce. This circumstance alone forms a sufficiently urgent reason for attempting such alterations as might get rid of this unnatural, and certainly not desirable, interference with the level of English prices.

‘But all merely economical considerations really sink into utter insignificance, when we turn to the fearful mass of moral and political mischief which they have brought into action.\* It is not too much to say, that they have thoroughly destroyed the happiness of the agricultural peasantry, and corrupted their habits as labourers and as men. These effects have shown themselves but too distinctly. The late disturbances among that peasantry only sheer ignorance could attribute to any peculiar actual pressure. The temper, and feelings, and delusions in which they originated, have been forming for some time. The outbreak might have been foreseen by all (and it was foreseen by some) familiar with the practical working and results of the system; and unless that system be annihilated, or at least essentially and fundamentally altered, those disturbances will, it may confidently be expected from the nature of the case, have been neither the last nor the most dangerous. And still, evil and dangerous as they have been, they were

\* ‘It is from no theoretical views that I speak, but from an intimate and assuredly a most painful experience, when I say this. I ought, however, perhaps to mention, that my personal experience has been confined to the agricultural labourers, and to the counties of Kent and Sussex.’



only one effect and indication of the miserably distorted and irritated feelings of which they were the result. The legislation of the country on this subject has been bad, and deserves unquestionably much of the blame which has been shifted to the shoulders of those who have administered its regulations. But neither, certainly, has their administration been blameless. Bad laws have laid the foundation; and then, sometimes by bad management with very good intentions, and sometimes by bad management with very questionable intentions, the poor have gradually been brought into a condition in which they are led to attribute unhesitatingly every privation and every disappointment to those neighbours under whose control they find themselves, and who are to them the visible source of all the good and evil of their lot. When men are in this position, the consequences are most fatal, though most natural. Can we wonder that their tempers had become soured, and their views of what is reasonable and unreasonable, of what is right and wrong, perverted? The fact is, that there had been for some time spreading through this class of our population an angry spirit of dislike to their immediate superiors, the most dangerous germ of political disorder; and in the mean time their own principles and habits have assumed a character over which it is impossible not to mourn; which far-seeing persons may easily trace back to causes over which the poor themselves had no control; but which is extremely ill calculated to conciliate the confidence, or the good-will, or forbearance of those who have to deal with it; and tends therefore by its consequences to perpetuate and increase distrust and ill-will between the labourers, and those who have the management of them and of their fortunes.

‘ We have had from these causes a painful instance of the connexion of economical and moral evil. The moral havoc has indeed been complete. The honesty of the labourers, their self-respect, their value for their character as workmen, all hope of bettering their condition in life by good conduct, industry, and prudence; their sense of their mutual duties and claims as parents and children,—all feelings and habits, in short, that contribute to make men good citizens and good men, have been undermined and impaired, or utterly destroyed.

‘ No remedy for these evils in the condition of the poor deserves the name of a wise and statesmanlike measure, which is not of a nature sufficiently comprehensive to offer some promise of bringing healing and health to all these diseased points. I do not know that such a remedy need be despaired of; the plan of using allotments of land for such a purpose has been sufficiently discussed and tried to enable us to judge of its capabilities. If the country was enabled, by the necessary modifications of the existing laws, and by some new ones, to adopt that plan efficiently into general practice, it might enable the agricultural districts, not merely to palliate the actual pressure, the threatening danger, from the poor-laws, but to do what must be effectually done, if the moral mischief is to be eradicated; and that is, to annihilate the connexion between the able-bodied labourers and those laws, altogether,

altogether, and for ever.\* In the mean time, it would be a dangerous experiment for the governors of a state so situated, to fold their hands and wait for what is to happen next. The slow, and too often perplexed and thwarted progress of individual efforts, can lead to no general results of sufficient power to arrest in time the progress of the moral pestilence which has long been pursuing our footsteps, and is already breathing on our necks. Legislation must be resorted to, and that, comprehensive and decisive, as the occasion demands; but carried on (it need hardly be said) in a spirit as calm and benevolent as it is firm and decided: and guided ever, it may be hoped, by the great aim of promoting the comforts and happiness of the labouring class, as the best and surest foundation of the prosperity and peace of the nation at large.

I must add, while on this subject, that no plan for extinguishing the claims of able-bodied labourers on their parishes, will appear to me either just or expedient, which is not calculated to place them, not only ultimately, but at every step of the change, in a position, not merely as good as that in which they are now, but better. Without forgetting or palliating their actual faults, still we should remember, that the miserable system by which their better principles, and in some measure their freedom of body and mind, have been bartered as it were piecemeal for doles from the poor-rate, was neither devised nor desired by them; and it will be in vain and unjust to call upon them to make efforts to disentangle themselves from its effects, except they can distinctly see that it is not risk or loss or suffering, but gain and reward, which are proffered to them.

It will be recollected, that the tithe and poor-laws have only been considered here as bearing on the general question of the corn-laws; and, through that question, on the harmony of the agricultural and non-agricultural classes, and on the uninterrupted perception, by both of them, of their common and inseparable interests. To return then more distinctly and exclusively to this point of view. If we suppose the tithes commuted, and the poor-rates done away with, or reduced to a very small sum, then the farmer, in estimating his peculiar burthens, would be relieved from a feeling of indefinite pressure, and from many vague fears of risk and loss, which are kept alive and irritated by the existence of those payments in their present state. This effected, a scale of duties might probably be devised, which should be both fixed and moderate. Till this is done, it is very much

\* Individual impressions upon a subject of such mighty national importance, I am aware do and ought to count for but little; but as I have been led to the subject, it may not perhaps be presumptuous to state, that my own observations have led to a strong belief, that such a plan might be devised and carried with cheerfulness and popularity into general execution; and this, with very desirable economical, as well as most important moral and political effects. And that, if regulated and executed under the guidance of sound views, and with reasonable precautions, it need not be feared that the many good effects of such a plan would be marred by the results of the principle of population, or be neutralized by any train of accompanying evils.

to be feared that no corn-laws, which are really equitable, will ever appear to the farmer to give him sufficient protection ; while the non-agricultural classes will be but too easily persuaded, that they add exorbitantly and unjustly to the price of provisions. The ceaseless collision of such opinions will necessarily keep on foot hostile and angry feelings, and be destructive of that confidence and frank co-operation between the different orders and classes of the community, without which, in times of peril, and even in times of peace, a state is shorn of more than half its strength.

‘ But a fixed and moderate duty permanently established, and angry feelings on the one side, and exaggerated fears of change on the other, finally quelled, the farmer might once more begin gradually to accumulate, and gradually to find new modes of employing fresh quantities of capital. The consequences of a diffused and skilful employment of such fresh farming capital have already been pointed out. England offers still a large field for agricultural enterprise and improvements. The best methods of cultivation already known, extend to no great proportion of her surface ; and when these have been generally diffused, the career of the cultivators may still be for ages progressive. Superior as the English agriculture is, there are many indications that it is still only approaching, that it is far from having reached, the term of its power. The introduction of mechanical or chemical forces, which will displace much of the animal power now used ; the discovery of fresh and more prolific grasses and vegetables to be cultivated by the plough or spade ; the gradual breaking up of much of the ground over which cattle now roam ; the raising a greater *proportion* of the more valuable crops, which contribute directly or indirectly to human subsistence ; and a general advance in the efficiency of the many aids to human labour used by the husbandman ;—these are all improvements, the gradual establishment of which it is so far from extravagant to expect, that it is perhaps more like extravagance to doubt that many of them are close at hand.

‘ One effect of such new power gained by agriculture, will unquestionably be the reclaiming and gradually fertilizing a considerable portion of the large part of the soil of the country which is now unproductive : and while the grappling with the wild land, and the multiplication of means and power on the old, are going on, we may, judging of the future from the past, rationally hope that the power of agriculture will be increasing, and that the population of the country will be maintained by the exertions of a diminished proportion of its laborious hands. It has been already pointed out, it is hoped, with sufficient clearness, that during such a progress, the mass of rents must be constantly increasing. In a country cultivated by farmers, with every forward movement of the people in numbers, wealth, knowledge, and skill, the landed body, borne up by the swelling wave, will be lifted to a station in which their means and influence will be adapted to the fresh position of the population. The causes of this advancement are deeply seated in the physical constitution of the earth.

earth. The funds which support it are injurious to no class: they cannot be destroyed or lessened: their existence and increase are secured by the same unfailing laws which regulate those unequal returns which the varied surface of the earth must ever make to the labours bestowed upon it. The enduring interests of the landed proprietors are thus indissolubly bound up and connected with the means, the enterprise, and the success of the agricultural capitalists. Temporary advantages in their bargains with their tenantry, or in their arrangements with the state, are to them objects necessarily of inferior, sometimes of only illusory benefit. The fortunes, the station, the comparative influence and means of their order, are always therefore best guarded and preserved by them, when, keeping aloof from all that may embroil or hinder the general progress of the nation in wealth and skill, they use their individual influence, and their political functions, to promote such systems only of national policy and finance as are just and moderate; likely, therefore, to be steady and durable, and to leave a free course to those wholesome causes which promote their own peculiar interests, only as identified with those of the nation.'—pp. 309—323.

In taking our leave of Mr. Jones, he will not suspect us of undervaluing his work, after the full extracts we have made from it, if we recommend him, in any future edition, to condense his arguments, several of which are many times repeated, not in substance only, but almost in the same words. Perhaps also it may with some reason be objected, that while devoting an entire volume to the subject of rents, he should have confined himself exclusively to the rent of land, and omitted all special mention of that large class of rents which arise from buildings of every kind, mines, quarries, turf-bogs, appropriated fisheries, &c. No doubt these follow the same laws as the rent of land, being determined by the extent of the demand, as compared with the supply, which is more or less affected by monopoly. But there are some striking distinctions; and, in a *practical* review of rents, it is strange that this class should have been overlooked.

We anticipate much information from the promised dissertations on wages, profits, and taxation, which are to form the matter of the remaining books of the work. But we have also our misgivings as to the mode in which the author intends to treat some of the important questions these subjects involve. We hope we are mistaken in the inference we have drawn from several passages in the present publication, that Mr. Jones has adopted the Malthusian doctrine of population, and that this will be the foundation of his opinions respecting the regulating cause of wages. We trust he does not intend to reproduce the trite fallacy of the wages of labour depending wholly on the prudence of the labourers themselves in limiting their own numbers—that doctrine  
which

which is still preached to them in the publications of the Useful Knowledge Society, and of other persons laying equal claim to profound philosophy and extended philanthropy. The one great end and object of the extension of education is, indeed, by many of its principal advocates, declared to be the imparting to the labouring class a knowledge of this *arcanum*. We need not go over again, in this place, the arguments by which we have elsewhere shown the falsehood and the cruelty of this doctrine—its falsehood, because nothing can be more untrue than that the limitation of the numbers of any people is the *only*, or the *rational* way of rescuing them from misery; its cruelty, because it aims at depriving the poor of the principal source of happiness within their reach, the domestic affections; and because, as far as it succeeds in limiting the numbers of a people, so far it interferes with the enjoyment of the blessings of life by human beings, for whom Providence has prepared ample space and means of support, if philosophers and governments would but permit them, in obedience to His command, to increase and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue the uttermost parts of it to their purposes.

We call upon Mr. Jones, and such as still persist in this delusion, to recollect that the *real wages* of the mass of any population must depend on the quantity of the necessaries of life (chiefly food) they can obtain by their labour; that if they cannot obtain a full and complete sufficiency at home, *we know* that they can obtain an abundance abroad, either by carrying out their stout muscles, with the skill and knowledge for applying them to advantage, which, in most civilized countries, but particularly in this, give man such an immense command over nature, to other lands of luxuriant fertility, yet lying waste, whence they can procure supplies of necessaries far beyond their wants; or, by employing these same powers at home in the production of articles which they can exchange for the means of comfortable subsistence with the inhabitants of other more fertile countries, who are possessed of a redundancy of them;—in two words, by emigration or importation of food in exchange for manufactures.

If then any population does experience a deficiency of the means of subsistence, it can only be that one or both of these two great and sure avenues of supply are closed against it by the imperfect or mistaken arrangements of the government, which must either have placed impediments in the way of the free exchange of manufactures (that is, of labour) for food, or neglected to assist the redundant labourers to follow the demand for labour wherever it exists over the world—a pursuit which their poverty alone disables them from spontaneously undertaking without assistance.

To advance such assistance, is as clearly and decidedly the duty of a government as it is to establish those laws for the security of property and the maintenance of order, which prevent the starving labourer from relieving himself, though at the expense of others.

In early ages, and in the infancy of civilization, when the skill, inventive powers, and resources of man were at so low an ebb, that his daily toil could scarcely extract, even from the most fertile soils, more than a sufficiency for his daily support, there might have been some *apparent*, though certainly no just, reason for urging the restraint of his numbers; but since we know that his natural tendency to increase is not a whit greater now than it was at that time, but, on the other hand, that the means in his power of subduing the soil and supplying himself thence with the necessities and comforts of life, have been multiplied many fold, and rendered incomparably more productive, by the innumerable contrivances which his ingenuity has brought to the aid of his natural powers, it is something too much to say, that in civilized countries, and in *this*, above all others, the means of man for procuring subsistence *still* fall short of meeting his tendency to increase in numbers!

But indeed, why should we trouble ourselves at all with vague generalities, and questions about tendencies? The argument may be brought within very narrow limits. Take any definite number of men, with their families, from a country highly advanced in civilization, like this, and place them in a country like Canada or New South Wales, having an immense extent of virgin soils. Will any one dispute that they can, through the skill, ingenuity, and knowledge of the arts of improved production which they bring with them, provide subsistence enough, after the expiration of a twelvemonth, not only to support themselves, but to meet every possible increase in their numbers for an indefinite period of time? Will any one deny, that they can produce a surplus beyond this, sufficient, in a very few years, to repay the cost of transporting them from the mother-country, providing them with tools and seed, and maintaining them until their first crops are grown? Lastly, will any one deny that there is an abundance of capital of the kind required for this object, in this country, or accessible to the capitalists of this country, ready to be advanced upon sufficient security, and imploring such or any employment?

Nor can it be said that this employment of capital would, in any degree, diminish the fund left in the mother-country for the employment of the remaining labour there, because the capital required for this purpose is less, *much less*, than what is now *unproductively* consumed here in keeping the surplus population in idleness; and because, even if this were not so, the opening of

a new



a new avenue for the profitable employment of capital in the colonies, by increasing the demand for it at home, would cause an immediate influx of an equal quantity from abroad, or, what comes to the same thing, a stoppage of the actual efflux of capital now going on from this to other countries, through the medium of the European stock market, which maintains the equilibrium between the supply and demand of capital, just as the Stock Exchange maintains the equilibrium between the supply and demand for the precious metals. And again, if this were not enough, the vacuum would be speedily filled up by the accumulation of *new* capital, owing to the increased opportunities of employing it to advantage. So that nothing can be more unfounded than the notion (unhappily but too prevalent among those who make a pretence of reasoning upon these subjects), that the abstraction of any quantity of capital from this country for the settlement of its surplus population in the colonies, would permanently, or even temporarily, diminish the fund for the employment of the remaining part of the population at home.

If these positions cannot be denied—and we do not see how they can, by any one at all acquainted with the redundant condition both of capital and labour in Britain, and with the equally abundant resources for profitably employing that capital and labour in her colonies—it may be taken as *proved*, that the increase of population *may*, by prudent and well-conducted arrangements on the part of government (for it is the government alone that can either *offer* the necessary securities for the advance of the capital, or *take* the requisite securities for its repayment by the settlers or their employers, or the parishes at home that wish to get rid of them)—*may*, we repeat, be supported in comfort and abundance, either at home, or in colonial settlements, to any extent to which it *can* take place. And, consequently, not only does all necessity for checking such increase vanish, but the attempt to impose any check whatever upon it appears in the light of a most impolitic neglect of the means of increasing the wealth and population of the empire to an almost unbounded extent, and a wanton annihilation of an immense mass of possible happiness, an odious and criminal interference to intercept the blessings of this life provided by the bounty of Heaven, and, may we not add, of a future existence also, from an extended and eventually almost unlimited number of human beings?

Should any of our readers think that in this, or in former papers on congenerous subjects, we have dwelt with unnecessary harshness on the mistaken views of the political economists, and that we might have exposed their errors and inconsistencies without employing expressions indicative of contempt or repugnance (if



such have escaped us) towards a class of reasoners, who, doubtless, like ourselves, pursued the inquiry after truth in the best way they could, according to their capacities, and free from suspicion of intentional mischief,—we intreat them to recollect that the writers in question stand convicted, not merely of errors, but of crimes; for surely the publication of opinions taken up hastily upon weak, narrow, and imperfect evidence—opinions which, overthrowing, as they did, the fundamental principles of sympathy and common interest that knit society together, could not but be deeply injurious even if true,—does amount to crime. It may truly be said of these writers, ‘*Nihil quod tetigerunt non inquinavere.*’ In blundering the different subjects that have passed through their hands—rent, profits, wages, population, and morals—they have not merely erred, they have invariably, and with an unhappy pertinacity in error, erred on the wrong, on the most mischievous side.

In their theory of rent, they have insisted that landlords can thrive only at the expense of the public at large, and especially of the capitalists: in their theory of profits, they have declared that capitalists can only improve their circumstances by depressing those of the labouring and most numerous class: in their theory of wages, they have maintained that the condition of the labourers can only be bettered by depriving them of their greatest happiness and their only consolation under trouble, the feelings of the husband and the father: in their theory of population, they have absolved governments from all responsibility for the misery of the people committed to their care: and in their theory of morals, they have impressed on the poor, that the legitimate indulgence of their natural affections is the greatest of all crimes,—on the rich, that the abandonment of the poor to destitution is the most sacred of all duties. In one and all of their arguments they have studiously exhibited the interests of every class in society as necessarily at perpetual variance with those of every other class! And are the perverse and unwearied propagators of such doctrines as these, happily as false as they are mischievous, but surely no less mischievous than false, to be exempted from *reproof*? Must the same bland and gentle suavity of correction be applied to them with which the harmless reveries of a Bentham may be with safety noticed? Could they shut their eyes to the fatal tendency of their own arguments? Were they not bound to sift and examine their accuracy with the most cautious and painstaking anxiety, and pause long before they published, literally *ex cathedrâ*, and, in the tone of oracular authority, recommended for the guidance of legislators and statesmen, principles which, if credited by the public, would place all its classes in perpetual and deadly hostility; and, if acted upon

upon by statesmen, would subvert society from its foundation, and go nigh to extinguish (unless a merciful Providence interfered) the whole human race? Had they used this necessary caution, could they have given publication to such bare, crude, transparent fallacies? And not having done so, are they to be free from censure?

We are the very last persons that would exercise an unsparing severity, and refuse to make due allowance for misapprehension, ignorance, blindness, and apparent goodness of intention. But lenity of this sort, however natural to us, becomes dangerous and criminal if carried too far. The drunkard, the thief, and the murderer, have likewise their many and strongly palliative circumstances to plead in their excuse. If we could follow the worst criminal from the cradle to the scaffold, and make due allowance for the violent passions he inherits with his blood, the depraved example of his parents and early companions, his education in crime, and all the other circumstances beyond his control which led him gradually onwards in his career of guilt—we should be almost tempted to absolve him from responsibility. But this must not be. The moral character of an action, or a publication, is to be determined only by its tendency to injure or to benefit society; and by this test the Political Economist must submit to be tried at the bar of public opinion, as well as the thief.

Nor when we look to the tone and bearing of these writers themselves, do we find them so amiably mild and diffident, so lenient in their treatment of what they consider the errors of others, as to claim the exercise of a similar indulgence from others towards them. Their anonymous publications, in particular,\* have many of them been characterized by a dictatorial dogmatism in the delivery of their peculiar opinions, and a strain of low, coarse, and violent invective against those who hesitate to assent to them, only to be rivalled by the egregious shallowness and falsehood of the positions that have been thus fitly supported.

In vindication then of ourselves we assert, and beg our readers in justice to us to believe, that in the review we have taken of these mischievous fallacies, far from indulging in an excess of uncalled for vituperation, we have been engaged in a constant and difficult struggle to restrain our feelings of indignation and abhorrence at the cool and phlegmatic effrontery with which the most revolting, the most injurious, as well as, happily, the most unfounded and irrational doctrines have been over and over again promulgated as the '*Principles of the Science of Political Economy.*'

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\* We allude to several of the articles on Political Economy, the Corn-Laws, &c., in the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews* of the last ten years, particularly in the latter.

ART. V.—*The Life of Richard Bentley, D.D., Master of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge.* By James Henry Monk, D.D., Dean of Peterborough, (now Bishop of Gloucester.) London. 1830.

THE life of a scholar in general possesses less general interest than any other volume of biography; not merely as being usually uneventful, the quiet and monotonous course of a recluse student, chiefly passed within the peaceful precincts of a great library; but as, for the most part, little characteristic of the age or state of society in which its days may have elapsed. The great writer of each particular period is the image and representative of the state of the public mind during his own age. The popular poet (it is essential, if not to his greatness, at least to his popularity) embodies the passions and feelings of his time; he is the perpetual record of the tone of thought, of taste, of imaginative excitement prevalent in his own country and during his own day: the political writer, the orator, the divine, even the historian, although he may not, like Clarendon or Burnet, relate contemporary events, bear the same strong impress of the time in which they have lived; to have influenced their own age they must have been full of its spirit. There is always a strong reciprocal action and reaction of the popular mind on the literature, as well as of the literature on the public mind; it is at once an exciting cause and the living expression of the events, the manners, the character of each separate period of history. Hence the life, as well as the writings of the successful author, are full of historic instruction and interest; whether he has mingled much or little with the political, or religious, or literary factions of his day; whether a busy actor, or a calm and remote observer of the vicissitudes around him; whether he has been born to honours, had honours thrust upon him, or forced his way upward through the difficulties of humble birth or poverty; the slow or rapid cultivation and development of his faculties under favourable or adverse circumstances, the secret of his success, the manner in which he has risen to fame, the power or the art by which he has obtained or preserved his hold on the public mind, the patronage which has encouraged or enervated, the neglect which has chilled or strung to more vigorous exertion, his friendships, and jealousies, and enmities, all are full of information, if not of amusement: so that often the most lively and distinct history of some particular period is to be found in the biography of some distinguished man of letters.

The scholar alone belongs to another age—a different race; he is entirely abstracted from the present, and lives only in the past.

From

From him we collect little more than the actual state of classical learning in his day, not even its degree of influence on the public mind; his passions, his emulations, the incidental touches of his personal character, are struck out in collision with the few of his own secluded caste; they receive no colouring from, they impart no colour to, the general state of thought and feeling. Though we most readily acknowledge that the greater amenity of modern manners has in general softened the tone of learned controversy, yet the rudeness and asperity of other times lingered long with the classical critic; he was the last to adopt the milder language which prevailed in other departments of literature.

Even the correspondence of a scholar, which, in the case of other authors, is full, if not of the incidents of his time, at least of literary anecdote, is commonly dead and barren; all that is valuable has found its way into the most recent and improved editions of the ancient authors, the rest relates to discussions long obsolete, and controversies for ever set at rest. In short, to the general reader, we know no subject which we should so utterly despair of rendering interesting or attractive, as the life of one of that laborious and useful class, whose name perhaps has been highly celebrated in his day, and to whom we owe a debt of the greatest value, correct and well illustrated editions of the best writers of antiquity.

The biography of Bentley is an exception to this general principle. No one can complain of want of incident in a life which was one long feud, and almost one endless lawsuit: although these incidents may have taken place in a narrow sphere, and the University politics of the past century may awaken but little curiosity, there is something in the character of the man; his dauntless self-confidence and immeasurable contempt for his adversaries; his inflexible determination; his singular address and fertility of resource; his invincible propensity for plunging into difficulties, and consummate dexterity in extricating himself, that give a kind of interest, and almost dignity, to the unimportant squabbles in which his whole life was engaged. Although—

*Æstuat infelix angusto in limite—*

in a wider sphere, in times and under circumstances more suited to develop the ambition of a domineering churchman, the despot of Trinity College might have swollen into a Wolsey or a Hildebrand; the fiery spirit which wasted itself, in keeping the University of Cambridge in a perpetual ferment, and disturbing the classical repose of its peaceful fellows, might, like another De Retz, have embroiled the affairs of a great nation, and ministered constant agitation to the populace of a turbulent and lawless capital.

Nor is the life of Bentley less characteristic of his times; it is

is marked in every page with the impress of a period when the nation was split into two fierce contending factions, arrayed against each other on every question of literature as well as of politics, in a spirit of zealous partizanship unparalleled even in our own age; so that the most abstruse question of scholarship, the authenticity of certain worthless epistles attributed to an ancient Sicilian king, became a controversy, about which Whig and Tory ranged themselves under the opposing banners. How remarkably the political changes of the times influenced the incidents of Bentley's life will hereafter appear; and we trust that we may attribute to the strong and constant excitement which then absorbed the public mind, some part of the indifference with which the nation in general seems to have looked on the unseemly spectacle of an eminent churchman, the head of the most splendidly endowed and most distinguished society in the University of Cambridge, living in a state of implacable warfare with almost all around him; one of the ablest defenders of Christianity, one who laid claim to the highest rewards of his profession, the unquestioned meed of his unrivalled abilities and knowledge, so utterly devoid of the real and intrinsic graces of the Christian character.

Even if addressed to none but scholars, the life of Bentley ought to have been written; it was an homage due from those who could best appreciate his powers and his services, to the unrivalled sagacity, the unequalled attainments, the unwearied industry of the father of the present great school of classical criticism; for even the eccentricities of Bentley often throw more light on a dark and abstruse question than the steady and regular course of others; but, abounding as it does with more general interest, we may wonder that the task has been reserved for his present biographer;—our wonder, however, will be unmingled with regret. Besides his eminent qualifications as a scholar, the connexion of Dr. Monk with the University of Cambridge, more particularly with Trinity College, has given him advantages of which he has amply availed himself; he has wound his way through the intricacies of Bentley's feuds and litigations with great skill and clearness. Above all, he has maintained throughout a tone of honesty and candour from which his natural reverence for the unequalled erudition of the great scholar has never tempted him to depart. He shows too much judgment, as well as too high a tone of moral and religious feeling, to condescend to palliate the grievous defects in the character, while he does ample justice to the powers and the extraordinary attainments, of his hero. The style is, in general, plain and masculine; if sometimes negligent, and at others over elaborate, its ordinary tone is that of a writer of strong sense, and of elegant and scholarlike accomplishment.

plishment. The high opinion which we entertain of the *Life of Bentley* must be our apology for our somewhat tardy notice ; under the pressure of subjects of more immediate and stirring interest, it was safer to postpone the examination of a work of standard merit, and whose existence we might venture to ensure, than of others on whose ephemeral existence the ' tomb of the Capulets ' might have closed, if we had run the risk of more than ordinary delay.

Richard Bentley was the son of a respectable yeoman of Oulton, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. Cumberland, his grandson, indignantly refuted what, to his ' gentle ears,' sounded like a reproach, his descent from ' a tanner or a blacksmith.' In those days it was much more usual for the learned professions to recruit their ranks from the respectable class of independent farmers than at present. On one hand, these professions are so over crowded with candidates of higher connexions and of better hopes ; on the other, mercantile pursuits offer so much more various and so much greater advantages, that the old ambition of having a son ' a scholar ' has rapidly given place to that of having him a flourishing trader, or even a rich and influential attorney. Among the sober and happy peasantry of Scotland, this respect for the proverbial ' excellency of learning ' still maintains a lingering hold on the mind ; but, in England, the possession, if not of house and land, at least of an increasing capital, and steady thriving business, is much more frequently the utmost visionary height to which the hopes of the substantial yeoman elevate the more promising branches of his family. Bentley received his early education at the Grammar School of Wakefield. Of Jeremiah Boulton and John Baskervyle, under whom, especially the latter, he received his first initiation in classical literature, the industry of Dr. Monk has been able to discover nothing worthy of record ; although to ' this school belongs the singular distinction of having produced two scholars who held the office of Regius Professor of Divinity in their respective universities at the same time. John Potter, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who filled the theological chair at Oxford, when Bentley was chosen to the same post at Cambridge, was sent from Wakefield to University College.' This is more remarkable, as the rise of these two eminent men seems to have been entirely unconnected. It has not rarely happened that the success of one distinguished scholar has contributed not merely to the fame, but the advantage even of an obscure school, from that natural and honourable feeling ascribed to Bentley ; ' For the place of his education, Bentley testified throughout life the greatest attachment, and extended to persons coming from that seminary his encouragement and patronage.' How many have owed



owed their success in life, at least the opportunity of distinguishing themselves, to this kind of school clanship !

From Wakefield, Bentley passed to St. John's College, in Cambridge, where little is known of his studies, excepting that even at that early period he seems to have struck out some of his most valuable discoveries in the metre of the Latin poets ; and that, while he was in danger of becoming a disciple of the worst style of English poetry, he had the advantage of studying in the noblest school of English science. He was guilty of some indifferent verses in the falsest taste of Cowley ; nor, on the whole, can we venture to regret, as may sometimes have been the case, that in gaining a great scholar, we may have lost a great poet. The higher, the imaginative range of poetry, the mind of Bentley seems to have been not merely incapable of composing, but of conceiving or comprehending ; felicitous as he is in catching the intimate spirit, and correcting with the utmost taste, the common-life, and common-sense verses of the later Greek comedians, of Terence, and of the Epistles and Satires of Horace—in his alterations of the Odes of the Latin lyricist, by no means of a bold or highly fervid style, we think that we detect that coldness and barrenness of imagination—that deadness of poetic feeling, which so utterly disqualified him for the task which he assumed in evil hour, that of editor of Milton. But to such a mind as Bentley's, the more congenial advantage of hearing the lectures of Newton, then Lucasian Professor, must have been inestimable. Though never distinguished by mathematical or scientific attainment, the works of Bentley, more particularly his Boyle Lectures, are good evidence that he had drunk deep from that fountain of knowledge, which was but beginning to pour forth its inexhaustible treasures. The college jealousies and attachments of Bentley, as well as his studies, had probably some influence on his future life. The rancour with which in his after days he was attacked by Johnson,\* one of the fiercest, as well as the most successful of his assailants, Dr. Monk traces, with great probability, to some personal collision or jealousy in youth ; while his first engagement in controversy was in a great degree connected with another of his contemporaries, the then celebrated, but now almost forgotten (except for the immortal satire of Swift) William Wotton. This youthful prodigy of learning, ' who at six years of age was able to read and translate Latin, Greek, and Hebrew ; to which, at seven, he added some knowledge of Arabic and Syriac ; who was pronounced, at ten years old, the equal of Hammond and Grotius,' may have been glad to retire, in his great contest, behind the more ample shield of his far less early gifted, but as far

\* The author of '*Aristarchus Anti-Bentleianus*.'



more vigorous and richly accomplished, friend and protector. On account of the restrictions upon the fellowships of St. John's, Bentley failed in obtaining, at that time, a permanent establishment in the University; he retired to the obscure situation and humble employment of schoolmaster in a small town in Lincolnshire. Fortunately for the world of letters, as well as for Bentley himself, perhaps for the peace of the good town of Spalding, (where it is not unamusing to imagine the restless and ambitious spirit of Bentley fretting itself against the bars of his narrow cage,) Bentley was invited to accept the office of private tutor in the family of Stillingfleet, then dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards bishop of Worcester. The advantages of this connexion to both parties, and its influence on Bentley's future life, were of great importance. Stillingfleet was of the highest order of English divines—learned, rational, moderate: at the great crisis of the Revolution, he was one of the most distinguished of that party which resisted the arbitrary measures of the Crown, and the high station which he held brought him into close connexion with the great Whig leaders. In the active controversies in which Stillingfleet was engaged, we can scarcely suppose but that Bentley was of considerable service to his patron; while to the young scholar, the command of Stillingfleet's library, described as one of the best private collections, and of sufficient importance to be recommended as a purchase to the Crown, was an invaluable privilege; and the society to which he must have been admitted, as well as the influence of his patron, probably fixed the bias of Bentley's mind to that political party to which, excepting for one period of convenient apostacy, he adhered through life. His literary fame owed a still further debt to the patronage of Stillingfleet. He accompanied his son to Oxford in the same capacity of private tutor, where he not only formed valuable acquaintances with the leading classical and theological scholars of that University, but found ample time to avail himself of the manuscript treasures of the Bodleian library. Here his patient industry, his unwearied application, and his perfect command over the whole range of classical literature, began to develop themselves in schemes, the extent and labour of which might have appalled the most practised scholar, but which the conscious strength and self-confidence of Bentley contemplated with the utmost composure. The first of these was a complete collection of the fragments of the Greek poets, a work which all the industry of later scholars has not yet supplied.

'That this design was abandoned, has always been a subject of regret among scholars; nevertheless he had reasons for relinquishing it,

it, the validity of which it is impossible to deny. Such a work, however desirable, would not have been attended with advantages commensurate with the necessary labour and research; and since no degree of diligence could have ensured the same attention to all the poets in this multifarious assemblage, some inequality must have been observable in the performance; and the object itself would be better answered by several editors, each peculiarly versed in his own author, annexing to the entire works of the poets the broken and scattered fragments of those which have perished.'

Without questioning the justice of these remarks, or impugning the high authority of Dr. Monk on this subject, when we call to mind the great proportion of Bentley's life which was wasted in unprofitable squabbles, and interminable litigation, we may still lament that it was not devoted to this more peaceful, and surely more becoming and praiseworthy occupation. Even if this great collection, the extent of which is perhaps best described in Bentley's own words,—*'Reliquias omnis Græcæ poeseos, philosophicæ, epicæ, elegiacæ, dramaticæ, lyricæque, colligere volumus,'* had been less perfectly executed in some parts than in others, it would have formed the groundwork on which successive editors might have laboured in their separate departments, and at length we might have been able, at one view, to survey the whole sublime, though melancholy, ruins of Grecian invention and intellect. Much unquestionably has been done according to the plan commended by Dr. Monk; little probably will ever be added to the collections of fragments appended to the best editions of the great poets whose works are extant. But we likewise want the collected fragments of those who are known to us only by name. However we may be unable to judge of their genius or powers, by the few scattered lines which may be brought together, the lover of Greek poetry would be grateful even for this scanty florilegium. We are neither ignorant nor forgetful how much has been already done in this department, in the admirable edition, for instance, of the fragments of Empedocles, by Sturz, and in the other single volumes which are perpetually sent over from Germany, or of an excellent commencement to the works of the lyric poets, containing the fragments of Sappho and Alcæus, but which we fear that we must not hope to see completed by the same hand, printed in the Cambridge *Musæum Criticum*. We wish that Professor Gaisford would be tempted to add a volume of this nature to his excellent edition of the *Minor Greek Poets*. But there is one class of poets which Bentley was so pre-eminently qualified to amend and to illustrate, and of which we are yet labouring under the want of a correct and critical edition, the later comic writers, that we shall never cease to regret the

the abandonment at least of this part of the undertaking. It is well known that Cumberland is supposed to have profited by some manuscript collections of his grandfather,\* in his admirable translations of some of those fragments. But a complete edition of the whole remains of the later, if not of the whole range of Attic comedy, with all the richness of illustration, and knowledge of Athenian manners, language, and customs, which Bentley would have poured forth with his accustomed prodigality, would have contributed, in no ordinary degree, not merely to our better acquaintance with the common-life poetry of Athens, but with the Athenians themselves, with their daily habits, manners, usages, sentiments, opinions.

The other gigantic work proposed by Bentley was a complete edition of the lexicographers, an undertaking as useful as laborious, though not likely to extend his fame beyond the very highest class of the learned. But however high the ambition of Bentley, his first publication fully established his claim to this confidence in his own powers and attainments. The celebrated *Epistle to Dr. Mill* appeared, appended to an edition of a worthless chronicler of the worst age of Byzantine literature, John Malalas, an edition of whose work had been prepared by Chilmead, and was completed by Hody. Even the patience of Bentley could not, a second time, wade through the dreary pages of this writer, at once tedious and inaccurate; his *Epistle* therefore, instead of confining itself to the author which it professed to illustrate, branched out into a multitude of questions, and seemed intended to display the author's boundless range of erudition. From the Orphic poetry and the later Platonists it sprang at once to the Greek drama, with the whole history of which, its more obscure, as well as more celebrated authors, and the names of dramas which lurk in the most neglected scholiast or imperfect collector of fragments, it displayed an intimate familiarity unknown in that age of scholarship; it descended to the corrupted pages of the lexicographer—on every point it spoke with the same bold and peremptory tone, justified only by the unprecedented ingenuity with which the author struck sense, and sometimes beauty, out of the most corrupt and apparently impracticable passages. He seemed gifted with an intuitive sagacity not merely to detect error, but to trace the source of it—words which seem thrown together at random, receive sense and meaning at one touch of his wand. For those readers who, though

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\* Sir Walter Scott, in his very amusing *Lives of the Novelists*, has fallen into two errors on this subject. He states that the celebrated translations from the Greek Comic Poets appeared in the *Connoisseur*—it should be 'the *Observer*;' and instead of acknowledging that he owed them to Richard Bentley, Cumberland always stoutly asserted, and with every appearance of truth, that they were his own.

they may have cultivated Greek literature, have paid little attention to philology, let us subjoin a single specimen of the singular dexterity and success with which a consummate critic may thus fairly obtain useful information from words, of which the sense may appear irretrievably lost. In the *Lexicon* of Hesychius appeared this unmeaning gibberish:—ἐναστρος, ὡς τεμένεας, ἀχαιοὶ ἀλφεισιβοῖαι ἀντὶ τοῦ δαστᾶς γὰρ βάχχας ὑάδας ἔλεγον. “Prodigiousa plane oratio (this is Bentley’s comment)—nunc vicissim s muta in ai et lege, ἐναστρος ὥστε Μαινας· Ἀχαιοὶ Ἀλφεισιβοῖα· ἀντὶ τῷ Τᾶς· τὰς γὰρ Βαχχὰς Ὑάδας ἔλεγον.” From this unintelligible mass of words we have thus obtained the name of a drama, that of its author, and a piece of information by no means without value to the history of mythology. On the whole, it might be fairly asserted of the *Epistle to Mill*, that no work of classical criticism had yet appeared since the revival of letters, which in the same number of pages contained such variety of information, so many happy emendations, or which so clearly showed that a new school of criticism was about to commence, which would own Bentley as its legitimate parent.\*

Scarcely had Bentley thus established his fame in this department of letters, than he as suddenly broke forth in a still higher, with equal strength and with the same characteristic excellencies and demerits. In the following year appeared his ‘*Confutation of Atheism*’; the first series of the lectures founded by Robert Boyle. In these sermons, which formed a complete system of Natural Theology, opposed to the prevailing school of Atheism or Epicurism, Bentley displayed the same comprehensive knowledge, not only of the philosophy of the ancient schools, which he had before shown of the most abstruse classic writers, but of the science of his own age in almost every department. The Newtonian System, then but in the dawn of its authority, was seized with avidity, developed with masterly skill, and, with some few corrections by its mighty master, with surprising accuracy, and brought to bear upon the great question—the providential government of the world. The Seventh and Eighth Sermons of the series comprise this part of the subject, and have never been surpassed, at least in vigour and perspicuity, by any of the powerful writers who have done the same homage to the established fame of Newton, which Bentley has the credit of having offered, with the decision of a kindred mind, before his supremacy was generally acknowledged. In the style and composition of these sermons, the character

\* We must be excused if we were tempted to a smile by the gravity with which Dr. Monk vindicates the dignity of the Principal of St. Edmund Hall from the familiarity of Bentley. ‘In one place he accosts him as *Ἰωαννιδίον*—an indecorum which neither the familiarity of friendship, nor the license of a dead language can justify towards the dignified head of a house.’ We do not defend the taste of the passage.

of Bentley was still further developed; the haughty consciousness of his intellectual powers; the tone of immeasurable superiority; the scorn which he heaps upon his antagonists, sometimes verging upon insolence; the animated but often coarse and even pedantic vein of wit. We are inclined to agree with Dr. Monk in rejecting the opinion of Johnson, that he 'had his eye upon the writings of Dr. South.' Bentley would not have condescended to imitate, and every sentence is instinct with the nature of the man. The following passage may be considered not less characteristic of Bentley himself, than of Bentley's style; though we must remember, that no single extract can give a fair notion of a work, the great merit of which consists in its highly sustained, comprehensive, and closely consecutive argument. But its force, its vehemence, its seriousness, and even occasional solemnity; its rudeness, its contemptuousness: its almost vulgar personality, may convey to those who are neither acquainted with the writer or his works, not altogether an inadequate impression of both. It is the close of his refutation of the Atomic Theory.

'It would behove the atheists to give over such trifling as this, and resume the old solid way of refuting religion. They should deny the being of the soul, because they cannot see it. This would be an invincible argument against us; for we can neither exhibit it to their touch, nor expose it to their view, nor show them the colour and complexion of a soul. They should dispute, as a bold brother of theirs did, that he was sure there was no God, because (says he) if there was one, he would have struck me to hell with thunder and lightning, that have so reviled and blasphemed him. This would be an objection indeed. Alas! all that we could answer is in the next words to the text, "*That God hath appointed a day in which he will judge all the world in righteousness,*" and the goodness, and forbearance, and long suffering of God, which are some of his attributes, and essential perfections of his Being, ought not to be abused and perverted into arguments against his Being. But if this will not do, we must yield ourselves overcome; for we neither can nor desire to "*command fire to come down from heaven and consume them,*" and give them such experimental conviction of the existence of God. So that they ought to take these methods if they would successfully attack religion. But if they will still be meddling with atoms, be hammering and squeezing understanding out of them, I would advise them to make use of their own understanding for the instance. Nothing, in my opinion, could run us down more effectually than that, for we readily allow, that if any understanding can possibly be produced by such clashing of senseless atoms, it is that of an atheist, which has the finest pretensions and the best title to it. We know it is "*The fool that hath said in his heart, there is no God;*" and it is no less a truth than a paradox, that there are no greater fools than atheistical wits, and none so credulous as *infidels*. No article of religion, though as demonstrable as the nature of the thing can admit, hath  
credibility

credibility enough for them ; and yet these same cautious and quick-sighted gentlemen can write and swallow down this sottish opinion about percipient atoms, which exceeds in incredibility all the fictions of *Æsop's Fables*. For is it not every whit as likely, or more, " that cocks and bulls might discourse," and hinds and panthers hold conferences about religion, as that atoms can do so?—that atoms can invent arts and sciences, can institute society and government, can make leagues and confederacies, can devise methods of peace and stratagems of war? And, moreover, the modesty of mythology deserves to be commended ; the scenes there are laid at a distance : it is, Once upon a time, in the days of yore, in the land of Utopia, there was a dialogue between an oak and a cedar :—whereas the atheist is so impudently silly, as to bring the farce of his atoms upon the theatre of the present age ; to make dull, senseless matter transact all public and private affairs, by sea and by land, in houses of parliament, and closets of princes. Can any credulity be comparable to this? If a man should affirm, that an ape, casually meeting with pen, ink, and paper, and falling to scribble, did happen to write exactly the *Leviathan* of Thomas Hobbes, would an atheist believe such a story? And yet he can easily digest as incredible as that—That the innumerable members of a human body, which, in the style of Scripture, *are all written in the book of God*, and may admit of almost infinite variations and transpositions above the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, were at first fortuitously scribbled, and by mere accident compacted into this beautiful, and noble, and most-wonderfully useful frame, which we now see it carry. But this will be the argument of my next discourse, which is the second proposition drawn from the text ; that the admirable structure of human bodies, whereby they are fitted to live and move and be vitally informed by the soul, is unquestionably the workmanship of a most wise, and powerful, and beneficent Maker. To which *Almighty Creator, together with the Son and Holy Ghost*, be all honour, and glory, and majesty, and power, both now and from henceforth evermore. Amen.\*—*Sermon 2.*\*

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\* There is another part of these sermons remarkable as apparently containing the germ of two well-known passages in the works of Bentley's most bitter satirists.

*'If the eye were so acute as to rival the finest microscopes, and to discern the smallest hair upon the leg of a gnat, it would be a curse and not a blessing to us ; it would make all things appear rugged and deformed ; the most finely polished crystal would be uneven and rough ; the sight of our own selves would affright us ; the smoothest skin would be beset all over with rugged scales and bristly hairs. . . . . So, likewise, if our sense of hearing were exalted proportionably to the former, what a miserable condition would mankind be in ! What whisper would be low enough but many would overhear it ? What affairs that most require it could be transacted with secrecy ? and whither could we retire from perpetual humming and buzzing ? Every breath of wind would incommode and disturb us ; we should have no quiet or sleep in the silentest night and most solitary places ; and we must inevitably be struck deaf or dead with the noise of a clap of thunder. And the like inconvenience would follow if the sense of feeling was advanced to such a degree as the atheist requires. . . . . We could not bear the assault of an insect, or a feather, or a puff of air without pain. There are examples now of wounded persons that have roared for anguish and torment*

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The public might here distinctly read the character of a man, which the acute discrimination of Stillingfleet, if traditionary anecdote be true, had already divined. 'A nobleman dining at his patron's, and happening to sit next to Bentley, was so much struck with his information and powers of argument, that he remarked to the Bishop after dinner, "My Lord, that chaplain of yours is certainly a very extraordinary man."—"Yes," said Stillingfleet, "had he but the gift of humility, he would be the most extraordinary man in Europe."'

Still so far Bentley stood in a most eminent and advantageous position with the public; he had assumed at one step the foremost rank as a scholar and divine; and though some faint murmurs might be abroad of his overbearing manners and impetuous temper, nothing that he had published fixed upon him the charge of insolence or discourtesy. The atheists, if any one would have ventured to avow the name, were, by common consent, *feræ naturæ*; not only did they deserve no quarter, but not even common civility. 'The arrogance and ignorance,' observes Dr. Monk, 'of which he convicts the atheistical pretenders, were legitimate objects of scorn and contempt;' a sentence to which we might subscribe, if scorn and contempt were as likely means of reclaiming them as calm and dignified expostulation and argument, and quite as consistent with the spirit of the New Testament. But the time was approaching when a controversy, with which, in its origin, he had no concern, and in which, it should seem, he was almost reluctantly involved, threw him into a state of implacable hostility with a most powerful party; held him up as the object of incessant scorn to a knot of the most successful and merciless satirists, at perhaps the most brilliant period of English wit; was perhaps the original cause of his becoming, at a later period, the

ment at the discharge of ordnance, though at a very great distance; what insupportable torture then should we be under upon a like concussion in the air, when all the whole body would have the tenderness of a wound.'—Sermon 3.

*'Why has not man a microscopic eye?*

For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics given,

T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,

To smart and agonize at every pore?

Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,

Die of a rose in aromatic pain?

If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,

And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres;

How would he wish that heaven had left him still

The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill.'

How exquisitely has the poet wrought out the coarse and strong material of the divine into his own fine and diaphanous texture! And in one sentence of the above quotation, do we not find the thought, and almost the expressions, of the humorous, but not over cleanly, passage in Gulliver's Travels, which describes the effect of the persons of the Brobdingnagian maids of honour on the acute eyesight of Grildrig?



powerful butt of the poetry of Pope and the prose of Swift; even for a time obscured and lowered, in the general estimation, his pre-eminence as a classical scholar: while, at the same time, a feud, at first so fatal, turned out eventually most favourable to his reputation; showed him capable of coping, single handed, with this formidable league; and, finally, at least in the judgment of posterity, vindicated his immeasurable superiority in his own peculiar province to those who, with the activity and brilliant promise of Dares, were at last driven from the ground by the unconquerable strength and superior weight of this Entellus of controversy. It is probable that, although not yet committed in public, the self-sufficiency and haughty manners of Bentley may have created a strong prejudice against him; we can scarcely doubt that he left behind him at Oxford the character of a rude and domineering, if not pedantic, scholar; which, with his appearing under the patronage of a Whig bishop, would make him anything but acceptable with the courtly and Tory society of Christ Church. Indeed, among his intimate friends at Oxford, none of the celebrated names of that distinguished body appear. These political and personal motives of dislike, as well as the jealousy of his rapid preferment, as prebendary of Worcester and King's librarian, laid the train for the violent explosion of rancour and animosity with which he was assailed.

Nothing, we would humbly submit, could be more barren and unprofitable than the original controversy, commenced in France by Fontenelle and Perrault, and taken up in this country by Sir W. Temple, about the comparative excellence of 'ancient and modern learning.' The influence of the age on the genius of the individual poet or philosopher; the causes which have led to the developement of the highest poetry, or oratory, or philosophy at particular periods; the direction given to powerful minds by the circumstances of their country, their state of society, their religion; these are the legitimate investigations of the noblest criticism, the most valuable speculations of true philosophy. But what useful or instructive purpose can be secured by the mere balance of the merits of one great period against another; by the array of great names against great names, artists against artists, poets against poets, philosophers against philosophers, and then comparing the sum total on either side—while, after all, so many important circumstances must of necessity be left out of the account; while the merit of each must at last be relative to his age?—Dante or Milton could no more have been Homer, than Pythagoras Newton; such discussions therefore can lead to no valuable result. Something however may be urged in justification of Sir W. Temple's Essay. We may well suppose that his elegant and accomplished

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plished mind might be indignant at the quiet complacency with which the French writers, who commenced the attack upon the ancients, set up some of their own flimsiest and now forgotten, as well as their best writers, against the great masters of ancient learning and eloquence. Balsac was balanced against Cicero, Voiture against Pliny, while Corneille was considered more than a match for the triumvirate of Athenian dramatists. In fact, the controversy is chiefly remarkable as a record of the prevailing taste : it took place while what is called the classical school of modern literature was in the ascendant ; and was, after all, a comparison chiefly between the ancient writers and their imitators. Of the native strength of modern invention and thought, the writers on both sides seem equally and almost entirely ignorant. Swift, as Dr. Monk well observes, did more justice to his countrymen, and to the moderns, than Temple. He admits Milton and even Tasso into his array of poets ; but probably his opinion of Tasso would have been that of Boileau echoed by Addison ; but where are Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Spenser, Shakspeare, Calderon ? Bacon is omitted by Sir W. Temple, though placed in a post of honour by Swift. Newton is overlooked by both, or sneered at as one of the ' men of Gresham ;' and nothing can surpass the condescending superciliousness of Temple's allusion to the two great discoveries of his day.

' There is nothing new in astronomy, except the *Copernican system*, nor in physic, unless *Harvey's circulation of the blood*. But whether either of them be modern discoveries, or derived from old fountains, is disputed : nay it is so too, whether they are true or no ; for though reason may seem to favour them more than the contrary opinions, yet sense can very hardly allow them ; and to satisfy mankind both these must concur. But if they are true, yet these two great discoveries have made *no change in the conclusions of astronomy, nor in the practice of physic*, and so have been of little use to the world, though perhaps of much honour to the authors.' \*

Swift's 'Battle of the Books,' in which his peculiar comic vein had the fullest play, was an appropriate close to a controversy better suited for an humorous essay than a grave discussion ; and in this clever satire, Swift, as far as the most caustic humour, the most ludicrous caricature of the character, the habits, and pursuits of Bentley, occasionally the finest and occasionally the coarsest sarcasm can degrade and humiliate, amply avenged the cause of his patron, Temple. But fortunately for his own peace, Bentley was cased in the rhinoceros skin of his own pride ; and indeed, as far as Temple was concerned, had no great reason to reproach himself with want of respect or courtesy to that eminent and virtuous man. His great crime (for we must revert to

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\* Temple's Essays.

the commencement of the controversy) was uttering an unpalatable truth at an unlucky time; and demolishing at one fatal blow the advanced strong-hold of a favourite hypothesis. His expressions, though inelegant, are by no means rude, or unmingled with terms courteous and even respectful to Temple; and it is really amusing to find Swift, revelling in his nastiness, and sparing no contemptuous, no degrading, no filthy, no personal allusions, inveighing against the scurrility and ill manners of Bentley. In his zeal for the ancients, Temple had unfortunately selected, as peculiarly worthy of admiration, the Fables of Æsop, and the Epistles of Phalaris. The manifest spuriousness of both these compositions had not escaped the sagacity of Bentley; and however ill-timed the declaration, he could scarcely be expected to disguise or suppress his opinion. His intimate acquaintance with every age and vicissitude of Greek style showed him at once, that however old the fables themselves, no doubt of very ancient, probably of eastern origin, the form of language in which they exist at present bore evident marks of the lowest, even of the monkish school of Greek literature, though of the metre of a somewhat earlier and better period. They are, in fact, the choliambics of Babrias, turned into prose by the Monk Planudes. But concerning the Epistles of Phalaris, Temple was still further and more desperately committed; in a high-wrought passage he had declared that he discovered in them the manifest mind of the statesman, the philosopher, and the king. That Bentley should presume to differ from such a man on such a point of taste, or rather of knowledge of mankind, and degrade these ancient and dignified and kingly compositions to the forgeries of a late contemptible sophist, appeared the height of presumption; and no doubt Boyle inflicted, according to the general opinion, but merited chastisement on Bentley's temerity in his sarcastic statement of the comparative value of the two judgments.

• Sir William Temple has spent a good part of his life in transacting affairs of state: he has written to kings and they to him; and this has qualified him to judge how kings should write, much better than all Dr. Bentley's correspondence with foreign professors; especially if they be such professors as have the judgment to admire him and his *humanity*. I shall not therefore offer a word on the general part of this head in justification of the Epistles; I shall barely set down the passage in which Sir W. Temple expresses his sense of this matter; and shall then leave it to the reader whose opinion he will think fit to take, either his or the library keeper at St. James's. Sir William's admirable words are, "I think he must have but little skill in painting, that cannot find this out to be an original. Such diversity of passions upon such variety of actions, and passages of life and government; such freedom of thought, such boldness of expression; such bounty to his friends, such scorn of his enemies; such honour of learned men, such esteem

esteem of good, such knowledge of life, such contempt of death, with such fierceness of nature and cruelty of revenge, could never be represented but by him that possessed them; and I esteem Lucian no more capable of writing, than of acting as Phalaris did. In all one writ, you find the scholar or the sophist; and in all the other writ, the tyrant and the commander.'—*Boyle, Exam.* p. 92.

After this grave decision of Temple, and when a promising young nobleman, by the advice and with the countenance of so distinguished a society as Christ Church, was preparing a new edition of this most valuable author, nothing could be more galling than Bentley's contemptuous disparagement of the whole work; and the rumour of this, which he would not care to disguise, with the unpopularity of his general demeanour, no doubt would make the adverse party seize the opportunity of putting the worst construction on the affair of the manuscript of the king's library. With this point the war began. Boyle, in his preface to the new edition of Phalaris, charged Bentley with refusing him the further use of a MS. in the king's library in the taunting and almost untranslatable phrase, *pro singulari suâ humanitate*. The whole merits of this question rest on the conflicting statements of Bentley and Boyle's bookseller; the latter seems to have been unwarrantably careless throughout the transaction, and not scrupulously accurate as to truth; Bentley may have been rude and hasty in his manner of doing that, which it was perhaps his duty to do. Bentley in vain expostulated; his *singularis humanitas* was too good a jest to be revoked—till at length, in an appendix to Wotton's work in answer to Sir W. Temple, he took his opportunity of making his own statement, and, what was worse, proceeded without mercy to assail the boasted genuine Epistles, which he openly denounced 'as the miserable forgeries of a dreaming pedant with his elbow on his desk.' Nothing could equal the animosity which was kindled by this tract. Every passion, good or bad, party and political, burst at once into a flame: jealousy for the literary fame of Christ Church; respect for the established reputation of Temple and for the golden promise of Boyle; dislike and jealousy of Bentley; and no doubt the Tory leaven of hostility towards the rising Whig divine. It was determined at once and for ever, by one united effort, to lay him low. The opportunity itself was tempting, for Bentley had made, in his haste, one or two oversights on points of language, to which he afterwards pleaded guilty; and the general tone of his criticism was beyond his age, which was so unaccustomed to have the genuineness of ancient writings argued on internal evidence, that his antagonists had actually the Christian charity to accuse Bentley of little less than irreligion for adopting the *dangerous* mode of arguing, which had been employed by Spinoza against the Old Testament.

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The whole learning, wit, and malice of the society was called into action. Atterbury placed himself at the head of the league; and an answer in the name of Boyle was at length launched forth amid the applause and triumph of the whole literary and political party, which comprehended almost all the eminent names of the day, and to the dismay probably of all except Bentley himself. No weapon of abuse or mockery was spared; every idle story was raked together; the weak points of Bentley's tract were exposed with great dexterity; the stronger, of which few were capable of judging, either glossed over, or answered with the most plausible confidence. By far the cleverest parts, however, and at the same time the most cutting, were, the grave ironical argument, to prove Bentley, on his own principles, not the author of his own pamphlet (attributed by Dr. Monk to Smalridge); and the Index, at the head of which they placed the name of Bentley, and arrayed the whole contents under such heads as 'his true story of the MS. proved false by the testimonies of his singular humanity—his clean and gentle metaphors—his extraordinary talent at drollery—his respect for the Bible!—his modesty and decency;' each of these, with the pages of reference, ending with 'his profound skill in criticism,' 'from the beginning to the end.' Smalridge's humour is of a still higher cast, and may even be read with amusement in the present day. We offer some extracts, of which it must be remembered that the drollery consists in the adoption of Bentley's own words almost throughout—they are marked with inverted commas.

'The sophist, whoever he was, that wrote these loose Dissertations in the name and character of Dr. Bentley (give me leave to say this now, which I shall prove by and by) had not so bad a hand at humouring and personating, but that some may believe it is the librarian himself who talks so big; and may not discover the ass under the skin of that lion \* in criticism and philology. But . . . I am very much mistaken in the nature and force of my proofs, if ever any man hereafter that reads them, persist in his opinion of making Dr. Bentley the author of these criticisms. Had all other ways failed us of detecting this impostor, yet his very speech had betrayed him, for it is that neither of a scholar nor an Englishman; neither Greek, Latin, nor English; but a medley of all three: he had forgot that the scene of these writings was London, where the English tongue was generally spoken and written; as, besides other testimonies, the very thing speaks itself in the remains of London authors, as the Gazettes, the cases written by London divines and others. How comes it to pass then that our Doctor writes not in English, but in a language farther removed from the true English idiom than the Doric Greek was from the Attic? Why does Dr. Bentley, an Englishman, write a new language which no Englishman before ever wrote or spoke? How comes

\* Dis. p. 11.

his speech neither to be that of the learned, nor that of his country? but a mixed party-coloured dialect formed out of both? Pray how came that idiom to be the court language at St. James's? \*

\* But were it possible to produce an author of the same country and age with Dr. Bentley, who wrote in the language of this Dissertation, yet still it is absurd to think that one of his education, character, and station should be the author of it; for Dr. Bentley is known to have appertained to the family of a Right Reverend prelate, who was the great ornament of that age; to have had an university education, and to have conversed much in the city and at court; and, with these advantages, he could not but be more refined than the writer of this piece of criticism, who, by his manner of expressing himself, shows that he was taken up with quite other thoughts and different images from those that used to fill the heads of such as had a learned and liberal education, for this sophist is a perfect Dorian in his language, in his thoughts, and in his breeding. The familiar expressions of "*taking one tripping*;" "*coming off with a whole skin*;" "*minding his hits*;" "*a friend at a pinch*;" "*going to blows*;" "*setting horses together*," "and *going to pot*," with others borrowed from the sports and employments of the country, show our author to have been accustomed to another sort of exercise than that of the schools.

"Some persons perhaps may gratuitously undertake to apologize for Dr. Bentley about this matter of the dialect;" they may plead in his behalf that he was born in some village remote from town, and bred among the peasantry while young; and, for that reason, might ever after have a twang of the country dialect. "*Now if any one know an express testimony that he was bred in the country, he can teach me more than I at present remember.*" This "I know in general," from Antony Wood and others, that many have come from the employments of the country to be doctors in the university, and "so he may come in among the rest. But then, must his language be ever afterwards Doric because he had once footing in a country town?"

"The same author tells us of several born and bred in the country who yet, in process of time, have learned to speak a different dialect from that of their mother-village. "Why, then, must Dr. Bentley's dialect still needs be Doric? and that so tenaciously, that twenty years living in the universities and city could not at all alter it in one of that education?" He was, part of that time, a library-keeper to a learned dean, and afterwards to his Majesty, a member of one university, and a sojourner in the other; a chaplain in ordinary to the King, and a tutor in extraordinary to young gentlemen, "and could not that perpetual negoce and converse with gentlemen and scholars bring his mouth, by degrees, to speak a little finer? Would not he that aimed at the reputation of a polite scholar, and for that reason had applied himself, in a particular manner, to the belles lettres, have quitted his



old country dialect for that of a Londoner, a gentleman and a scholar? and not, by every word he spoke, make the ridiculous discovery of his being a perfect stranger" to all polite learning and gentlemanlike conversation.'

The 'mixed language' of Bentley is treated with the same easy pleasantry.

"But I love to deal ingenuously, and will not conceal one argument, which, though it will not do the work, let it go, however, as far as it can" in favour of their opinion which may ascribe these Dissertations to Dr. Bentley. There is still extant a letter of Dr. Bentley's to the Reverend and learned Dr. Mill, which is confessed to be genuine, in which there are frequent scraps of Greek intermixed with Latin, which might give occasion to our sophist to think that a cento of different languages was a characteristic of this author; but the case of this epistle is widely different from that of these Dissertations. For the author of the epistle, writing to one who had a particular value for the Greek tongue, showed an excellent judgment in passing such a compliment in that language, as to use it, instead of Latin, even where Latin would have done as well. But, besides, he had occasion to express himself in terms of archness and waggery, which the Latin tongue would not come up to, for *Johannule* was not in use, and, therefore, *Ἰωαννιδιον*, or little Jacky, was the only word to express that, in short, which the Latins cannot say but by periphrasis; whereas these Dissertations were designed for the benefit of English readers, who had as great an esteem for their own tongue as either for Greek or Latin; and the uncouth words here interspersed do not add any beauty to the style, nor do they convey the author's thoughts to our understanding with more dispatch or clearness than plain English would do. \* \* \*

The sophist is not more happy in personating Dr. Bentley, when, through the whole course of these Dissertations, he represents him as a fierce and angry writer, and one who, when he thinks he has advantage over another man, gives him no quarter. For the writer of the epistle to Dr. Mill, when he had just occasion to be very severe on some who had taken wrong measures in deducing the etymology of a Greek word, thus represses his indignation:—"But I will not say anything severely of them; it is not in my nature to trample on the prostrate." This shows him to have been a man of temper and of good nature; but our sophist represents him as one that has no mercy upon his adversary, when he thinks that he has him in his power. The supposed editors of Phalaris, for an imagined mistake in a point of criticism, are exposed as "nonsensical blunderers:" persons who had "neither skill nor industry," neither "knowledge nor ingenuity;" to be, "like Leucon's asses, a degree below sorry critics," to "write directly against grammar and common sense," and are set out to the world under this low and rude similitude, "here are your workmen to mend an author, as bungling tinkers do old kettles." What a difference is there between the two letter-writers! Mr.

Bentley



Bentley is calm and forgiving ; but Dr. Bentley is furious and unrelenting ; Dr. Mill's friend scorns to insult over the prostrate ; but Mr. Wotton's friend pursues his blow,—“and do not you yet begin to suspect the credit of the Dissertations ?”’—p. 196.

The shout of triumph over the prostrate Bentley was loud and almost universal ; it may be conceived from Garth's well-known lines—

So diamonds take a lustre from their foil,  
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.

And it was then that, as if the finer railery of Smalridge were not sufficiently effective, Swift, with his broader and more relentless humour, hastened to celebrate the victory of the confederates, in the above-noticed Episode of Bentley and Wotton, subjoined to the ‘Battle of the Books,’ a work which, however most likely circulated, was not published till a later period. Nothing can surpass the drollery of this passage, excepting the bitterness :—

‘There issued forth, from a squadron of heavy armed foot, a captain, whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of all the moderns ; tall, but without shape or comeliness ; large, but without strength or proportion. *His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces, and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple.* His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain, so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and

‘The generals made use of him for his talent of railing, which, kept without government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but at other times did more mischief than good ; for, at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley ; grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct but his own, he humbly gave the modern generals to understand, that he conceived, with great submission, that they were all a pack of rogues and fools, and sons of whores, and d—d cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels, and that, if he himself had been constituted general,’ &c.

The address of Scaliger to Bentley is in a still more merciless vein :—

‘Miscreant prater, eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature ; thy learning makes thee more barbarous ; thy study of humanity more inhuman ; thy converse among poets more groveling,

ling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others render thee rude and untractable; courts have taught thee ill-manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant.'

The mock Homeric of the night expedition of Bentley and Wotton, to cut off some of the slumbering chiefs from the army of the ancients, is not less inimitable:—

'As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestic wars provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier, they, with tails depressed and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow; meanwhile, the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays, nor dare they bark, though much provoked by her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle, by reflection, or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the other scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some carcase half-devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection, when at distance they might perceive two shining suits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off, in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold, two heroes of the ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep: Bentley would fain have dispatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast; but then, the Goddess Affright interposing, caught the modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw. Both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream, for Phalaris was just that minute dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull; and Æsop dreamed, that as he and the ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about, trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.'

Boyle,

'Clad in a suit of armour, which had been given him by all the gods,' (in obvious allusion to the confederacy of the Christ Church wits,) 'transfixes both Bentley and Wotton with his irresistible lance. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he, with iron skewer, pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to the ribs, so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare.'

Of all his party, Boyle alone seems to have had some misgivings about the weakness of his cause. For this curious fact

we

we are indebted to the research of Dr. Monk. He transmitted to Atterbury some corrections and improvements for a new edition, which were considered a proof of distrust and ingratitude, and returned 'with a letter of indignant complaint, reproaching him for his thankless behaviour, and declining all further interference in the controversy.' On the other hand, Bentley alone stood unmoved, or, at least, was too proud to acknowledge the least apprehension. To one anxious friend he made the cool answer, which, we suspect, although it may seem little less than treason against the authority of reviewers, nevertheless to contain much truth:—'Indeed, I am in no pain about the matter; for it is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.' At length his memorable answer appeared. The motto of Boyle's volume had been selected with great felicity—

'Remember Milo's end,  
Wedged in the timber which he strove to rend.'

That of Bentley's was equally clever and apposite—

'Mordear opprobriis falsis mutemve colores?  
Falsus honor juvat, et *Mendax* Infamia, terret  
Quem, nisi mendacem et mendosum?'

On the work itself, we should do great injustice to Dr. Monk if we did not transcribe his masterly criticism:—

'The appearance of this work is to be considered an epoch, not only in the life of Bentley, but in the history of literature. The victory obtained over his opponents, although the most complete that can be imagined, constitutes but a small part of the merits of his performance. Such is the author's address, that, while every page is professedly controversial, there is embodied in the work a quantity of accurate information relative to history, chronology, antiquities, philology, and criticism, which it would be difficult to match in any other volume. The cavils of the Boyleans had fortunately touched upon so many topics, as to draw from their adversary a mass of learning, none of which is misplaced or superfluous; he contrives, with admirable judgment, to give the reader all the information which can be desired upon each question, while he never loses sight of his main object. Profound and various as are the sources of his learning, every thing is so well arranged, and placed in so clear a view, that the student, who is only in the elementary parts of classical literature, may peruse the book with profit and pleasure, while the most learned reader cannot fail to find his knowledge enlarged. Nor is this merely the language of those who are partial to the author; the eminently learned Dodwell, who had no peculiar motive to be pleased with a work in which he was himself a considerable sufferer, and who, as a nonjuror, was prejudiced against Bentley's party, is recorded to have avowed, that he had never learned so much from any book in his life. This learned  
volume

volume owes much of its attraction to the strain of humour, which makes the perusal highly entertaining. The advocates of Phalaris, having chosen to rely upon wit and raillery, were now made to feel, in their turn, the consequences of the warfare which they had adopted. In holding up his enemies to laughter, Bentley's address is no less conspicuous than his wit. He says, in the preface, "I have endeavoured to take Mr. Boyle's advice, and to avoid all ridicule where it was possible to avoid it; and if ever 'that odd work of his' has irresistibly moved me to a little jest and laughter, I am content that what is the greatest virtue of *his* book shall be counted the greatest fault of *mine*." He generally contrives to expose the poverty of the jest attempted by the Boyleans; and, having convicted them of some gross mistake in their eagerness to be witty, he effectually turns the laugh against themselves. And though he recurs perpetually to the same method, and that too with the keenest irony, yet the occasions are so well chosen, that we are neither sated nor offended by the repetition—so careful is he that the provocation shall have proceeded from his adversaries. Moreover, he contrives, by stopping short of the point to which strict justice would have allowed retaliation, to engage the reader's good will in his favour. In this part of his controversial tactics, as well as in the whole of his argument, he owes much of his success to his strong sense, and to that acute logic which we have more than once had occasion to notice. The talent exhibited in reducing to an absurdity all the erroneous positions of his adversaries is scarcely to be paralleled. Even Bishop Warburton, who was not well disposed to Bentley's reputation, admits that he beat the Oxford men at their own weapons. Such is the lively interest which his unabated strain of humour confers on the book, that a person who looks into any part of it, finds himself almost irresistibly carried forward. It has been a matter of my own observation for many years, that young men who have consulted the Dissertation with no other view than to obtain information respecting the history of tragedy, the Attic dialect, or some other subject connected with their studies, have unexpectedly felt such interest in the train of argument, as to read the whole work with appetite and delight. So well sustained is the learning, the wit, and the spirit of this production, that it is not possible to select particular parts as objects of admiration, without committing a sort of injustice to the rest: and the book itself will continue to be in the hands of all educated persons as long as literature maintains its station in society.—p. 93.

So true is the former part of this last paragraph, that, being anxious to illustrate the merit of this singular work to the general reader (for, with due deference to Dr. Monk, we are inclined to think that many of the educated in the present day—we speak it not to their praise—are little acquainted with the controversy about Phalaris,) we have found it impossible, by any such selection, to convey any fair notion of its general character. For its excellence as a dissertation

a dissertation depends on its copiousness, and the manner in which it goes to the very depth of every debated point; as a controversial tract, not on the dexterity or strength of any single hit, but on the rapidity with which blow follows blow, the completeness of the refutation, the total rout of the adversary at all points. We have already ventured to describe Bentley as a controversial Entellus; and if its classical propriety will justify us in following up our pugilistic illustration, we cannot do better than describe, in the familiar lines of Virgil, the manner in which the fallen combatant rises to the new contest, not merely with his native strength put forth in tenfold energy, but suddenly, as it were, endowed with the agility of his adversary.

' At non tardatus casu neque territus  
 Acrior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitât ira :  
 Tum pudor accendit vires et conscia virtus ;  
 Præcipitemque Daren ardens agit æquore toto ;  
 Nunc dextrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistrâ :  
 Nec mora, nec requies. Quam multa grandine nimbi  
 Culminibus crepitant ; sic densis ictibus heros  
 Creber utraque manu pulsât versatque Dareta.'

However advantageous to the fame of Bentley, this unexpected and acknowledged triumph was not likely to operate very favourably upon his character, either in humbling his natural arrogance or softening the asperities of his temper. In the full pride of his victory, of which he knew the ground on which he fought too well to entertain a doubt, he received his appointment to the important situation of Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. At first sight, this nomination might appear singularly appropriate; that the greatest English scholar should be restored to his natural sphere, the University, and be placed at the head of its noblest foundation; that the man who had coped singly with the united strength of the most distinguished society in the rival University, would be possessed with the noble emulation of raising his college to the same superiority over its great competitor in wealth and reputation; such might be the reasonable views and expectations of the public on Bentley's promotion. But the perverse and intractable character of the man was yet imperfectly developed. He entered Trinity College, if a remarkable anecdote be true, in the spirit of an invader. The natural jealousy of a society, like that of Trinity, at the introduction of a stranger to rule over them, was heightened in this case by Bentley's being a member of the only college in Cambridge which, in reputation and number, can fairly compete with it, St. John's. Bentley received the congratulation of his friends with no very reverend application of the words of the sacred writings, ' By the help

help of my God I have leaped over the wall.' His government aspired at once to an arbitrary despotism; *L'état c'est moi*, was an axiom not more implicitly believed, nor acted upon with greater steadiness by the extraordinary man who uttered it, than that Trinity College, or even the University, was himself, by Bentley; and in the deliberate conviction of his own immeasurable superiority to the rest of the learned world, there were few, perhaps, on whom Bentley looked down with more sovereign contempt than the fellows of Trinity College; apparently, it must be confessed, at that time by no means a very distinguished body. In such a temper of mind did Bentley enter upon this dignified situation, the most extensively useful to which a man of letters could aspire; a situation in which, although, especially at the commencement of his government, an active President may have to combat with much indolence and much prejudice in the controlling oligarchy of the senior fellows, yet he may be almost sure, if he act with discretion and conciliation, to establish almost a despotism of influence; where there is, as it were, a perpetual renewal of the youth of the society; and its ranks are constantly, though gradually, recruited with men better suited to the views of the Head and the ever-changing character of the times; and where among the students there are such perpetual opportunities of rendering service to the rising talent of the country, to the wealthy and high-born by prudent encouragement, to the more humble and dependent by more solid advantages. And thus the place for which Bentley was, in some respects, so admirably fitted, became the fatal cause of lowering him in the estimation of his own age, and even of posterity. He began unfortunately with a paltry money dispute with his predecessor which might give his enemies just cause for suspecting, that a new and as yet undeveloped vice, rapacity, was to be added to his well-known constitutional infirmities of arrogance and impetuosity. The extensive and costly repair of his lodge, however necessary, was the first cause of the still-widening breach between the master and the fellows. His plans of discipline, though salutary, were carried into effect in a rough and arbitrary manner, till he even took the unstatutable step of expelling a member of the body (not indeed without good grounds) on his own sole authority.

Yet if, like Wolsey, he was a man of 'an unbounded stomach,' and if his general conduct partook of the pride and rapacity, his plans for the advancement of learning and science, in his less extensive sphere, were not without the splendour and munificence of the celebrated Cardinal. Before his appointment to Trinity College, Bentley had rendered most valuable service to the University

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press ; in his more influential situation, he continued to take a lively interest in the fame and usefulness of that establishment ; he kept up a constant correspondence with the continental scholars of the first rank—with Grævius, Spanheim, and Hemsterhuis ; Kuster, and Sike the learned Orientalist, were induced by his patronage, to settle, for some time, at Cambridge. Nor in his own college were his views confined to his own private convenience and accommodation ; under his auspices, the chapel was nobly and tastefully restored ; and, as became the friend and early admirer of Newton, an observatory was built at considerable expense ; and the celebrated Roger Cotes, to whom public expectation looked forward as a second Newton, was appointed to superintend it. But his splendid and judicious, as well as his more questionable proceedings, tended to embroil Bentley more deeply with his society. Lavish expenditure led to retrenchment, which Bentley carried on in the same decisive and arbitrary manner, retrenchment to murmurs and opposition ; but Bentley treated murmurs with ridicule and opposition with scorn, till at length, on the delicate and all-interesting point of the college dividends, the opposition grew into open rebellion, and the two parties joined in mortal conflict. Yet Bentley would probably have reduced the insurgents, and by cajoling the weak, overbearing the indolent, and threatening the more violent, would have established his autocracy, had the opposition consisted of peaceful doctors in divinity, and those who hoped speedily to withdraw from that scene of turmoil to the repose of a college living. Unexpectedly ' a pestilent lawyer ' appeared upon the scene, and, under the guidance of Edmund Miller—a man of shrewdness, sagacity, and promptitude, practised in business, and armed with profound knowledge of the law—the resistance assumed a more serious aspect. Bentley lost all self-command ; he made a desperate effort to dispossess Miller of his fellowship, (which he seems to have held on somewhat questionable grounds,) but the seniority resisted his expulsion ; and at length an appeal on the whole quarrel between the master and the society was made to the supposed visitor, the Bishop of Ely. It is obviously impossible for us to follow Dr. Monk through the labyrinth of this long controversy, the intricacies of which he has unravelled with great skill and perspicuity, and preserved throughout the tone of calm and dignified impartiality. But, assuredly, according to our notions, and probably to the better taste of their own age, both parties in this learned body contrived to place their dispute in a singularly ludicrous point of view. The Bishop of Ely must have been endowed with muscles of no ordinary rigidity, if he could read with gravity some of the articles exhibited against the master, which



which sound still more comical, from being couched in terms of expostulation or remonstrance. The twelve jackets, twelve surtouts, twelve pantaloons, twelve pair of boots, on the single person of the plaintiff in the action of battery in the 'Pleader's Guide,' are scarcely more ridiculous than the following charge.

'Why have you, for many years past, wasted the College bread, ale, beer, coals, wood, turf, sedge, charcoal, linen, pewter, corn, flour, *brawn*, and *bran*; viz., 40,000 penny loaves, 60,000 half-penny loaves, 14,000 gallons of ale, 20,000 gallons of beer, 600 chaldrons of coals, 60,000 billets of wood, 1000 hundreds of turf, 100 load of sedge, 500 bushels of charcoal, 100 ells of holland, 400 ells of diaper and other linen, 5000 ounces of pewter, 200 bushels of corn, 400 bushels of flour, 300 bushels of bran, (the number of collars of *brawn* is omitted,) and other goods to the value of 3000*l.*, or some other great sum; in expending the same, not only upon yourself, but upon your wife, children, and boarders; and that in a very extravagant manner, by causing your servants to make whole meals upon the said college beer and bread only, (you not allowing them either flesh, cheese, or butter with the same,) and by many other ways.

'ART. XII. When by false and base practices, as by threatening to bring letters from court, visitations, and the like; and at other times by boasting of your great interest and acquaintance, and that *you were the genius of the age*, and what great things you would do for the College in general, and for every member of it in particular, and promising for the future to live peaceably with them, and never make any further demands, you had prevailed with the senior fellows to allow you several hundred pounds for your lodge more than they first intended or agreed for, to the great dissatisfaction of the College, and the wonder of the whole University; why did you, the very next year, about that time, merely for your own vanity, require them to build you a new staircase to your lodge?' &c.

But on the side of Bentley our sense of the ludicrous is checked by a melancholy and painful feeling, that such a mind should degrade itself by so lamentable an exposure. In his disputes with his fellows it might seem that he had determined to prove Swift's bitterest satire to be no burlesque on his manners. One of the articles against him runs thus:—'Why did you use scurrilous words and language to several of the fellows, particularly by calling Mr. Eden an ass, and Mr. Rashleigh the College dog; by telling Mr. Cock "he would die in his shoes," and calling others fools and sots, and other scurrilous names?' Of his great opponent Miller, he publicly said, 'that lawyers were the most ignominious people in the nation;' and his letter to the Bishop of Ely, in reply to the petition against him, though rebutting many of the charges with great power, was written in a vein of the warmest abuse of his antagonists.

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Not content with this domestic feud, Bentley plunged headlong into another with some distinguished foreign scholars. Here however he was upon his own ground : his admirable *Emendations of Menander and Philemon* fully maintained his reputation as a scholar ; while the attacks of his opponents, Gronovius, De Pauw, and even Le Clerc himself, who, by venturing out of his own province of theology into that of classical scholarship, had exposed himself to the severe castigation of his opponent, as far surpassed Bentley in coarse abuse as they were inferior to him in knowledge and criticism.

Yet the disadvantages into which Bentley perpetually betrayed himself by his intemperance, seemed only to call forth a more vigorous display of ability and address. His inexhaustible resources were always most at his command at the hour of the greatest peril. Bentley had insinuated in his reply to the Bishop of Ely, that much of the hostility against him arose from the Tory politics of the fellows. At the very instant that his case was pending, the Whig ministry fell ; Harley and St. John came into power, and Bentley's ruin might seem inevitable. But our hero was not so severely scrupulous—' so sternly jealous of his country's good,' as not to avail himself of certain incidental advantages which he derived from this change. His great object was to withdraw the whole affair from the cognizance of the Bishop of Ely, whose visitatorial powers were doubtful, and bring it, as belonging to a royal foundation, under the direct decision of the Crown. This he at first attempted privately through the intervention of St. John and Mrs. Masham, Mrs. Bentley's family being connected both with the Secretary and with the husband of the ruling favourite. The Premier was assailed in a more public manner : to him Bentley wrote a dexterous letter of congratulation on his escape from the knife of Guiscard ; and, to the amazement of all, the long promised and long delayed edition of Horace suddenly made its appearance, at this eventful crisis, with a flaming dedication to the Tory minister.\* With the merits and defects of this extraordinary book no scholar is unacquainted ;—the strange contrast, and, at the same time, the scarcely less lofty tone of the adulatory dedication and the presumptuous preface ; the former, though managed with dexterousness approaching to servility, yet attempting to preserve the style of the second greatest man of the age doing homage to the first ; the re-assumption of his unquestionable superiority when he is again among the vulgar herd

\* This was never forgotten by Bentley's antagonists.—' Whenever he had finished a book, he presented it to some great men at Court, with a panegyric oration, so conceived that it would fit any man in a great post, and the highest bidder had it.' Such was Arbuthnot's satire at a much later period of Bentley's life.

of subject critics, and condescending to enlighten the world with the hasty fruits of his leisure hours. In the book itself the knowledge derived from the most profound study of the author; the intimate acquaintance with the idiom of his language; the occasional carelessness and inaccuracy; the rage for unnecessary emendation, as if for the sake of showing his ingenuity and skill; the unparalleled ingenuity and skill thus displayed; the determination to give a new explanation to that which is clear and simple, equalled only by Warburton's Annotations on Shakspeare; and the alternate quick perception of the cleverness and quiet humour, with the cold and pedantic insensibility to the bolder flights of his poet—these characteristics of Bentley's edition are known in some degree to every reader of Horace, that is, to every one of liberal education, from the schoolboy to the most mature man of letters.

The prosecution of the fellows against the master, in the meantime, was dragging on through its third year; Bentley endeavouring, by his interest with the ministry, to obtain an amicable settlement in his own favour, and watching every opportunity to break the hostile confederacy. With the first view, he contrived a well-timed address from the University in the minister's hour of peril. This however embroiled him with the University; and a vote passed, with shouts of acclamation, that no Archdeacon of Ely (an office held by Bentley) should in future be Vice-Chancellor. In the second object he succeeded better; and at length, by dexterously seizing his opportunity, contrived to eject Dr. Stubbe, one of his opponents, from the vice-mastership of the college. Still the crisis approached. The prohibition of the Crown against the further proceedings of the visitor was withdrawn. But before the trial, Bentley, with well-timed readiness, made a diversion in the public mind most highly in his own favour, and suddenly appeared again, with all his former vigour, as the champion of Christianity, against a new and, it was then supposed, dangerous antagonist. The letters of Bentley, under the assumed name of Phileleutherus Lipsiensis, in answer to Anthony Collins on Freethinking, are still read with interest, as throwing much light on the opinions of the ancients—a subject on which Collins had unfortunately dabbled with but superficial information; and, if anything can justify the bitter, sarcastic, and contemptuous language of these letters in defence of Christianity, it would be the necessity of answering an assailant in his own style; for the weapons which Bentley wielded with such dexterity against Collins were those which Collins had feebly and awkwardly employed against the religion of his country. But the attack of Collins was considered to be aimed even more directly at the English clergy than

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at Christianity itself; the popularity of Bentley with his body rose at once almost from zero to considerably above mean height; and, in the preface to the second part, he had the art, we had almost written the impudence, to represent himself as an injured and persecuted man, only prevented by the malice of his litigious adversaries from devoting himself entirely to the cause of truth:—

‘And then you know my long lawsuit here, which is now removed to Dresden; and who would regard the Freethinker, or willingly jade his own parts, under such clogs and impediments? I find when I set pen to paper, that I sink below my own level: *quærit se ingenium, nec invenit*. But if you’d had patience till my trial was over, (*for trial in my case is the same as victory*,) then, perhaps, your growing sect might have felt to their cost,

“Et nos tela, pater, ferrumque haud debile dextra  
Spargimus, et nostro sequitur de vulnere sanguis.”

But the proud prognostications of victory were in danger of bitter disappointment. Bentley had, either from ill-luck, or from some unknown motive, alienated one of his powerful protectors, Bolingbroke. His stratagems to protract the business, or to bring it to an amicable termination, failed. Notwithstanding his able and contemptuous answers to the articles; notwithstanding the proverbial slowness of ecclesiastical proceedings, the trial was urged forward; it commenced in form at Ely House. The affair took a serious, a menacing, a gloomy cast. Degradation from his splendid situation, humiliation before his despised antagonists in the eyes of the world, seemed impending over the head of the most arrogant man in England. The mind of the judge had so manifestly, in the course of the proceedings, betrayed a change, which threatened discomfiture to Bentley, that during one of the hearings, when he expressed his unfavourable opinion on a certain point, ‘The unexpected shock was too much even for the firm mind and strong nerves of Dr. Bentley, and he fainted away in the court.’ The trial lasted six weeks; the sentence was prepared, when behold! Bishop Moore, who had caught cold during the session, was taken ill, and died: the proceedings fell to the ground.

Fleetwood, a Whig and a man of more decided character, succeeded; he ‘declared at once, that if he visited Trinity College, it should be in the character of a general visitor, to execute impartial justice on all delinquencies, whether of the master or the fellows.’ The terror excited among the prosecutors by this declaration, justifies, in some degree, Bentley’s insinuations against the unlearned and unclerical habits of some members of the seniority. The prosecution would probably have been dropped, but for the personal hostility between the heads of the opposite factions.

Bentley determined to secure his despotism by the expulsion of his only dangerous opponent, Miller; Miller as ably and obstinately resisted; and Fleetwood declined to act unless his full visitatorial powers were recognised and established by the Crown. But the House of Hanover had now succeeded, the Tory ministry were scattered, and Bentley,—after a slight show of moderation in his charge to the Archdeaconry of Ely, which, while it offended the Tories, was seized with eagerness by his deadly foe, Serjeant Miller (himself a violent Whig), as hostile, at least but coldly loyal, to the existing government,—Bentley, the author of the *Dedication to Harley*, by no means

— careless now of interest, fame, or fate, without the least scruple, and in a very different sense from honest Parnell, altogether,

— forgot that Oxford once was great.

At this eventful crisis, the Master of Trinity, with equal decision and coolness, placed himself again at the head of the Whig interest in the University of Cambridge. A powerful party ranged itself under his banner; the former contumelious edict of the senate was rescinded; he received the public thanks for his *Letters of Phileleutherus Lipsiensis*; and in the dangerous year 1715, he thundered against the Church of Rome with his accustomed power, and not more than his customary moderation. The Sermon against Popery is remarkable for a passage wrought up with great effect, and describing the sufferings of a victim in the Inquisition, which, Dr. Monk observes, has been stolen without scruple by Sterne, and transposed to *Tristram Shandy*! But no sooner did Bentley feel that he had regained his strength, than the public advocate of Whig liberty in private renewed his attempts at an absolute and irresponsible power within his own college. War was renewed; and now a new leader, Dr. Colbatch, appeared at the head of the insurgents. New charges were advanced against Bentley of arbitrary acts in the disposal of the college livings, and of unwarrantable proceedings in granting the college leases. Fleetwood resolutely refused to interfere, and a second petition was presented to the government, signed by nineteen fellows, intreating the appointment of a visitor with full powers.

‘It was remarked by Dr. Bentley’s adversaries, that whenever he was placed in peril for mal-administration of his college, his practice was to come forward with some literary production, which might interest the public in favour of its author; and that, therefore, a share of the merits of his works was due to his persecutors. A comparison of dates does certainly confirm in many instances this observation. On the 15th of April, (1716,) when he probably knew that a petition to the king was in agitation, he first announced his plan of publishing

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a Greek Testament; the text of which should be restored with certainty, in a manner hitherto unattempted.'

That this scheme for a critical edition of the text of the Greek Testament, however partially accomplished by later scholars, was not completed by Bentley on his original plan, must be a lasting cause of regret. Nor was this the only promise of literary service thrown out by his indefatigable mind; he was actually at the same time meditating a complete edition of the classical authors, to rival the French Delphin series, *in usum Principis Frederici*. Difficulties arose about the terms proposed by Bentley to the government; the ministry, which had appeared to listen with some favour to the proposal, fell; and the undertaking, which perhaps was not likely to have met with very effective encouragement in the reign of our two first sovereigns of the Brunswick race, was abandoned.

From these schemes, which would have required the most uninterrupted study and profound repose, we pass, by one of those violent transitions common in Bentley's life, to new scenes of turmoil in the College and the University. The war began to threaten personal collision. The inflexible Miller determined to assert his right by appearing at a meeting of the seniority. Bentley first endeavoured to persuade the Westminster students (under the tempting offer of an authorized riot) to block out the intruder; failing in this, he summoned the meeting at his own lodge, and prepared the more legal array of two constables, who fairly turned Miller out of doors. The subsequent scenes at the election of college officers were equally disgraceful; altercations took place between Colbatch and Bentley, in which the latter displayed his command over the vulgar as well as the classical languages. In London, before the council, the affair might have worn a different aspect but for the state of public politics. While his antagonist Miller ruined his own cause for ever by an ill-timed book, as unacceptable to the ministry as unpopular in the University, Bentley, by dexterously managing a well-worded address, and by a political charge to the clergy of his archdeaconry, secured his ground with the government.

We now approach the most extraordinary instance of Bentley's dauntless self-confidence; of his utter want of scruple as to the means employed to obtain a favourite object, and at the same time of his inconceivable address in compassing what might seem an unattainable end. Bentley, the office having become vacant, determined to be Regius Professor of Divinity; there were some trifling impediments in the way: it was very questionable whether he was not ineligible by positive statute; and of the seven electors, as the time approached, it appeared that six were decidedly hostile—that he could command no vote but



but his own. In a short time, the University beheld, in utter amazement, Bentley in undisputed possession of the professor's chair. The electors were himself, the Vice-Chancellor, three heads of colleges unfavourable to his views, and the two senior fellows of Trinity, his implacable opponents. One of these last happened to be absent, another ill; Bentley cajoled the two next to support him; by some subtle intrigue he contrived to procure the absence of the Vice-Chancellor from the University, and himself became his deputy; his own place therefore was filled by his friend Dr. Davies, the head of Queen's College; the meeting was summoned without delay; the four electors appeared; the malcontents remained aloof; and Bentley was nominated without opposition. This splendid and unexpected advancement, however, turned out eventually injurious to his reputation, and, if his element had not been disturbance, fatal to the peace of Bentley; it involved him in a mean and miserable pecuniary dispute, which could not but lower his character, and it brought him into collision with the most formidable of his antagonists, the well-known Conyers Middleton. The original cause of all this dissension, in which Bentley embroiled himself with the University as deeply as before with his own college, was a royal visit to Cambridge. Here the Vice-Chancellor Grigg seems to have taken his revenge on Bentley for the ridicule which could not but attach to him, in the affair of the election to the professorship, by disarranging the whole ceremony, and taking the king to a back gate of Trinity, while the master stood in all his stateliest array at the front; thus grievously wounding the pride of Bentley. But the immediate cause of quarrel was the demand of an unusual fee of four guineas for the presentation of the doctors of divinity created on that occasion. Middleton resisted the claim, and demanded the repayment of the money. It is melancholy to pursue the pitiful tale: Bentley was sued in the Vice-Chancellor's court; he had given great offence, it appears, to the other heads of houses, 'partly by contemptuous expressions, and partly by the nicknames which he was said to bestow upon them.'

'Tradition reports, that on occasion of some meeting, where, after a question had been long discussed, Dr. Ashton observed, that "it was not quite clear to him," the Master of Trinity briskly demanded, "Are we then to wait here till your mud has subsided?" The Vice-Chancellor he termed "the empty gotch of Caius;" and to Sherlock, whom he found to be the real mover and manager of everything in the University, he gave the title of "Cardinal Alberoni."'

Middleton adds, that another head of a college, afterwards a bishop, received no more courteous appellation than 'Beelzebub.' The shame and sorrow of Bentley's few friends, the triumph of his

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his enemies may be conceived, when they found him unexpectedly involving himself in a paltry dispute, which strengthened the suspicion, that with all his haughtiness he was not superior to mercenary motives, for in some of his college disputes on money affairs, he scarcely seems to have come off with clean hands. But even in this questionable position, neither his pride nor his address deserted him; the latter, it is true, degenerated into something very like the clever roguery of Scapin, for when the warrant for his arrest on the debt was issued, Bentley first cajoled the unfortunate beadle out of his warrant, and at his next visit locked him up; and as we have heard the story told, in a more dramatic form than it is given by Dr. Monk, the master, having to give a subject for the exercises of the candidates for fellowships, marched with more than usual stateliness up the hall, and thundered out the following line of Homer:—

Ἄλλως ἐξενάριζ', ἀπὸ δ' Ἐκτορος ἴσχεο χεῖρας.

But the prowess of Hector did not appall his adversaries. The Master of Trinity was condemned for contumacy, suspended from his degrees, prohibited from acting as professor, and finally degraded from all his academical honours and privileges.

Of the war of pamphlets which ensued, Dr. Monk has given a clear, and, on the whole, a dispassionate account. Colbatch, from the respectability of his character, and his attainments, seems to have been a redoubtable antagonist; but the brunt of the battle was borne by Conyers Middleton. No comparison of course can be instituted between the limited range, chiefly of Latin scholarship, for which Middleton was distinguished, and the boundless erudition of Bentley; nor are the superior vigour and originality of Bentley's mind less unquestionable; still it is curious to remark the different influence of the study of the ancient writers on the works of these two distinguished men. Surpassing all his contemporaries, if not all later scholars, in his universal acquaintance with classical literature, Bentley was a barbarian in style; rude force was the one great characteristic of his writing;—purity, propriety, dignity of language; harmony of period; all that natural artifice of composition; that fine and intuitive perception of the great in thought and effective in expression; that which is the life and immortality of the classic poets and historians, of the orators and philosophers, Bentley altogether disdained. A consummate logician, never wanting in animation, Bentley, it must be acknowledged, was a most unclassical writer; he had no taste, no selection; every word, every metaphor, every illustration, however coarse, homely, strange, or out of keeping, if it was but nervous and told at the instant, was admitted without scruple; nothing could be less in the manner of the best ancient writers than

than the pedantic determination of speaking perpetually in their language, and expressing the simplest and plainest truths in the quaint and recondite phrase of some unknown or forgotten author. His scurrility and coarseness can scarcely be considered as unprecedented in the noblest remains of ancient genius, by those who are familiar with the orators of Greece and Rome ; \* but Demosthenes, Æschines and Cicero certainly had the art of throwing about their abuse, as Virgil his dung, like gentlemen. The pride of Bentley did not keep him above vulgarity. In fact, the character of the man was perpetually working in his style as well as his conduct ; he was too arrogant to submit even his language to discipline, or to change one word in deference even to those masters, whose fame he adored—what Bentley spoke could not be unworthy of Bentley. Middleton, on the other hand, was what we may perhaps presume to call an ultra-classicist ; he was instinct with the spirit of the best Latin writers ; but this spirit was not altogether identified with his own mind ; it had become a second nature, yet it was evidently not inborn, but acquired ; a faculty studiously formed, not one with which he had been freely gifted. In his terse, perspicuous, and fluent writings, we are perpetually reminded of the graceful sarcasm of Pope, if indeed intended as a sarcasm, on

—— the easy Ciceronian style,  
So Latin, yet so English all the while.

But whether Middleton be a fair example or not, it is curious to observe how rarely great scholars seem to have acquired that which might appear the great end and use of classical studies—a truly classical taste and feeling. Those who have been most fully imbued with the manner of the ancient writers, without sacrificing the native originality of their minds, or introducing a foreign tone into their national language and literature, have been usually men with whom scholarship has been a secondary pursuit ; not the pre-eminent critics or philological scholars of their time. On the other hand, he that has edited, and explained, and commented upon some noble work of antiquity, is often not merely, in his original compositions, devoid of all those distinguishing merits of the writers with which he has been so long and so intimately familiar, but not unfrequently seems utterly insensible to the real secret of his author's excellence ; he seems quite unconscious that he is employed on the work of a great poet or orator ; he remains unkindled, inanimate, and apparently ignorant, that the lofty and fervid spirits with which he is holding an unnatural communion, have a manner of thinking and feeling, and even a language

\* Arbuthnot has a very amusing essay concerning the 'altercation or scolding of the ancients.'

of their own, which cannot be uniformly reduced to the common technical rules. In this sense frequently no one is so unscholarlike as the great scholar. In one respect it may not be difficult to account for this apparent anomaly. The philological scholar must pay nearly equal attention to the whole range of ancient literature, the barren as the fruitful, the dead as the living; he must busy himself almost as much with the dry scholiast or mechanical grammarian, as with Demosthenes or Cicero; he must lay aside his Xenophon

‘To poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek;’

he must turn from Virgil to Servius. Nor is the minute study of the grammarian altogether congenial, except in very remarkable instances, with the free, and as it were kindred intercourse of more gifted minds with the lofty spirits of antiquity. Hence the two branches of criticism have rarely been combined in the same individual—grammatical or philological skill, with what may be called, in its highest sense, the criticism of taste—that which has a full and vivid perception of the genius of its author; which fairly appreciates his due rank in the history of the human mind, and traces the development, the advancement, the perfection of its powers; his influence on the progressive improvement or deterioration of his art or science, whether of poetry, oratory, or philosophy. It is this which, even if it does not develope itself in theory, or embody itself in language, is the living and internal principle of assimilation between those who have been most deeply imbued with the spirit of the ancients (often those who have appeared to the common observer most remote from their manner) and their great masters. The cultivation of this profound feeling alone is the legitimate end of classical study. For why do the ancient authors deserve, why do they receive our perpetual homage? Why is so much labour consumed upon their remains? Not absolutely for the instruction they convey, nor for the inherent interest of the people to which they belong, disjoined from their intellectual excellence. The feuds and factions of many tribes and cities may have been as full of stirring interest; may have displayed as great strength and diversity of human character; may almost in themselves have been as important to mankind as those of Athens and Rome.—

‘Sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte.’

It is the inimitable *manner* in which their sacred poets, their writers of all classes, have perpetuated these events, that has preserved them from the common oblivion, and secured their imperishable existence. It is this inimitable *manner*, of which the intuitive

intuitive or highly cultivated sense, and the just appreciation, alone give real value and dignity to scholarship; but, united with an exquisite and philosophical knowledge of the minutenesses of language, idiom, and usage, would constitute a perfect critic, such as the world of letters has rarely seen. How far and in what respects Bentley was deficient in this pre-eminent qualification of a critic of the highest order, cannot but appear, even in our brief sketch. At present we must return from our digression. On all points Middleton armed himself to encounter him whom he sarcastically describes as the 'great Bentley: it seemed as if there were a literary death-feud between the two. Middleton was called upon, as the person first implicated in the dispute about the fee, to take a leading part in the quarrel with the University. He had full right to mingle in the affray about the government of Trinity College. In his subsequent attack on Bentley's proposals for his edition of the New Testament, he had less provocation, and met with less success. The event of Bentley's collision with these new opponents was unexpected, and to all but the sufferers, ludicrous in the extreme. Bentley, (who, we had forgot to mention, had bought off his old deadly foe, Miller, by a compromise most expensive to the College, and not very advantageous to the character of the Serjeant,) Bentley, the meek, the courteous, the fair-spoken Bentley, actually contrived to indict and convict both his antagonists in succession, of libel, or of offensive language to persons in authority. It had seemed 'war to the knife,' at least as far as keen and cutting language; and in his second pamphlet, that on Trinity College, Middleton had spared no bitterness of invective. He was instantly prosecuted. Whig politics predominated at court—we are almost afraid were not without influence on the bench of justice, and Bentley had now contrived to identify his cause with the prevailing party. Middleton had constantly endeavoured to weaken this dangerous influence by boldly unmasking his political tergiversation:—

'In Trinity College, where his tyranny had raised a necessary prosecution of him by the fellows, he threw himself upon the Whigs as a sufferer in their cause, and persecuted for his attachment to the *present best ministry*. While the quarrel continued, the ministry happened to change, and the same persons who had been said in print to pursue him for being a Whig, were then cried out upon for their malice to him as a Tory; and he had the address or good fortune to screen himself from justice by assuming that character. And his dedication to the Earl of Oxford is hardly more awkward in its panegyric upon his patron, than severe in its satire upon the Whigs. The controversy still outlived the late Queen. The fellows renewed their petition for a visitation; but he now plays his old game upon them; is just come round to where he first set out; and the *present ministry* is once

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more become the best with him.'—*Account of the Proceedings against Dr. Bentley.*

But Middleton was in the toils; there was no relenting on the part of Bentley; no indulgence to be expected from the government; the voice of law was inexorable. He was obliged to brook the humiliation of paying the costs of the suit, and of submissive apology to Bentley. The University, however, rewarded his martyrdom in their cause with the honourable post of public librarian. He took his revenge in continuing his implacable defiance and hostility. His last pamphlet ends with this bitter sarcasm:—

'Being conscious of no offence that my name has ever given, nor of any infamy upon it to make it odious to any man except to himself, I am not at all ashamed of producing it; and since it is, as he says, *to die with me and to be buried shortly in oblivion*, he must excuse me the reasonable ambition of making the most of it while I live; and that I may have some chance for being known likewise to posterity, I am resolved to fasten myself upon him, and stick as close to him as I can, in hopes of being dragged at least by his great name out of my present obscurity, and of finding some place, though an humble one, in the public annals of his story; and being willing, before we part, to give him all the encouragement I can towards answering me, I here promise, that let him be as severe and scurrilous as he pleases upon my person, morals, or learning, I will not make myself so mean as to take the law of him, or prosecute printer, publisher, or author; I shall be contented to vindicate my character with the proper weapons of a scholar, and do myself justice as well as I can; being ambitious of no greater reputation in the world, than that I shall find myself always very well able to defend.'\*

But Bentley was proof against sarcasm; and, as we shall pre-

\* We subjoin in a note one of Middleton's cleverest, and, at the same time, hardest hits, both as a specimen of his controversial style, and as showing the nature of the defence set up by Bentley with regard to one of the most questionable transactions of his life—the malversation of the College property:—

'In answer to this charge of the *extravagant profusion* of the money and goods of the College, his friends make a mighty noise of the great improvement he has made of its revenue; and he himself has roundly affirmed, that he has raised it above a thousand a year; but how, and in what way he has done it he has been pleased as yet to keep a secret to himself. He once said to a noble person in conversation, (as has been taken notice of before in print,) that *he was sent by Providence to the College, as Joseph was to Egypt, to save it from famine*; but he might have remembered that Joseph was not sent so much to save Egypt as his father's house from starving; and if there is any resemblance between the Patriarch and himself in this case, it is in the good provision he has made for his family out of the fruitfulness of the College.'

A few paragraphs further, having related an extremely suspicious grant of the lease of a house in York, to Bentley's brother, he subjoins, 'Thus we see this pious ruler once again acting the part of Joseph, in the good settlement he assigned to his brethren upon the lands of his government.'—*True Account of State of Trinity College.*

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sently see, was not in the least inclined to be dictated to in the choice of his offensive weapons. Having found the law so useful an ally, the master next contrived to direct its thunders against the unsuspecting Colbatch. Colbatch was, at the same time, urging the visitation of Trinity College, and maintaining, as he supposed, the rights and dignities of the university. With the latter view, his '*Jus Academicum*' was published, in which, however, Bentley contrived to discover some sentences liable to be construed into contempt of the court of King's Bench. The publisher was committed in default of enormous bail; Colbatch himself, having in vain attempted to obtain the intercession of the crown, was committed and condemned to a fine. The proceeding is altogether so monstrous, as, but for the voucher of Dr. Monk's accuracy, to be almost incredible:—

'The most disastrous point was the motto of the book—*Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat*. The venerable Judge (Powis), who had passed a long life in the study of law Latin, had forgotten whatever acquaintance he may have contracted with classical writers sixty years before, for he accused Colbatch of applying to the court the most virulent verse in all Horace, *jura negat sibi nata, nihil non abrogat*. The culprit immediately set him right about Horace's word, and told him, besides, that the motto was intended to apply, not to the judges, but to Bentley. Sir Littleton, however, would not be driven from what he considered his strong hold; he thrice recurred to this unhappy quotation, which accused their Lordships of "abrogating the laws," and, each time, Colbatch was imprudent enough to interrupt and correct him. At last, the court remarked to his counsel, Kettlebey, that his client did not appear to be sensible of his being in contempt; and, to convince him of that fact, sentenced him to pay 50*l.*, to be imprisoned till it was paid, and to give security for his good behaviour for a year.'

This extraordinary sensitiveness and jealousy of its dignity shown by the court of King's Bench, gave Bentley the opportunity of a second blow against Middleton. In the dedication of his *Tract on the Arrangement of the Public Library* were some incautious expressions, which appeared to impugn the right of interference in the court of King's Bench with the Vice-Chancellor's court. The irritated Court again lent itself to the passions of Bentley, and Middleton, in his turn, was fined 50*l.* The triumph of Bentley was completed by the prostration of the university before his feet; they were constrained to retrace their steps, rescind their edicts, to restore Bentley to his degrees; and the Master of Trinity re-assumed 'his full-blown dignity;' and, in due time, was enabled, by the conflicting politics of the time, to show as well his gratitude to the government as his power and

and usefulness as an active partisan: even Trinity College seemed at length entirely subdued under his iron sceptre.

But there is yet another act of this interminable academic tragi-comedy, which has as many turns and changes as a Spanish drama, and, like that, in defiance of unity, embraces the whole life of its hero. Bentley was appointed to the Mastership at the close of 1699; already, with but short and treacherous intervals of peace, nearly a thirty years' civil war had distracted the college, when, in 1728, after a short time, a new confederacy was organized, and Colbatch again set himself at the head of a younger and more active body of malcontents. The crown lawyers, during the former proceedings, had incidentally thrown out opinions favourable to the visitatorial powers of the Bishop of Ely, and the great object of the assailants was to obtain the interference of Greene, who then filled that see. The affair was protracted for nearly five years longer; Bentley fought with his usual vigour and address; he had recourse to private interest and public litigation; he finally appealed to the House of Lords against the visitatorial powers of the Bishop, but, after a long argument, that high tribunal established the right of the Bishop, and Greene proceeded, with due solemnity, and the proper array of civilians, as counsel and assessors, to try the cause:—

‘At length, the hall being full of anxious auditors, Bishop Greene appeared without his assessors; the result being anticipated, Dr. Andrews, as counsel for the Master, immediately rose, and begged that his Lordship would defer giving sentence till his assessors could be present, and deliver their opinions. This the Bishop peremptorily refused; but being asked whether they were consenting to his judgment, replied in the affirmative. He then declared, in terms of great solemnity, that Dr. Bentley was proved guilty both of dilapidating the goods of his college, and violating its statutes, and had thereby incurred the penalty of deprivation appointed by those statutes; accordingly he pronounced him to be deprived of the Mastership of Trinity College.’—p. 605.

Where, then, did this haughty, and now, it might be supposed, humiliated man, retreat, to conceal his shame and mortification? How, in the seventy-second year of his age, did his spirit bear up against the blow? Middleton, in one of his tracts, had said, ‘that his conduct is not any way to be accounted for, except we could believe of him what a modern historian relates of another tyrant and usurper, that he has found means of contracting *with a certain invisible power for a lease of his government, to be insured to him against all hazards and events, till the charm be out and his term expired.*’ Bentley’s adversaries might be almost inclined, at the present juncture, to think that there was more in this



this sportive prediction than the prophet himself supposed, for the deprived Master remained quietly in the lodge of Trinity College, exercising his official functions, with spirits as unbroken, and tone as haughty, as before. The secret of this extraordinary denouement is extremely simple. The statutes expressly provided that the Master could be degraded only by the Vice-master, acting under the proper warrant. But Bentley had taken good care that this office should be filled by his zealous partisan, the associate of his literary labours, the obsequious Richard Walker, immortalized in those well-known lines of Pope, where our hero is made to exclaim—

“ Walker, our hat! ”—nor more he deign'd to say—  
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.’

Walker not only neglected to comply with the Bishop's mandate for the expulsion of his patron, but his active friendship endeavoured to negotiate a reconciliation with the college, who were weary with the whole business, and exhausted by the enormous expense of the suit; for Bentley, declaring the whole to be a ‘college affair,’ regularly defrayed his own costs out of the college funds. His appeal to the Lords alone is stated to have cost 1000*l*. The affair was thus dragged on for five years longer, mandamus after mandamus was issued to the deaf or disobedient Walker, till at length the death of Bishop Greene put an end to the whole proceedings, and Bentley maintained what might have been his quiet dignity, to the close of his life. But, even then, the ruling passion was invincible; and, at the last hour, he could not refrain from a new law-suit with his old antagonist Colbatch, about certain fees incidental to his office as archdeacon of Ely. He enjoyed the satisfaction of establishing his right to six shillings, including arrears, and saddling his opponent with 20*l*. costs. The triumphant Master of Trinity lived to the age of eighty; and his death disproved one at least of the charges with which his living memory was perpetually assailed, that of avarice. He died possessed of but very moderate wealth.

However we may deplore the waste of Bentley's unrivalled powers in these unprofitable and disgraceful quarrels, we must not suppose that his indefatigable mind was entirely occupied by them during the later period of his life. Though he abandoned his more splendid schemes, the edition of the New Testament, and his proposed edition of Homer; though he unfortunately did not steadily pursue that course, in which he moved without a rival, Greek criticism, and preferred the Latin writers, among whom his strength did not so decidedly appear; yet, his successive editions of Terence, Phædrus, Lucan, and Manilius, showed as well his unexhausted resources as his unabated self-confidence. In the

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first of these works, by far the most valuable, he found an opportunity for the display of his singular sagacity in discerning and tracing the laws of metre. The *Phædrus* was a less successful production. We must not omit the most unfortunate, in one sense the most characteristic of his works, that which exposed him, without shield, without refuge, to the re-awakening ridicule of all that knot of brilliant wits, who eagerly seized the opportunity of his hour of weakness, to re-open all their batteries of scorn and drollery. His edition of Milton was received, and deservedly received, in its own day, according to the language of the injured poet, with—

‘ On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal universal hiss,—the sound  
Of public scorn.’

It is now, fortunately for his fame, nearly forgotten, and perhaps illustrates an axiom which is, we are persuaded, both unquestionably true, and highly consolatory to unequal writers. During his lifetime an author's fame will, too often, be estimated by his worst work; he will be remembered by posterity, if remembered at all, by his best. In the present day, we suspect that common readers would require a note on Pope's lines about Milton—

‘ Not that I'd lop all beauties from his book,  
Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook.’

It is perhaps ungracious to the memory of a great man to summon this extraordinary work from the repose of oblivion to which, thus happily for its author's fame, it has been consigned. Still, his character cannot be complete without this last touch; Bentley cannot be entirely known without this crowning evidence of the ‘ruling’ passion, or rather ruling pride. His magisterial dictation to the public taste, on a subject quite beyond his proper province; his consciousness of its jealousy about the glory of the great poet, yet his determination, wantonly, with no view, it should seem, of fame or profit, (he received one hundred guineas for the edition,) to set it at defiance; the boasted avowal of the haste with which the work was sent forth, must be exemplified in his own words, to be believed. ‘Had these very notes been written forty years ago, (thus ends his preface,) it would have been prudence to have suppressed them, for fear of injuring one's rising fortune. But now, when seventy years jamdudum memorem monuerunt, and spoke loudly in my ears—

Mitte leves spes et certamina divitiarum;

I made the notes *extempore*, and put them to the press as soon as made, without any apprehension of growing leaner by censures,  
or

or plumper by commendations.' So completely was this the fact, that the impatient printers requiring the last sheets, in order to be ready to publish before the meeting of parliament, Bentley coolly declared, that fewer liberties having been taken with the Twelfth Book, it required less correction on his part, and sent it forth almost as it stood. The theory of Bentley's *Paradise Lost* was, that the blind and neglected poet lay at the mercy of a careless printer and an unprincipled editor. The former marred his verses by ignorant misprints; the latter, not only by neglecting the revision of the press, but by daring interpolation of long and, in Bentley's opinion, contemptible passages. Dr. Johnson, in his nervous language, denounces this 'supposition as rash and groundless, if he thought it true; and vile and pernicious, if, as is said, he in private allowed it to be false.' Dr. Monk rejects this impeachment on the moral character of the critic, and supposes that Bentley only introduced this imaginary personage in order to give less offence to the reader by his own 'slashing' corrections; and acknowledging the machinery to be clumsy and ill-devised, compares him to a dramatist who introduces a fictitious character into the action of an historical play. We cannot quite perceive the justice of this analogy; the poet's is a conventional licence, it is the inalienable and necessary privilege of his art. The ancient chest, in which the romance-writer finds his mouldy manuscript, and the Old Mortality or Dr. Dryasdust of our great novelist, come nearer to the case, but still are not quite to the point; there the fiction is still obvious, no one of common sense can be imposed upon. Bentley's, though we would not adopt the severe condemnation of the stern old moralist, if, on the one hand, it was too absurd to be serious, on the other, if not serious, was much too gravely set forth to pass as pleasantry, and must be considered as somewhat trespassing beyond the borders of truth. Dr. Monk fully admits Bentley's utter disqualification for the part of editor of Milton; his want of poetic feeling, his total ignorance of the Italian poets and romance writers; and he animadverts in strong terms on the misplaced jocularity of some of the notes. But he has omitted the most curious fact, Bentley's modest assumption of poetic fame. Speaking of his own emendations, he says, 'if any person will substitute better, he will deserve every reader's thanks; though it is hoped, even these will not be found absurd, or disagreeing from the Miltonian character—

— sunt et mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt  
Vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis.'

Bentley's alterations consisted partly in corrections of the text, partly in the rejection of what he considered spurious passages. Among the former there may be here and there a sensible and

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acute observation, though fewer, in our opinion, than in that of Dr. Monk. But even here his presumption is incredible; it might seem, that he had determined that the *Virgilius Restauratus* of the renowned Scriblerus, directly aimed at his style of criticism, should be fairly out-burlesqued in serious sadness. As a specimen, the celebrated lines,

all heaven  
Resounded; and had earth been there, all earth  
Had to her centre shook—

could not escape his sacrilegious hand; he would read—

Heaven's base  
Stood trembling: *but* had earth been there, all earth  
Had from her centre fled.

This he justifies by the following note:—

‘Any external impression that can shake all earth, must of necessity shake the centre too; so that mentioning the centre adds nothing to the thought, and, instead of terror, *provokes derision*. To reconcile high language with philosophy and true sense it may be varied thus.’

The following is the note on the pigmies:—

The small infantry, warr'd on by cranes.

‘To call the pigmies small infantry has been justly censured as looking like a pun, from small infants, as well as foot soldiers. But for that reason, and more from Milton's known learning, I take leave to think it spurious, because the pigmies must have been called, not infantry, but cavalry, since they fought, not on foot, but riding on *rams and goats*.

*Insidentes arietum caprarumque dorsis.*’

But his emendations and notes were nothing when compared to the wild havoc with which he ‘lopt the beauties’ of the immortal poem. Almost all those passages by which Milton brought his remote and extra-mundane subject into the sphere of our old poetic associations; by which he allied it, as it were, with the great hereditary family of noble inventions, which, from their antiquity or their intrinsic grace and beauty, have become sacred to the imagination; which, without disturbing the purely ideal character of the *Paradise Lost*, as belonging to another state both of nature and of human existence, in some degree prevented it from being too high and abstract; almost all that skilful inweaving of the imagery of mythology, poetry, and romance, so characteristic of Milton's mind, was at once cut off. We may mention some of the proscribed passages:—The ‘Titanian or Earth-born that warred on Jove,’ Book i., 197-200; ‘Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,’ 306-311; ‘the multitude whom the populous North pours from her frozen loins,’ 351-355: ‘The knights of Uther's son and Charlemain,’ 579-587; ‘Babylon and Al-cairo,’

cairo,' 717-722; the romantic lines, 763-766; the fleet to which Satan is compared, ii., 635; Scylla and the Lapland witches, 660-665; the bridge built by Sin and Death; the limbo in the Third Book; the rich passage about the celebrated gardens of the world, iv., 267; the *Phœnix*, v., 269; the noble lines about the Creation—

‘ Now half appeared  
The tawny lion, struggling to get free  
His hinder parts; then springs as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane,’ &c.

Eve compared to a wood-nymph, ix., 386; the gorgeous geographical sketch of the Eastern and African empires, ‘ From Cambalu seat of Cathaian Khan,’ xi., 386. Such are some of the passages which this remorseless critic branded as unworthy of Milton. The last exquisitely affecting and musical lines,

‘ They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way,’

were thus flattened, and all their sweetness crushed out—

‘ Then hand in hand, with social steps, their way  
Through Eden took, with heavenly comfort cheer’d,’

Thus did this singular man, in the mere arrogance of superior intellect, risk his reputation on so extravagant a hazard; and at that period of life when paradox usually loses its attraction, and the mind courts the calmness and the dignity of repose, rush headlong into a new field of strife, on which he was sure not only to be taken at disadvantage by all his old enemies, but to encounter in hostile array all the most sacred feelings and wounded prejudices of the literary public.

The Bishop has declined to sum up the moral character of Bentley, and has left the reader to form his own judgment from the plain and unvarnished narrative of his life. His lordship's reasons for departing from the usual custom of biographers are creditable both to his judgment and to his Christian feelings.

‘ I have another reason for my unwillingness to descant further upon the particulars of Bentley's character: it appears to me that his passions were not always under the control, nor his actions under the guidance of Christian principles; that in consequence, pride and ambition, the faults to which his nature was most exposed, were suffered to riot without restraint; and that hence proceeded the display of arrogance, selfishness, obstinacy, and oppression, by which it must be confessed that his career was disfigured. That nature, however, had not denied to him certain amiable qualities of the heart, and that he possessed, in a considerable degree, many of the social and endearing virtues, is proved beyond a doubt, by the warm and steady affection with which he was regarded by his family and his intimate friends.’

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This is a remarkable part of Bentley's character. The troubled sea of his public life is singularly contrasted with the calm happiness of his domestic circle. Bentley was fortunate in his wife, an excellent and sensible woman, and in his children, and seems to have been looked up to with most ardent affection by a few intimate friends. Yet this is by no means an unusual character. An arrogant and overbearing is often a good-natured man. When his pride neither encounters nor apprehends opposition, the gentler and better qualities of the heart have free play. Had Bentley succeeded in establishing his despotism over his college without resistance, it would probably have been an easy, and, on the whole, neither an unhappy nor an inglorious sway. His pride, in fact, lay at the bottom of all his disasters, of all his faults; it was the one inherent vice of his constitution. It gave insolence to his manners, coarseness to his language. It was pride, rather than rapacity, which led to his most questionable proceedings about the college property—the pride of being no less superior as a man of business than as a man of letters, the pride of management, of address in overpowering difficulty, of making men of all orders, bakers and stewards as well as bursars and senior fellows, act according to his imperious will. Perhaps pride rather than revenge actuated him even in his vexatious and interminable litigations: as the good old Scotch lady, in Galt's clever novel, the *Entail*, (if so unclassical an illustration be pardonable,) having once, by accident, strayed into success in a legal cause, considered herself ever after as the highest authority on points of law—so Bentley may have been tempted by his first success to set an overweening value on his own legal skill and discrimination. Finally, nothing but his immeasurable pride could have induced him so entirely to set public opinion at defiance, as in his prominent situation as Professor of Divinity and Master of a College, entirely to neglect his religious duties, and rarely to make his appearance in the chapel.\*

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\* Arbuthnot, in his clever supplementary chapter to *Gulliver's Travels*, 'the state of learning in the empire of Lilliput,' which is aimed throughout at Bentley, and from which Dr. Monk has given some amusing extracts, has likewise this passage on Bentley's disregard of these observances. Swift's humour about the 'Big and Little Endians,' is admirably caught. 'As the nation is very much divided about breaking their eggs, which they generally eat in public once a day, at least once in seven days, I desired to know how Bullum behaved himself in this particular, and was told, that he was thought to have an aversion to eggs, for he was never seen to eat any in public but once or twice a year, when his post obliged him to it; at these times he gave orders to have them served up to him ready dressed, and the shells and whites being carefully taken off, he gulped up the yolks in a very indecent manner, and immediately drank a bumper of strong liquor after them to wash the taste out of his mouth and promote the digestion of them.'

'When any one represented to him the ill example of this practice, his answer was, that his modesty could not let him devour eggs in public, when he had so many eyes upon him; that he was not yet determined at which end he ought to break them;

But while Dr. Monk's silence upon the moral character of Bentley commands our respect, we are disposed to regret that he has also declined to give a general estimate of his literary attainments and services. This strikes us as the only defect of the book, a defect of which we should not have been inclined to complain, had the biographer of Bentley been a less accomplished scholar. Bentley appears to us to have formed a distinct and remarkable epoch in classical knowledge. The Bishop describes him as the founder of a new school of criticism; it would have been well to have pursued this view, and not merely to have contented himself with notices, though in general sound, judicious, and dispassionate, on his separate publications as they appeared during his life. The less learned reader, on closing his lordship's work, may be inclined to inquire, what at last are the fruits of this vigorous, and fertile, and active understanding? what influence has he exercised, even in his own department, on the mind and on the knowledge of his own age, or of posterity? This deficiency we cannot pretend to supply, yet would venture the following cursory observations. One great distinctive mark of Bentley's scholarship was his acute discrimination between the ancient and modern, the genuine and the spurious remains of antiquity. We would not assert that the older scholars, Erasmus, for instance, Scaliger, or Casaubon, were blind to the more glaring instances of imposture, or unsuspectingly admitted to classical honours all works written in the language of the classics; Erasmus had long before doubted the authenticity of Phalaris: but Bentley first struck out rules, for what we may presume to call the study of the internal evidence of authors; first laid the groundwork for this science of criticism, which has been pursued with such remarkable success, even if at times carried beyond its proper bounds, by modern scholars. Bentley is the legitimate critical parent of Wolf and Niebuhr. For we must not suppose that this fine perception of the age of each writing, which is acquired by the true scholar—this acute observation of peculiarities in lan-

that the shells and whites were insipid, and only fit for children; but for the eggs themselves, he was so far from hating them, that he had a dish at his own table every day. But whether this was truth, or, if they were at his table, whether he ate of them or not, I could never learn.

In the same tract, Bentley's interminable law proceedings are touched with equally happy humour. 'This engaged him in many quarrels, which he managed in a very odd manner: whenever he thought himself affronted, he immediately flung a great book at his adversary, and, if he could, felled him to the earth; but if his adversary stood his ground and flung another book at him, which was sometimes done with great violence, then he complained to the great justiciary, that these affronts were designed to the emperor, and that he was singled out as being the emperor's servant. By this trick he got that great officer to favour him, which made his enemies cautious and him insolent.'

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guage, in style, in allusion—this felicitous tact for eliciting and combining the circumstantial evidence of classical writings, has no further end than establishing the right to citizenship in some, and excluding others as strangers or barbarians; it is incalculable how much light has been thrown by these inquiries, not only on the whole literary, but even on the civil history of Greece and Rome. With how much higher interest may the great authors be read, since the character of each period has been more clearly defined, and the age and the life of the poet illustrated by his writings, his writings by his life and by his age; how much incidental instruction has been gained, even beyond the improved knowledge of such subjects themselves, by more intimate acquaintance with the niceties of language and the laws of metre—and in all these inquiries how much of the first impulse is owing to the bold and original mind of Bentley! His scheme for an edition of Homer was abandoned, but the germ of all the modern theories on the subject is distinctly developed in his writings. In an article on the Homeric writings, we have ventured to enter our dissent against the prevailing hypothesis of Wolf; but who, at all deeply interested in the writings of the great poet of antiquity, will refuse to acknowledge how infinitely their knowledge has been increased, their delight in the Homeric writings heightened, by the inquiries of that eminent scholar, of Heyne, and of Payne Knight; and what are all these but the acknowledged disciples of Bentley? The whole modern theory of the Homeric versification rests on his discovery of the digamma; and independent of this groundwork of his system, and however imperfect the success of Mr. Knight, who, before the time of Bentley, would have imagined, as he has done, the possibility of restoring the original language in which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were composed? To the knowledge of the origin, the history, the laws, the metrical principles of the Greek drama, the direct contributions as well as the influence of Bentley have been of still more unquestionable value. How complete the obscurity of these questions, before his time, may be estimated by any one who will read the statements of the Christ Church confederacy, who had probably made themselves masters of the current information on the subject; and though so much has been added, especially on the laws of language and metre, by the exquisite sagacity of Porson, the Attic taste of Elmsley, and by Herman—on the history and structure of the drama by Boëckh and Schlegel, and the countless German scholars and writers on æsthetics—yet the *Essay on Phalaris* remains a standard authority on many of the most important questions relating to the Greek theatre. For though the barrenness of his imagination, the want or contempt of comprehensive and philosophical principles of taste

and

and judgment, may in some degree have disqualified Bentley for the highest department of poetical criticism, he must have been gifted with a fine and delicate perception of some of the harmonies of Greek poetry. Some of the principles, both of Greek and Latin metre, which he discovered, can scarcely have been entirely wrought out by the technical and mechanical process of observing the peculiarities of structure, and counting the recurrences of syllables; his ear must have derived a most rare and refined pleasure from those measures, which he was the first to reduce to anything like a satisfactory system.\*

We must content ourselves with these instances; but, in fact, there is no part of ancient literature which has not derived advantage from this spirit of criticism, in which Bentley took the lead, and set the example. Even now, we trace his spirit in the minute researches of Otfried Muller into the early history of the Greek races; and in Niebuhr's bold demolition and re-construction of the Roman history. It is chiefly through him that the acute observation of analogies and discrepancies, in those minute points, which escape the notice of more rapid readers; the severe and laborious induction from remote, and apparently unconnected particulars; the profounder penetration into the character and authority of each several author, and every separate writing, are at work, for so much good, and perhaps for some evil, in every department of literature. To his more distinguished English successors in the department of classical criticism, Bentley offers some interesting points, both of resemblance and contrast. In one respect, he differs, to a remarkable degree, in the extent and compass of his literary schemes—however many of these schemes may have remained uncompleted. It is astonishing to what a limited sphere the publications of modern English scholars have confined themselves; they seem to have been spell-bound within the narrow circle of the drama. How little have they done but edit and re-edit a few Greek plays! for, after all, we have no full and complete edition of any of the great dramatists from their hands. Homer, with the exception of Mr. Knight's work; the historians, the philosophers, the orators, (we must except two recent editions of Thucydides,) are left to foreign scholars.

\* The bishop has an extremely amusing anecdote on this subject:—'Dr. Bentley, when he came to town, was accustomed, on his visits to Lord Carteret, sometimes to spend his evenings with his Lordship. One day old Lady Granville reproached her son with keeping the country clergyman, who was with him the night before, till he was intoxicated. Lord Carteret denied the charge; upon which the lady replied, that the clergyman could not have sung in so ridiculous a manner unless he had been in liquor. The truth of the case was, that the singing thus mistaken by her ladyship was Dr. Bentley's endeavour to instruct and entertain his noble friend, by reciting Terence according to the true *cantilena* of the ancients.'

The Dean of Christchurch alone, already by his *Hephæstion*, his *Stobæus*, his *Minor Greek Poets*, and his other works, we hope speedily by his long-expected *Suidas*, may compete in industry, as in erudition, with our prolific neighbours. Nor must we omit the opportunity of expressing our high opinion of the most laborious, and perhaps the most valuable, work connected with classical literature, which has, of late days, issued from our press, Mr. Fynes Clinton's *Civil and Literary Chronology of Greece*. We feel that we are venturing on trembling and treacherous ground, when we approach the distinctive merits of some of our more recent scholars. But perhaps we shall not be wrong in attributing this circumscribed range, to which our modern scholars have mostly confined themselves, in a great degree to the influence and example of their acknowledged chief, Porson. In some great qualifications of scholarship, in intuitive acuteness, in a sort of divination of the real sense and the right reading of a corrupt passage; in that conjectural criticism which is more than ingenuity, which bears certainty with it; in laying down the simple principles of language and of metre, that great man and Bentley stand almost alone. But it is curious, in the first place, that they seem to have worked with different instruments. Bentley's memory, according to his own expression, 'was none of the best;' it was the unparalleled perfection of this faculty in Porson, on which his superiority relied. It gave him the complete and instant command of all his stores of erudition; he could bring to bear, at once, on any question, every passage from the whole range of Greek literature which could elucidate it; he could approximate, on the instant, the slightest coincidence in thought or expression, and the accuracy was quite as surprising as the extent of his recollection. In another respect, no two characters could be more opposite than Bentley and Porson: the former, in his immeasurable self-confidence, bold, adventurous, decisive; the other, cool, sure, and cautious. In his scholarship, (would that he had been under as safe a guidance in all his habits!) Porson was singularly prudent: hence, though Bentley is more splendidly and originally right, Porson is more unerringly so; Bentley's judgments are more numerous, and on a greater variety of points, but all are not of quite equal authority; Porson's are few, but none of them have ever been reversed. Bentley's light was thrown about with greater profusion on many objects; Porson's was centered on a few, but burned more steadily on those. The same prudence kept Porson within the province in which his strength lay, that of philological criticism; he never ventured on the more debateable ground of the criticism of taste. In their style there was the same difference: the careless copiousness and natural vigour of Bentley was in the strongest

strongest contrast to the terseness and neatness of Porson's most finished writing; and the fine irony of the latter, of which we have some few examples, in the character of Gibbon for instance, is the opposite extreme to the coarse vehemence and the broader humour of Bentley's controversial tone.

In some points of character there is a closer analogy between Parr and Bentley, yet at the same time almost as much dissimilarity. Parr's strength lay not so much in critical skill and penetration, as in the metaphysics of language and morals. He would have been more likely to rival the Boyle Lectures, or the Letters of Phileleutherus Lipsiensis, than the Epistle to Mill, or the Dissertation on Phalaris. But both were equally arrogant and overbearing in literature and conversation; in private, good-natured, and often kind-hearted men. Both were fully possessed with the conviction that a great scholar is the greatest of men. But the different effect of their self-confidence and haughtiness on their writings is not without interest. The pride of Bentley betrayed him into negligence and haste; whatever came from him, whatever he condescended to communicate to the world, must be worthy of his high name; he could strike out, while the anxious printer waited for the proofs, notes which would set the world right on the most abstruse points. With Parr, on the other hand, nothing but what was most elaborate could be worthy of coming from so consummate a scholar; his style is swollen, as it were, with the conscious dignity of its master. Parr must not demean himself to the familiar tone of ordinary men. Even in his bitterness Parr abstains from the vulgar tongue, not from mildness of temper or courtesy of manners, but his sarcasms, not to do discredit to his page, must be as highly wrought as the rest of his style. Bentley, in the turmoil of war, would use the first weapons that came to his hand. Sometimes he would call his antagonists fools in the strangest, sometimes in the simplest and plainest phrase; his use would ennoble the meanest word. Parr would say the same coarse thing, but always, for dignity's sake, with a sonorous periphrasis; and, though as vulgar and ill-mannered in thought and feeling, would still be most laboriously polished in expression. It was probably the same proud jealousy of his reputation which prevented Parr from contributing more largely to our instruction and knowledge; for few, with such powers of understanding, notwithstanding the number and bulk of the volumes to which his works have grown, have added less to the standard stock of our literature.

In Elmsley are we to attribute the same chariness of attempting any great work, to something of constitutional indolence, or to a peculiar fastidiousness of taste, the difficulty of satisfying his own high notions of perfect criticism? This lamented scholar must not

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not escape the penalty of our regret, that his extensive knowledge, his accurate and tasteful observation, the Attic elegance of his mind, have not left us a more extensive and enduring monument of his powers than the editions of the few dramas on which his fame must rest. In another respect, indeed, he has left an example which we should be most unjust if we were to pass unnoticed, and which we trust will be of enduring influence; we mean the candour and amenity of his style, which, though by no means devoid of a kind of quiet irony, he was almost the first to introduce into classical controversy.

On the rest of our living scholars we are designedly silent. We shall only express our hope that some of them will yet anticipate and avert the verdict which posterity may be inclined to pass, as having left behind but little to justify their living reputation. At all events, in the '*Life of Bentley*,' Bishop Monk will have an ample plea for arrest of judgment against such a charge: it is a work which not only, from the character of Bentley himself, but from its able and judicious execution, will ever command a prominent place in the library of the scholar; while the animation, as well as the industry with which the stirring tale of literary and academic feud is related, and the vast fund of literary information on many subjects, which is collected within this single volume, will secure it a lasting interest even with the less learned reader.

ART. VI.—1. *Papers relative to the Disease called Cholera Spasmodica in India, now prevailing in the North of Europe. Printed by Authority of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.* London, 1831.

2. *History of the Epidemic Spasmodic Cholera of Russia.* By Bisset Hawkins, M.D. London, 1831.

3. *Report of the Epidemic Cholera as it appeared in the Territories subjected to Fort St. George. Drawn up by order of Government, under the superintendence of the Medical Board.* By William Scot, Surgeon and Secretary to the Board. Madras. 1824.

4. *Bombay Reports.*

5. *Bengal Reports.*

6. *Die Asiatische Cholera in Russland, in den Jahren 1829-30, nach Russischen Quellen bearbeitet.* Von Dr. J. R. Lichtenstädt. Berlin. 1831.

7. *Rapport au Conseil supérieur de Santé, sur le Choléra Morbus pestilentiel.* Par Alex. Moreau de Jonnés, Membre et Rapporteur du Conseil. Paris. 1831.

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8. *Is the Cholera Spasmodica of India a Contagious Disease? The Question considered in a Letter addressed to Sir Henry Halford, Bart.* By W. Macmichael, M.D. London. 1831.

THE works whose titles are prefixed to this article afford a complete account of one of the most terrible pestilences which have ever desolated the earth. Among the Indian reports, that drawn up by Mr. Scot is by far the best. M. de Jonnès has taken advantage of his situation as Member and Secretary of the Supreme Council of Health at Paris, to furnish us with a treatise, distinguished no less by the judicious selection of facts, than by the lucid order in which they are arranged. Dr. Bisset Hawkins has drawn up a valuable summary of the history of the disease, to which he has appended, with great accuracy and labour, the original documents on which the narrative is founded. Dr. Licht-enstädt has translated into German the Reports on Cholera, published by the Russian government, but, omitting to connect these with a narrative, has presented us with a book almost unintelligible to ordinary readers, and full of confusion to those who are obliged to dive into it for facts. Dr. Macmichael's valuable little pamphlet should be in everybody's hands; it contains a neat historical exposure of the errors and follies which have ever attended the discussion of the question of contagion.

In the scenes we are about to describe, we have no desire to exaggerate the horrors of a picture already too fearful in itself; neither shall we, on the other hand, studiously avoid touching on those terrible and affecting circumstances which have arisen out of this dispensation of the Almighty. If the history of death and human anguish offers little to allay the alarm now oppressing the public, still an accurate, just, and complete account of the impending evil will limit the imagination to reality, and unburden the mind of all those vague and irrational fears which chain down its faculties, and leave it paralyzed and helpless in the moments of extremest danger.

We have witnessed in our days the birth of a new pestilence, which, in the short space of fourteen years, has desolated the fairest portions of the globe, and swept off at least FIFTY MILLIONS of our race. It has mastered every variety of climate, surmounted every natural barrier, conquered every people. It has not, like the simoom, blasted life, and then passed away; the cholera, like the small-pox or plague, takes root in the soil which it has once possessed. The circumstances under which the individual is attacked are no less appalling than the history of the progress and mortality of the disease. In one man, says an eye-witness, (p. 50, *Madras Report*,) the prostration of strength was so great that he could hardly move a limb, though he had been but fifteen minutes before in perfect health

health, and actively employed in his business of a gardener. 'As an instance,' says another, 'a Lascar in the service of an officer was seized in the act of packing up his rice, previous to going out to cut grass, close to his master's tent, and being unable to call for assistance, he was observed by another person at a distance from him, picking up small stones and pitching them towards him, for the purpose of attracting his notice. This man died in an hour.' Great debility, extinction of the circulation, and sudden cooling of the body are the three striking characteristics of the Indian cholera; these, in the majority of cases, are accompanied by exhausting evacuations of a peculiar character, intense thirst, cold blue clammy skin, suffused filmy half-closed eyes, cramps of the limbs, extending to the muscles of respiration, and by an unimpaired intellect. It is no wonder that the approach of such a pestilence has struck the deepest terror into every community.

'It was in July and August, 1818,' says Kennedy, 'that the western coast of India was first visited by this awful scourge. Month after month, during the preceding year, fresh accounts reached us of its progress westwards; and the general alarm and horror were excited to the utmost, when every hope that the disease might terminate, with each change of season, was at last extinct, and its victims were observed to be already falling: then indeed the consternation which pervaded every class of society manifested itself without disguise, and without restraint.

'Those who enjoy the happiness to have escaped personal knowledge of the calamity of a residence in "the city of the plague," can with difficulty form an idea of the state of mind of its inhabitants: the first feeling of dismay, the reflux of levity, the agitation and bustle at the commencement, and the immediately following unconcern to all that is going on; the mild workings of charity—the cautious guarded intercourse with others, maintained by selfishness—the active energies, in short, of the good, and the heartless indifference of the bad, are all presented in their several extremes. . . . Among the European portion of the society, the precautionary arrangements were at times almost ludicrous. One had notes ready written, addressed to every medical officer within reach, announcing his being attacked; and these, placed on his desk, were to be forwarded by his servants the instant he should fancy that he felt, or they should see that he exhibited, the symptoms. Another would have a cauldron of water bubbling and boiling day and night, that he might ensure the advantage of an early recourse to the warm-bath; others mulcted themselves of the savoury and stimulating portion of their diet, and shunned the good things of life; and others, with a real hydrophobia, abstained from thin potations, and argued that the constitution needed reinforcement: whilst all furnished themselves with medicines, and not a few kept constantly about their person a *quantum suff.* of poison  
"after



"after the old Roman fashion," only that in this case it was marked "Cholera dose." . . . .

'Among the native population, superstition arrayed itself in its most disgusting and debasing attributes: religious ceremonies, rather as magical incantations than in the spirit of devotion, were everywhere resorted to.

'In the cantonment at Seroor, forty miles north-east of Poonah, and the old head-quarters of the Bombay Dekkan division, the very outbreaking of the disease was accompanied with a singular circumstance of the above character. A female, declaring herself to be an Avatar of the fiend of pestilence, entered the bazaar or market street. She was almost naked; but her dishevelled hair, her whole body, and her scanty apparel, were daubed and clotted with the dingy red and ochry yellow powder of the Hindoo burial ceremonies. She was frantic with mania, real or assumed, or maddened by an intoxication partly mental, partly from excitement from drugs. In one hand she held a drawn sword, in the other an earthen vessel containing fire, (the one probably a symbol of destruction, the other of the funeral pile.) Before her proceeded a gang of musicians, pouring forth their discords from every harsh and clattering instrument of music appropriate to their religious processions. Behind her followed a long line of empty carts; no driver whom she encountered on the road daring to disobey her command to follow in her train. Thus accoutred and accompanied, her phrenzy seemed beyond all human control; and as she bounded along, she denounced certain destruction to all who did not immediately acknowledge her divinity; and, pointing to the empty carts which followed, proclaimed that they were brought to convey away the corpses of those who rashly persisted in infidelity. No ridicule, no jest, awaited this frantic visitant, but deep distress and general consternation. The outcry and clamour of alarm were not long in reaching the officers on duty; and the goddess was instantly apprehended and confined, and her mob of followers dispersed. But unfortunately she was no sooner secured, than she herself was attacked by the disease; and being less cautiously observed when under its influence, she contrived to escape, and was never afterwards heard of. Whence she came, or whither she went, remained a mystery; and this detestable delusion had a serious effect on the feelings of the mob.'

The origin of so terrible a malady is lost in obscurity. The Indian physicians have found records which would seem to attest its existence at very remote periods. But this is certain, that, before the month of August, 1817, it never attracted public attention as it has since done; and a succinct account of the progress of the malady, since 1817, in the Indian Peninsula will suffice to conduct us to that point of the narrative which is of more immediate interest and more direct utility to our argument.

'In the month of August, 1817, (says Dr Hawkins, p. 168,) at Jessore,

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sore, about a hundred miles to the north-east of Calcutta, the pestilence arose; spreading from village to village, and destroying thousands of the inhabitants, it reached Calcutta early in September. It extended thence into Behar, depopulating many large cities, until the inhabitants fled to other spots. Benares, Allahabad, Goruckpore, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Agra, Muttra, Meerat, and Bareilly, all suffered in succession; and it is remarkable, that it did not appear in these districts at the same time, but leaving one, it soon showed itself in another. At length it appeared in the grand army, first at Mundellah, then in the Jubbulpore and Sauger districts.\* From thence it spread to Nagpore, and continued its course over the Deccan in a violent degree. At Hussingabad its ravages were terrible for several days; and taking its course all along the banks of the Nerbuddah, it reached Tannah. Visiting the noted cities of Aurungabad and Ahmednugger, it spread to Poonah; from thence to Panwell, in the direction of the coast, where it extended to the north and south, reaching Salsette, and arrived at Bombay in the second week of September, 1818, one year after its first appearance at Calcutta.

'While this was passing in the east of the peninsula, the epidemic was making the like progress to the south, progressively spreading along the whole Coromandel coast. It arrived at Madras in October, 1818.'

\* It appeared in the centre division of the field-army in the middle of November, and finally withdrew in the first days of December, having destroyed within twelve days, by the lowest statement, three thousand men out of ten thousand. Some have estimated the loss at five thousand—others even at eight thousand. The following is from the Bengal report:—

'After creeping about, in its wonted insidious manner for several days among the camp-followers, it, as it were, in an instant gained fresh vigour, and at once burst forth with irresistible violence in every direction. Old and young, Europeans and natives, fighting men and camp-followers, were alike subject to its visitations, and all equally sank in a few hours under its grasp. From the 14th to the 22d the mortality had become so great as to depress the stoutest spirits. The sick were already so numerous, and still pouring in from every quarter so quickly, that the medical men, although day and night at their post, were no longer able to administer to their necessities. The whole camp then put on the appearance of an hospital. The noise and bustle almost inseparable from the intercourse of large bodies of people had nearly subsided; nothing was to be seen but individuals anxiously hurrying from one division of the camp to another, to inquire after the fate of their dead or dying companions, and melancholy groups of natives bearing the biers of their departed relatives to the river. At length even this consolation was denied them; for the mortality became so great, that there were neither time nor hands to carry off the bodies, which were then thrown into the neighbouring ravine, or hastily committed to the earth on the spot on which they had expired, and even round the officers' tents. All business had given way to solicitude for the suffering. Not a smile could be discerned, not a sound heard, except the groans of the dying and the wailing over the dead. Throughout the night especially, a gloomy silence, interrupted only by the well-known dreadful sounds of poor wretches labouring under the distinguishing symptoms of the disease, universally prevailed. Many of the sick died before reaching the hospital; and even their comrades, whilst bearing them from the outposts to medical aid, sank themselves, suddenly seized by the disorder. The natives, thinking their only safety lay in flight, had now begun to desert in great numbers; and the highways and fields for many miles round were strewed with the bodies of those who had left the camp with the disease upon them, and speedily sank under its exhausting effects.'

After

After the cholera had thus ravaged the peninsula of India to its uttermost verge of Cape Comorin, it attacked the island of Ceylon, in the month of January, 1819. 'Its progress along the coast of Coromandel,' says Deputy-Inspector Farrell, 'excited apprehensions in Ceylon; and it *must be allowed* that the first alarm raised by its appearance in this country was in the province of Jaffna, which lies opposite the places on the continent of India where it was committing great ravages at the time. Very shortly after we heard of its appearance at Jaffna, a well-marked case of it occurred at Colombo, in a soldier of the 83d regiment, and it soon after manifested itself in different parts of the island.'—*Madras Government Gazette*, Feb. 1, 1821.

The circumstances under which the disease appeared in the isles of France and Bourbon are curious, and demand a strict investigation. The *Topaze* frigate left Ceylon for Port Louis in the Mauritius, where she arrived on the 29th October, 1819. During the voyage the cholera broke out among her crew, of whom many died. At the time of her arrival there were no examples of the disease \* on board; nevertheless, three weeks after the convalescent were landed, the cholera attacked the inhabitants of Port Louis. 'Its virulence' (says M. de Jonnés) 'was such, that healthy and robust persons were seized in the streets with convulsive cholera, and fell dead almost at the instant of attack.' The mortality is stated by Mr. Combleholme, an eye-witness, as amounting to 20,000 in the course of six weeks, or nearly one-fourth of the population. Sir Robert Farquhar, the governor, however stated it in Parliament as only 7000, or nearly one-twelfth.†

Such

\* 'I have the surgeon of the frigate's authority, as well as personal observation, in stating, that not one of those patients laboured under symptoms of cholera at the time of disembarkation; but it should not be concealed, that a medical officer, who had gone on board the same forenoon, saw one man affected with severe vomiting and spasms.' Extracted from a Report to the Army Medical Board, by John Kinnis, M.D., dated from Port Louis, 31st March, 1820.

† M. de Jonnés, p. 130 and 248.—There are three considerations which may possibly be urged in favour of those who deny that the cholera was introduced into the Isle of France by the *Topaze*. The first is, that there was no case of cholera on board the frigate at the time of her arrival. The second is, that three weeks elapsed between the arrival of the vessel and the appearance of the malady. The third is, that the crew of the *Topaze* remained free from the disease, though they had unreserved communication with the shore, and with the ships in the harbour, where cholera was raging. As to the first, it is evident, that in the case of the *Topaze*, cholera must have been communicated by the medium of some inanimate substance, to which the morbid exhalations of the sick had adhered. Are we to believe, that a ship, in which so many had died, was incapable of retaining the virus in it, either in the vestments of the dead, the substances with which the sick had been in contact, or the places in which they had breathed their last? Can it be proved that no slave or servant was exposed to the action of a poison thus preserved? The fact stands fairly and clearly out, that an infected ship did arrive at a healthy port, and communicated with it, and that shortly after such communication, the identical malady which had existed

Such are the circumstances under which the cholera appeared at the Mauritius. They are strongly contrasted with those under which

existed in the vessel, broke out for the first time among the inhabitants of the port town. It is in vain to urge, that many who went on board the frigate escaped infection. Many always escape every epidemic; and were this not so ordered, the world would long ere this have been depopulated by small-pox and other pestilences. The second objection amounts to this—that three weeks having elapsed between the arrival of the *Topaze* and the appearance of the cholera in Port Louis, the two events ought not to be regarded as cause and effect. This confident assertion relies on a supposed accuracy of knowledge, which we possess neither with regard to the laws of cholera, nor those of any other contagious malady. It supposes, 1. that persons who went on board the frigate on her arrival, were *immediately* exposed to the influence of the morbid poison; 2. that they stayed sufficiently long within its sphere of action to have made it impossible for them to have escaped infection; 3. that the disease could not lie latent in such persons for so long a period as three weeks. In refutation of this last point, we shall be enabled, in our narrative of the progress of cholera in Russia, to bring forward three instances, in two of which it is proved that the cholera did not break out in the individuals till more than a fortnight had elapsed from the time they had been exposed to contagion; and in the third, it will be shown that individuals carried the seeds of the malady about with them for twenty-five days, and communicated the disease to others.\* In the interim we shall endeavour to prove, from the analogy of small-pox, that many circumstances may occur to account for the delay in the case of the *Topaze*. In the first place, we find, in cases of inoculation in which we know the exact moment when the individuals have been sufficiently exposed to the action of the small-pox poison, that a certain number do not become infected at all; that others exhibit symptoms of the disease in six days, and others not till the fourteenth or fifteenth. This was the result of the experience of one of the most extensive inoculators of the last century, Baron Dimsdale. When the small-pox is caught casually, by inhalation or some other means, the period which elapses between exposure to the malady and its appearance is found to be still longer, and to vary from eighteen to twenty-five days. Dr. Patrick Russell, whose situation of physician to the British factory at Aleppo gave him opportunities of collecting the valuable materials which he has embodied in an admirable treatise on the plague, says, p. 303, 'From what I observed at Aleppo, I was inclined to think the infection (viz. the plague) rarely lies latent beyond ten days, but wider experience is necessary to determine a matter of so much importance.' From a consideration of these and similar facts, it is acknowledged that the constitution of a patient modifies the action of a poison, and that, in those examples in which we know the exact moment at which the person became infected, it is impossible to tell, except generally, when he will exhibit the characteristics of the peculiar disease. If there is so much uncertainty when we possess one fixed point to start from, how much more complicated and uncertain does the investigation become when we have no accurate data to guide us; when we neither know the constitutions of those supposed to have been exposed to a contagious malady, nor the precise time when they imbibed the poison!

The circumstances which hinder or delay the communication of a contagious malady are very various, and often inappreciable; so that what appears to be sufficient exposure, turns out to be the reverse. A striking illustration of this is furnished by Dr. Haygarth. Being desirous to ascertain the period at which small-pox appeared after the exposure of a patient to the action of its poison, he collected thirty-seven cases which

\* Two persons left Orenburg, at which city cholera was prevalent, and arrived at Uralsk, in which it did not exist. They performed a quarantine of fourteen days at this last place; after which it would appear, from Sokoloff's report, they became the victims of the malady.—*Lichtenstädt*, p. 127.

which this malady was introduced into the neighbouring Isle of Bourbon. Baron Milius, the French governor of this colony, established the strictest quarantine regulations immediately on hearing the fate of the Isle of France. In spite of these precautions, we have the authority of the Madras Gazette, June 8, 1820, and the correspondence of the governor, Milius, himself, for

which occurred when this disease was epidemical at Chester, in the year 1774. 'The individuals affected were selected,' he says, 'from the children of the poorest families, among whom the intercourse was very intimate, living in the same room, and generally lying in the same bed, and not kept at a distance by any fear either of their parents or themselves.' Whenever the small-pox attacked one of a family, he noted the time of its appearance in the rest, and found that, out of these thirty-seven cases, some of the individuals were attacked as early as the third, seventh, and eighth days; four were seized on the eleventh; two on the twelfth; six on the fifteenth; and seven on the eighteenth; one patient was not attacked till the twenty-first day, two till the twenty-second, and one till the twenty-third. In these last four examples of close intimacy, and apparently sufficient exposure, the Doctor supposes the children not to have become infected till the seventh, eighth, and ninth days; that they then received the contagion, which lay latent for the usual term, in this malady, of twelve days, before the eruptive fever commenced. Let the circumstances under which these children were exposed to a disease confessedly far more infectious than cholera, be compared with those which accompanied the introduction of this latter malady into the Mauritius, and the objection as to length of time will cease to exist. If children can be exposed constantly, day and night, to the full effects of small-pox at its acme of virulence, and yet escape for eight or nine days, is there any improbability in supposing that the casual visitors of the *Topaze* might have escaped the contamination for a similar period of a poison which was possibly concealed a part of this time in some obscure corner of a trunk or bale of goods, or which gave out its pernicious exhalation in a part of the vessel to which they rarely descended? Allowing, then, eight or ten days to elapse before any one became infected, and a week before the symptoms declared themselves, the difficulty founded on the interval of twenty days between the arrival of the *Topaze*, and the appearance of cholera in Port Louis, vanishes.

The third objection, founded on the immunity of the crew of the *Topaze* during the whole time the epidemic was raging around them, is easily answered. In the first place, they who are willing to believe that the cholera was not communicated by contagion, but depended for its cause on some general atmospheric change, must account for the escape of those on board the frigate who were day and night in the same air, which, on their hypothesis, was infecting the people on shore, and those on board the rest of the ships in the harbour. But not to stop at this point. It is a constant phenomenon of all contagious epidemics, that the malady only rages for a time in one place, and that they who have lived through the term of its visitation, may afterwards have communication with infected persons or places without much risk. When the same army, which, under the Marquis of Hastings, had a little before been so dreadfully ravaged by cholera, was once again subjected to its influence, it was observed that the malady was principally confined to the fresh levies—those who had witnessed the first epidemic escaping.—(*Bengal Report*.) In the history of the plague, no observation is commoner than the one, that after it has ceased to affect the inhabitants of a city, it seizes on the strangers who come into it from the country, so that they who have been exposed to the influence of a contagious malady, possess or acquire a privilege of immunity which is denied to those who have not. The sailors of the frigate come under the former predicament—the ill-fated inhabitants of Port Louis under the latter—or the *Topaze*, with its crew, may be looked on as a village in which the cholera had swept off all who were peculiarly susceptible of the malady, and under this view we are only witnessing, on the ocean, with regard to this ship, that which was abundantly evident among the hamlets of Hindostan.

stating

stating that a smuggling vessel, named the *Pic-Var*, which sailed on the 7th of January from the Isle of France, landed a cargo of slaves near the town of St. Denis, in the Isle of Bourbon. On the 14th of the same month, eight slaves perished in that town. This was a signal for the inhabitants to quit the spot. The governor instantly established a lazaret for the reception of the sick, and a double military cordon to prevent communication with the interior of the country. The result of these precautions was, that two hundred and fifty-six individuals only were attacked, one hundred and seventy-eight of whom died. It is impossible not to be struck by the contrast when we compare the mortality in the English with that in the French colony, placed under precisely the same circumstances in all things save the wisdom and energy of its authorities. The two islands are within forty leagues of each other, enjoying the same climate, and possessing nearly the same kind of population; yet we find that in the Mauritius, one in four, according to general belief, or one in twelve, according to Sir Robert Farquhar, of the whole population perished; while, in the Isle of Bourbon, only one in fifteen hundred died.

A few months after the malady had established itself in the delta of the Ganges, it spread along the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, and entered Arracan in 1819. From thence it extended by a gradual progression into the peninsula of Malacca. In 1820, the kingdom of Siam was invaded by the malady, which destroyed forty thousand individuals at Bankok, its capital. The Burmese war introduced our troops and the cholera into the Burman empire in 1823. The proximity of China to the countries of Siam, Cochin China, and Cambodia, soon afforded an inlet into this immense empire. Canton was attacked in the autumn of 1820, since which period the cholera has established itself in these extensive territories, and appears to be as little likely to quit them as to leave our own Indian possessions. In 1823, the mortality of Nankin and Pekin was such, that the public treasury was obliged to furnish funds to bury the dead. In 1825, the Russian merchants attributed the diminution of trade at Kiachta, the Russo-Chinese mart, to the ravages of the cholera in China. A letter from the Russian Director of Customs at Kiachta, bearing date the 27th of April, 1827, states that the disease had passed the Great Chinese Wall, and had attacked the inhabitants of the town of Cocu-Choton, situated on the Great Desert of Cobi.

In July, 1821, the town of Muscat, situated at the eastern extremity of Arabia, nearly opposite to Bombay, was attacked by cholera. The mortality caused by the distemper was estimated at ten thousand individuals, and the bodies of the dead were towed

far out to sea, and sunk. M. de Jonnès states this fact as having been witnessed by one of our vessels, the *Kent*. We do not know the exact circumstances under which the disease reached this Arabian town: but

‘Mr. Hendy states, that as early as 1818, the commercial relations, so newly subsisting between Bombay and the ports of the Persian Gulf, amounted to seven thousand tons, which supposes one hundred or one hundred and twenty ships, employing one thousand hands. Besides these, there were seven hundred and thirty country ships, which, belonging to the various ports of the western coasts of India, often touched at Muscat in their voyages to more distant lands.’—*Jonnès*, p. 255.

There can be little doubt, then, that opportunities of communication between the infected towns of India and Muscat existed in such abundance, that the cholera might easily cross the three hundred leagues which separate this point of Arabia from Bombay. In the month of August the malady had attacked other towns on the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf, and especially the island of Bahrein, where a large concourse of people assemble for the pearl fishery. The Liverpool was witness to the mortality of the Arabs in this part of the Arabian peninsula. The crew of the vessel was attacked, so that three officers, several sailors, and the surgeon, perished.—*M. de Jonnès*, p. 258.

In the month of March, 1821, cholera raged in Bombay; before June of the same year, it appeared in our garrison in the island of Kishmè, as well as in the island of Ormuz. Immediately opposite to the last spot, the Persian port of Bender Abouschir, ‘known also by the names of Gambroon, Kosrom, and Buschir’ (p. 256, *M. de Jonnès*) is situated. It is the principal market for the merchandise of Persia on the one hand, and British India on the other. Here the disease appeared in the middle of July, 1821, and destroyed one-sixth of the inhabitants of the town. Having obtained a footing in the Persian territory, it extended to Shiraz, and, following *uniformly* the great thoroughfares, attacked, in succession, Yezd, Ispahan, and Tabreez—from whence the malady was propagated into Armenia.

When the cholera had once penetrated into the Persian Gulf, we saw that it immediately established itself on the principal coast towns of Arabia on one side, and Persia on the other. Bassora, which is situated at the head of this gulf, on the river Euphrates, was attacked nearly at the same time as Bender-Abouschir, Muscat, and Bahrein. Bassora, containing about 60,000 inhabitants, is the great market for Asiatic produce destined for the Ottoman empire. The disease lasted fourteen days in this city, in which time it carried off from 15,000 to

18,000



18,000 persons, or nearly one-fourth of the inhabitants. From Bassora it was carried, by the boats navigating the Tigris, as far as Bagdad, and there it destroyed one-third of the population.

From Bagdad the cholera ascended the Euphrates as far as the town of Annah, on the borders of the desert which separates Syria and Arabia. But apparently, as if this natural obstacle offered too great difficulties to its march over it with the caravans which cross it on their route into Syria, the disease died away at the approach of the winter of 1821. In the spring of 1822, it broke out suddenly in the neighbourhood of the Tigris and Euphrates, and now threatened the Syrian territories from another quarter. Avoiding the desert, the malady accompanied the caravans which traverse Merdine, Mosul, Diarbekir, Orfa, Bir, and Antab; and, having crossed the Syrian frontier in this direction, it reached Aleppo in the beginning of November, having attacked Mosul in the July previous. We have the authority of the French Consul for asserting, that the irruption of the malady was coincident with the arrival of the caravans in all these towns.

In seven months the cholera had extended its ravages from Carmania to Judæa, over a space of not less than a hundred leagues; and, once established on the shores of the Mediterranean, every facility to its immediate transmission into European ports appeared to be offered; nevertheless, Europe was destined to be invaded from a point which, of all others, combined the greatest number of obstacles to the progress of the disease. The town of Astrachan, situated at the embouchure of the Volga into the Caspian, was attacked in July, 1830. A brig had just arrived from the infected port of Bakoo, and eight of her crew died on the voyage. Once in possession of this point, the disease found a ready inlet to the principal towns of the Russian empire, afforded by the navigation of the Volga, Don, and Donec, on the banks of which they are, for the most part, situated. It will not be necessary to follow the progress of this malady farther, or to remark that the governments of Kief, Pultova, Podolia, Volhynia, Grodno, and Wilna were attacked by it in the spring of 1831, as the Russian forces, drawn from the infected country of the Ukraine, marched through them to Poland. The public prints have furnished ample details of the ravages of the cholera in this ill-fated country. We shall conclude this narrative, with a translation of a letter written by a clergyman, who witnessed the disease in Saratoff:—

‘ Scarcely had we heard of the breaking out of cholera in Astrachan, than the news came to us like lightning, that it was coursing the Volga, and that it was severe, and had already reached Zaretsin.

Without a dread of the presence of the angel of death, the Vice-Governor, the Medical Inspector, and the Government, as well as the Hospital Surgeon, at once went into the infected places of this province. On the evening of the 6th of August, we heard that three persons had been seized with cholera who had left Astracan, and were carried to our hospital. On the 7th, others were reported to have been carried off by this malady with such frightful rapidity, as to have impressed all minds with deep consternation, especially those who dwelt in the second division of the town. The disease soon appeared in the third division, and seized so many, that the hospital could no longer contain the sick, and killed so rapidly, that they scarcely survived six hours. The evil came so suddenly on us, that we had no time for taking precautions; our governor and our surgeons were gone to meet it afar off, in order to preserve our city, but it was already among us before any regulations could be made, or any means of opposing it could be devised. It could scarcely be reckoned an epidemic, depending on some change in the atmosphere, for many places were left untouched in our neighbourhood, while in Saratoff there was scarcely a family who had not to lament the loss of some of its members. All the poor who were attacked were instantly brought to the hospital, where there was neither room nor efficient aid, since the surgeons were absent. I myself saw the patients bled, and dosed with calomel, and rubbed with all sorts of unguents, yet all died who were attacked by the malady in the height of its virulence.

‘In the very commencement of the epidemic, all our four surgeons were seized with it; two died on their journey to Zaretzin, and one here. From this moment fear and anguish took possession of the public mind. They who could flee from the city, fled; and, as the malady was not considered contagious, servants, labourers, Tartars, and Russians, were permitted to rush into the country. My congregation, which consisted of five hundred and fifty individuals, was reduced to one hundred and fifty. Many of the fugitives died on the road, and spread the malady whithersoever they went.

‘From the 10th of August the malady increased in virulence; the daily mortality of four rose to five, twelve, twenty, eighty, one hundred and twenty, two hundred, and one day, to two hundred and sixty, and decreased in the same gradual mode. Up to the 30th of August, 2170 persons died. While all around was infected, Sarepta\*, in which the quarantine regulations were most strict, escaped, and yet this disease is not called contagious!

‘Up to the 11th August, none of my congregation had been attacked. On the 10th August, the Sunday after Trinity, I preached on the text,—“And he looked on the city, and wept;” and we wept too, in the midst of our desolation and anguish, for our children and ourselves. I comforted my flock, and exhorted them to trust in their God, as I read to them from the ninety-first Psalm,—“He shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence; thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

\* This is a colony of Moravians.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." I thus endeavoured to drive off dejection, and to substitute resignation: many were strengthened. I felt, for hours, the peril, but I felt no less the sanctity of my duties; and my whole soul prayed within me, as I sighed, "Preserve me, O Lord! for my flock's sake, and for mine own. Without murmur do I offer up my life for thy service. Help me, O Lord! and strengthen me." On the 11th August, I was called at noon to our old sexton, who was suffering from vomiting and frightful spasms. I encouraged him, desired him to be bled, and to take calomel: he is still alive. Immediately after, I was sent for to a young pregnant woman. I did all that my duties enjoined, but she died. Others soon followed her—all dying in twelve to twenty-four hours. They had the usual symptoms, with dreadful cramps. The hands and feet were cold and blue, cold sweat flowed in streams, and the pressure of death was felt on their chests. The thirst was intolerable, and caused insufferable agony in the mouth and throat. 13th August.—I was called to four persons, who all but one took the sacrament and died. Some of these I visited at night, and as I passed through the poorer streets I could scarcely place my foot without being made aware I was near a cholera patient. It was with great effort I could master my nature sufficiently to enter into these abodes of misery. I found the wife lying on straw, and the husband on hay, near her, both affected. I felt sick as I held the sacramental vessels in my hands, and found myself in the midst of death and pestilence. Latterly, I became more hardened and courageous. 14th.—To-day, I blessed four corpses in their houses, and having time I accompanied them to their graves. As we journeyed we were met by sixty funerals. 15th August.—Last night I was called to many sick, all of whom died in less than twenty-four hours. At six this evening I saw Mr. v. H——, who was, to all appearance, in health. At ten he was attacked; surgeons were sent for, but none could be found, for all were ill. At length a medical pupil came, who did not think it necessary to bleed him. The patient became colder and colder. At four in the morning I administered to him the sacrament for the dying. At nine I visited him again: he was calm, cheerful, and resigned, and pressed me feebly, yet affectionately, with his ice-cold hands. At eleven o'clock he was a corpse. On the 17th, many begged me to administer the sacrament in the church. I did so, and hundreds came and were comforted. One who could not be present in the morning, as his children were attacked with the disease, came to me in the evening, feeling that he was infected. The malady broke out in him at the very moment I began to administer the sacrament, and caused the deepest trouble of conscience. It was long before I could succeed in calming him.

If the detail we have given be perused with common attention,  
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the reader cannot but be impressed with a conviction as deep as that felt by ourselves, that the disease has been propagated by contagion. It is of such paramount importance, however, to decide rightly on this question, that nothing must be thought superfluous, nothing troublesome, by which the facts can be brought clearly before us. In attempting to accomplish this, it will be necessary to disentangle the argument from the mass of historical detail in which it is mixed, and present it simple and naked to the reader, so that he may view it from every side, and try it by every test.

We shall arrange the evidence on this subject into various classes, according to the nature of the facts, and to their general bearing on the question at large. The first class of evidence may be looked on as totally independent of human opinion, as resting solely on those facts concerning the rise and progress of the malady which are admitted by every one.

First, the cholera in its progress has always been traced along the great thoroughfares of a country, attacking places in *succession*. In the presidency of Bengal, it coursed along the banks of the Ganges for four hundred leagues;—it attacked all the towns situated on the Jumna; and from Allahabad, at the confluence of these two rivers, it attacked the districts watered by the tributaries of these streams. It followed the course of the Bourampootra, the Gogra, Chamboul, Betiva, and the Sind;—it ‘affected,’ to use the language of the Bengal Report, ‘certain districts, and appeared along the principal high roads of the province.’ In the presidency of Madras, it travelled along the great thoroughfares, and successively attacked the principal towns through which these pass. On the eastern side of the peninsula, the malady traversed the towns situated on the coast road from Aska to Palmacottah, progressing from one to another, as testified by the Madras Report, with wonderful regularity, both as to time and distance. From Nagpoor, as a central point, the cholera was propagated from town to town, till, crossing a defile and an arm of the sea, it was transported from Panwell to the island of Bombay. When the distemper reached Jaulna, three great roads lay open to it: one leading to Bombay, along which we have just traced its progress, a second running down the centre of the peninsula, and a third leading to the east coast. A single glance at the map published with the Madras Report shows that the principal towns situated on these two last thoroughfares became successively attacked. If it be considered, then, how many towns and villages the disease did not attack in a country like India, teeming with population, the almost exclusive selection of those on the high roads cannot be looked on as accidental. But to proceed. In the

the continent of Eastern Asia, the cholera also followed the great media of communication between mankind. The disease coursed along the banks of the Irawaddy into the interior of the Burmese empire. The Meinam served to introduce this scourge into the pure and salubrious regions of Siam—the Cambodia into Cochin China. In Persia the malady followed the caravan road, beginning at a sea-port mart for Indian goods, and attacking successively Schiraz, Ispahan, Tabriz, and Tiflis;—from Tiflis, it traversed the Caucasus, by the only pass which leads to the Russian province of Astracan.\* On the coast of the Caspian each port was successively attacked, and where there was but one road, again it followed that road. In Asia Minor, the malady, which began at Bassorah (another mart for Indian goods), travelled along the banks of the Euphrates to Annah—a town situated on the borders of the Syrian desert. Apparently not being able to overcome this natural obstacle to its progress, it quitted the caravans which enter Syria in this direction, to follow, in the next spring, those which reach Aleppo by traversing Mosul, Diarbekir, Orfa, and Bir: in each of which the French consul says the breaking-out of the cholera was

\* In case this statement should ever again be questioned, we subjoin the detailed proof as given by Dr. Lichtenstadt from the Russian Gazettes.

From Teheran the disease spread over the whole province of Mazanderan; thus obtaining possession of the southern coast of the Caspian. There were now three thoroughfares opened to the extension of the cholera into the Russian province of Astracan. Either the malady might be propagated by means of the maritime communication offered by the navigation of the Caspian, or it might be communicated along the inland thoroughfares. Of these there are but two, which lead from Georgia to the government of Caucasus. One of these keeps close by the shores of the Caspian, passing through all the coast towns from Bakoo to Kizlar, and from thence to Astracan. The other, not a coast road, traverses Tabriz, Erivan, and Tiflis; here it is met by the roads which follow the course of the river Khour. Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, is, therefore, the point at which the few great thoroughfares of Persia meet. From Tiflis there is but a single route which leads through Tchét and Ananour to the foot of the only pass which traverses the Caucasus. This pass, known by the name of the gates of the Caucasus, has the small town of Kobay on the Georgian side, and the town of Mozdok on the Russian side of this chain of mountains. The official documents now published prove indubitably this important point, namely, that the disease spread from Georgia into Astracan by the only three means of communication existing between the two places. From Teheran the cholera extended, as we have already observed, over the province of Mazanderan along the shores of the Caspian. In the spring of 1830 it attacked the towns of Amol and Reshd, and once more ravaged Tabriz. In the middle of June the disease first broke out in the province of Shirvan and Salijani, and from thence it gradually spread, says the Petersburg Gazette, over the province of Bakoo and Cuba, the Chana-Talycha, Derbent, the province of Schicha, and the circle of Elizabethpol. From Elizabethpol the malady spread along the banks of the Khour, and appeared in the neighbourhood of Tiflis on the 27th July. Between the 31st July and the 6th August, two hundred and fifty-eight persons perished of cholera in this capital. From Tiflis the malady spread to the little villages at the foot of the Caucasus; to Tchét, Kaishour, Kobay, Kasbeg, on the direct road to the gates of the Caucasus; and touching all the intermediate points, it appeared at Mozdok, Zerdrin, and Kizlar, on the other side of this range of mountains.

coincident

coincident with the arrival of the caravan. From Aleppo, the disease radiated in three directions—along the coast of the Mediterranean downwards towards St. Jean d'Acre, upwards to Adana, and inland through the towns of Famia, Hems, and Damascus. These latter towns are the resting-places of the caravans; the others are on the coast road. In Russia the cholera began at Astrachan, which is situated on the Volga, a river which traverses the largest towns of the empire, serving as a great medium of intercommunion between them. These towns suffered successively. Near one of these, Zaritzin, three great roads branch off, one along the Volga, leading to the northern provinces, another to the southern, and a third to the central portions of the empire. The disease took these three roads to devastate the north, south, and centre of Russia simultaneously.

Are we to believe that the cholera has the predilection of an alderman for easy travelling, or the *empressement* of a courier for rapid movement, that it selects the best roads for its dreadful invasion? By what species of attraction are its supposed and fanciful causes, electricity, 'poisonous exhalations from the earth,' an infected stratum of air, determined in favour of a high road, to the exclusion of a neighbouring cross road? By what cause are these natural agents led to prefer the convenience of a defile to the rugged ascent and descent of a mountainous chain? Is there any peculiar attraction in the opportunities afforded by the easy conveyance of a caravan, a boat, or a ship, that the cholera always appears to travel, not only in their track—but with them, resting where these rest, visiting where these visit?

The second remarkable fact noticed in the progress of cholera is, that it does not attack a large space of territory of a new country at once, but gradually; the first point of attack being invariably on a frontier or a coast.

The disease was communicated to Ceylon from the opposite point of the peninsula; the two places at which it first appeared nearly simultaneously, were Jaffnapatam and Colombo, both on the coast, and in constant communication with the continent. Between these two spots, including a range of at least two hundred and fifty miles of interior territory, we have the authority of Deputy Inspector Farrell, that no case of cholera could, on sufficient inquiry, be found. From these places it spread into the interior, and ultimately attacked Candy, the capital. In the island of Sumatra, the malady first appeared at Acheen. In Java, Batavia and the other coast-towns were first visited. A glance at the maps published by Jonnès and Hawkins will show, that the ports of the various islands of the Indian ocean were the places at which the malady began. In the Isles of France and of Bourbon the cholera



cholera broke out in Port Louis and Port St. Denis. In the Persian Gulf the places first attacked were Muscat, Bender Abouchir, the isle of Bahrein, and Bassorah, all situated on the coast, or having direct communication with it by means of navigable rivers. From these points the disease spread into Persia and Syria. In Russia, the spots first attacked were Astracan and Orenburg, the one a coast, the other a frontier town, and both great marts for Asiatic produce.

A third fact in the progress of cholera is, indeed, that whenever it invades a new country it begins in a great commercial mart. There seems to be no exception to this law, except where the disease has been imported by invading armies. How are we to account for this selection on the principle of non-contagion? If the disease were transported by the winds, it is true that the coasts and frontiers of a country would be attacked before the interior, but then the places so visited would be numerous; we should expect, for instance, that not only Astracan but the various villages near it on the Caspian shores would have been simultaneously ravaged. Neither can it be urged that the density of the population was the cause, for nothing can be more unequal than the population of the various coast and frontier towns attacked by cholera. Compare the population of the little islands of Amboina, Penang, and Ormuz, with that of Canton, Astracan, and Orenburg, and which of them is to be taken as the measure of an unwholesomely dense population? Many of the coast and frontier towns which, not being great commercial marts, escaped, had a more dense population than others in the same countries which were attacked.

A fourth fact to be observed is, that the rapidity of the propagation of the disease appears to have been proportional to the distances and to the means of communication. The closest and most rapid communication exists most unequivocally where large masses of people are gathered together for the celebration of some festival or religious rite: in these the mortality has invariably been frightfully rapid and extensive. The instances of this in the Indian Reports are very numerous. Armies present examples of inter-communication which may rank the next: the discipline of the camp imposes many restraints on the promiscuous and constant inter-communion which exists in a mere crowd; nevertheless, the mortality of armies attacked by cholera, both as to intensity and rapidity, has been such as to decide the fate of a campaign in a day. The Marquis of Hastings stated officially, that had the disease continued longer in the army under his personal command, the result of the important manœuvres in

which



which he was then engaged might have been very different.\* The Persian army, after being attacked by the disease, was forced to retreat, and to make peace with the Turks. That this mortality is to be attributed mainly, if not solely, to inter-communion, will be apparent if we consider the state of our troops in India: they were young, healthy men, provided with excellent food, fit clothing, and proper shelter, encamped, as it would appear from the narrative, and not as yet exposed to inordinate fatigue: their discipline enforced habits of care and cleanliness. In all these essentials an army has a decided advantage over the lower orders of a town, yet the mortality may always be stated to be more intense in the same time among troops than among towns-people.

The circumstances being the same, the mortality is the greatest in the most populous and commercial towns, and in these the disease breaks out oftenest. The partial irruptions of cholera in the principal towns of the presidency of Bengal amount to two hundred in fourteen years, namely, from 1817 to 1830; in that of Madras the number is one hundred and seventy-eight in the same period; in the presidency of Bombay it amounts to fifty-five, thus making a total of four hundred and thirty-three visitations of the cholera in the cities of Indostan in fourteen years. During this short period, Calcutta has been attacked fourteen times, or once every year, Madras nine times, Bombay twelve times. After the capitals, the largest and most commercial towns suffer next, as Benares, Dacca, Dinapore, &c.†

Every thing which facilitates intercourse facilitates the progress of the malady. Thus its progress is more rapid along a sea-coast than over land. On the 15th of June, 1830, the cholera was at Bakoo; on the 26th of July, 1830, it had reached Gourieff, touching all the intermediate coast-towns of the Caspian, and traversing more than two hundred leagues.

Whenever a rapid and navigable river has allowed the disease to be carried by means of its tributaries in various directions, and over a large extent of country, the progress of the malady has been as rapid as the flow of its waters, and as extensive as the countries which they fertilize.

The cholera attacked Astracan on the 20th of July; it ascended the Volga to Twer, a distance of five hundred and fifty leagues, in a little more than two months. Its progress was equally rapid at the very same time along the Don to Woronetz; and no less so on the banks of the Dnieper; so that in six months the disease

\* Jamieson's Bengal Report.

† Vide the List of Places attacked, chronologically arranged by M. de Jonnès, and reprinted by Dr. B. Hawkins.

had traversed Russia from the Caucasian provinces to the governments of Twer and Yarastaf, a distance of seven hundred leagues.

Let this rate of progression of cholera in a civilized country, where the means of communication are constant and easy, be compared with that in a less civilized region, and the truth of our assertion will be made still more manifest. Thus while the malady took but six months to traverse seven hundred leagues in Russia, it took one year to journey three hundred leagues from the north to the south of Persia. In our Indian possessions, which may be said to approach nearer to the standard of European civilization than Persia, the rate of propagation of the disease was increased. The cholera traversed the peninsula, east to west, from the Bay of Bengal to the Bay of Cambay, a distance of four hundred and fifty leagues, in less than a year; from north to south, three hundred leagues in nine months. It took less than two years to travel from the Persian Gulf to the shores of the Mediterranean. Surely we may ask if the means by which the cholera is propagated be not strangely analogous to those by which the various societies of mankind inter-communicate? Like man, it travels along the high roads from town to town, gradually, and attacks the most populous and commercial first. In its visits to an uninfected country, it selects the principal port or frontier town, and from thence takes the most frequented thoroughfares to reach the largest cities. If the means of communication be rapid, the progress of the disease is rapid: if they be slow, the malady lingers in its march: if the distance be great, the time taken to travel it is proportionably so.

Finally, we must impress on the reader, that the very capriciousness exhibited in the progress of the disease is easily accounted for on the supposition that it is communicated by human intercourse, but remains inexplicable, if the cause of the propagation of cholera be looked for in the uniform action of physical agents and laws. It was remarked in the epidemic of Orenburg, as it had been often before in India, that the disease did not always attack the places nearest to an infected town, but sometimes ranged from one town to another, passing over the intermediate points. Sometimes it made a circle, and, after attacking a number of villages in a district, returned to those which had hoped to have escaped the scourge. If we believe the disease to have been propagated by contagion, we can readily account for these facts. The persons who quit an infected spot travel in one direction rather than another, or they remain not at the nearest, but possibly journey on to a distant village. The communication between the infected town and the nearest spot to it, may be less strict than between it and some more distant village. If, in addition to these things,  
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we take into consideration the action of other circumstances on the population of a district, such as the healthy situation of a particular town, the cleanliness, or the want of it in the several villages, the affluence or poverty of the inhabitants at different places, we shall have abundant causes which determine the propagation of cholera from an uniform into an eccentric course.

This eccentricity, however, is always confined to a district, and to the commencement of the disease in it. The progress of the malady is singularly uniform over large spaces of territory; it never jumps over a kingdom; but as certainly as it attains its frontier, so surely it reaches its centre. As the communication between the infected town and the rest of the places in its vicinity or district may fairly be assumed as more intimate than between it and more distant parts of the empire or kingdom—so we invariably find, as the Indian reports testify, that the whole of the district which has once been attacked is ravaged, *before* the disease appears in the nearest healthy district. If we look on the map of the progress of cholera in India, (affixed to the Madras Report,) we shall see that, however eccentric that may have been over small portions of territory, it is remarkably uniform over larger ones. Thus the places attacked in the months of May, June, and August, are all contiguous, and are comprehended between the 21st and 16th parallels of latitude; those attacked in August, September, October, and November, are included between the 12th and the 16th. The rest of the peninsula included between the 8th and 12th, was subjected to the malady in the consecutive months of November, December, and January. There are no skips or omissions in the general progress. It stalks from district to district, and from kingdom to kingdom, with such uniformity, that its approaches may be, and have been, predicted.

In this feature of the uniformity of the progress of cholera, when we trace it over large spaces, and its eccentricity over smaller ones, we recognize with equal distinctness the action of circumstances which influence human intercourse. In a country like India, filled with trading towns, where the benefits of civilization are generally diffused, the commercial movement is uniform; there is an average voyage for water-transport; there is an average daily journey for the horse, or bullock. The necessities of commerce, and the means by which it is carried on, are favourable to uniformity of movement *over large spaces in all countries*, although the particular rate of progress may vary in each. The case, however, is different with regard to a small district; here they who wish to avoid an infected town, remove from it how and when they like,

like, and journey as fast or as slowly as it suits their convenience. The progress of the malady over large tracts of territory is like that of the *traveller*, or *courier*, who is obliged to use the modes of transport provided by the customs, habits, and government of the country through which he passes; while the propagation of cholera in a *district* follows the movements of *residents* whose wills are unfettered, and whose modes of transport are ever at hand.

The facts which we shall select for our second class, form the basis of the direct evidence of contagiousness. These facts may be arranged into three orders; the first of which prove the proposition *positively*, as when the disease is shown to have been propagated by the known and immediate intercourse of the uninfected with the infected. The second order proves the same, *negatively*, as when it is shown that they who avoid intercourse with the sick escape the malady, although living under the same general circumstances of climate, soil, food, &c. The third are the facts of coincidence,—as when the cholera breaks out in a healthy spot after the arrival, from infected places, of individuals who do not themselves labour under the malady. On this last order of facts, the evidence in favour of infection by merchandise, or any inanimate substance, mainly depends. To begin, we quote a few passages from the Indian Reports:—

‘ It appeared at Gooty, where no case had been observed for six months before, immediately after the arrival of the 1st battalion, 16th regiment, in which it prevailed with great mortality. It is remarkable that the same formidable type of the disease, which prevailed in the marching corps, was communicated to the corps at Gooty. It also spread on that occasion to the adjacent villages. It appeared in a detachment [of artillery, previously perfectly healthy, upon their encamping on the ground which had been immediately before vacated by the 1st battalion, 8th regiment N. I., in which corps the disease prevailed; the bodies of several persons who had died of cholera remained exposed on the ground when it was taken up by the artillery. The 6th regiment of cavalry having left Ellore, where cholera did not exist, arrived at a place where it prevailed; and a squadron of the regiment having been necessitated, from the loss of their tents, to take possession of an old pagoda in the village for shelter, cholera broke out in the corps at that place, and this squadron furnished almost every case of it. . . . The prisoners in a jail inclosed with a high wall escaped cholera, while it prevailed all around them. . . . When cholera is once established in a marching regiment, it continues its course in spite of change of position, food, or other circumstances. Its approach to a town has been traced from village to village, and its first appearance in the town has been in that quarter which was nearest the track of its progress. . . . When cholera appeared in the 34th regiment, on the route from Bellary to Bangalore, all the villages which they passed suffered from it immediately afterwards; and

and a native soldier, travelling from Bangalore to Nundidroog, at neither of which stations cholera had appeared, passing through the camp of the 34th regiment while the disease prevailed, was attacked by it, and died shortly after reaching Nundidroog.'

'A detachment of Europeans, in which cholera was prevalent, arrived at Hyderabad in May, 1819, and were encamped about two hundred yards in front of the quarters occupied by the artillery. The disease did not at this time exist in the cantonments; but in three or four days afterwards it appeared in the artillery. . . . The detachment who had marched from Madras were attacked with cholera at the river Kistnah: it continued to infest them on the route to Secundrabad. The villages on the road were at this time free of the disease; but a medical officer, who travelled on the same road from Kistnah to Secundrabad, about two weeks afterwards, found it prevailing in every village. The inhabitants asserted that it had commenced after the passage of the detachment.'—*Madras Report*, p. 8.

'The disease prevailed in Nagpoor during the month of May; and upon hearing of the march of Captain Doveton with a detachment, some of which were afflicted by the cholera morbus, it was generally apprehended that the disease might be brought hither with it. The detachment arrived towards the end of June; the cholera appeared here on the 3d of July.

'The Russell brigade arrived here on the 4th, and left this on the 5th, without a symptom of the disease, which broke out with great mortality among them a few days after; and Messrs. Palmer arrived here on the 4th, and marched on the 6th, without sickness. Before they arrived at Aurungabad, many of their party were taken ill, and the disease was introduced into Aurungabad shortly after their arrival.'—*Report of Assistant-Surgeon J. Kellie, Jaulnah, 7th July, 1818.*

'During a march, performed some months since, at a time when no cholera was prevailing, an ordinary havildar was suddenly affected. Being anxious for his recovery, I remained in the hospital for several hours, watching the progress of his disease; I felt a little nausea at the moment of quitting the tent, but attributed it to the peculiar fetor which evolved from the evacuations. On the following morning I was attacked with cholera, which had nearly proved fatal. No other case occurred. In the same detachment, a short time previously, it happened that a woman, who was very anxious for the safety of her child, slept in the hospital tent, in which several cholera cases were present. In the morning, she was attacked with cholera, and died. Besides this woman, three orderlies, attendant on the sick, slept within the hospital, and in the morning one of these was attacked. Thus, it will be seen that four individuals sleep in an hospital containing the infection of cholera, and that two are, on the following morning, attacked with the disease, being one-half of the whole exposed to it; whereas, from the whole camp, consisting probably of 1500 or 1600, not five cases had occurred.'—*Assistant-Surgeon E. Chapman, 1821.* p. 189.

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The number of similar examples contained in the three reports of Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, is very great. Moreau de Jonnès says he has reckoned up from them more than eighty instances of importation of cholera from one place to another by corps of troops on their march. We have not taken the same trouble; but we can safely assert it to be almost impossible to open these books at any part without falling on instances which prove the contagious nature of cholera. Staff-surgeon Salamoff gives the following particulars of the origin and progress of the malady in Astracan, and its neighbourhood:

‘The cholera first showed itself on board a ship of war, on the 3d July, 1830, which had come from the infected port of Bakoo. Everything remained quiet in Astracan till the 20th July,—the disease was confined to the Seidtoff quarantine place,—but on that fatal day three men were attacked by cholera in Astracan, and the malady soon spread in the city. On the 27th it reached the suburbs, and passing from thence into the nearest villages, it extended at length over the province.’—*Lichtenstadt*, p. 180.

‘The villages nearest Astracan were first attacked. On the 7th, Baschmakow, Kulakowsk, Osüpnabagrow, Tripotaski, which are only three or four wersts distant from the city, and in constant communication with it, and to which, in the panic, many fled from Astracan, first suffered. In a few days after, places situated a little further became infected. This was the case with the village of Tscherepacha, in which the first person seized with cholera was a labourer, who, with some others, had come hither from Astracan. On the 29th, the malady reached the Cossack stations, and the town of Enotawesk, on the high road to Moscow. It was carried by fugitives, who were taken ill on the way, and infected all the healthy places through which they passed. In Enotawesk, the malady appeared simultaneously with the arrival of a sick serf from Astracan.

‘On the 29th July, a bark, of which one of the crew was attacked by cholera, came to Tchernoi-yar. On the 8th of August, the disease showed itself in the city, and was communicated to their neighbours the Kirghese, and to the nearest places, as Solodnick, Kowsko, and Wusowka. In one of these the first patient was a soldier, who, having contracted the infection at Zaretzin, was seized on his return to that place, whence he had been taking some prisoners. On the 25th July, the disease began at Krasnoi-yar, thirty wersts from Astracan. A soldier and a young girl, who had both just come from the last city, being the two first people attacked.

‘On the 3d August it got into the possessions of M. Necrassan, situated fifteen wersts from Krasnoi-yar, and the Algarin hills, which are in the vicinity of the city, and ultimately it stole along the Cossack cordon on the Caspian line, which has constant communication with the city. Makowsky and Schitinski, places which lie near the mouths of the Volga, between Astracan and the Caspian, are inhabited by fishermen, who were in the capital of the province when the disease broke

broke out there. Being terrified, they fled home, but not soon enough to escape infection. Some fell victims to the cholera on their way, while others first reached their homes before they sickened. They spread the disease among the rest of the community.

‘On the 1st of August, an Armenian, who had recovered from the cholera, slept at the house of a poor salt-labourer, at Bazinsk; the man was seized the next day, and died of the malady. Many farms and gardens escaped infection by cutting off all communication with Astracan: this was also the case with the villages which had adopted similar precautions; as those, for example, belonging to the lordships of Smirnoff, Beketoff, and Prince Dolgorucki, Sarepta, a town distant twenty-five wersts from Zaretsin, and some others. In Astracan especially, whole households were infected by one sick individual. I have known families who have lost five and six of their members by cholera. The often repeated assertion, that they who attended the sick remain exempt is not true, for which of these escaped? Three physicians had the disease fully developed, the others only some precursory symptoms, which they remedied by bleeding. The inspection of the dead bodies proves nothing, for only two were opened. I was present when the first of these was dissected, and no surgeon had any thing to do with the operation, but the pupil who examined the body was himself attacked. Very many of the hospital attendants died of cholera; few wholly escaped, and not a single nurse.’—*Ibid.*

The following is the report of an eminent British medical officer:—

‘*St. Petersburg, July 15th, 1831.*

‘In my first communication to the government, after stating my entire conviction of the perfect identity of the disease now prevailing here with the true Indian cholera, I noticed that the vomiting of fluid and retching were not so incessant as in India, neither were the evacuations from the bowels so copious or so frequent. Further observation of the disease has confirmed the truth of what I then remarked; and even where the vomiting and purging exist at the commencement, they much sooner cease, or are more easily checked.

‘But the disease appears in this country to be further modified, and to present a new *feature to me* in the nature of the fever which, in the second stage, succeeds to the first, the state of collapse, and what appears to be fully as dangerous, if not more so, than the cold stage. Persons attacked with the cholera in India were generally convalescent in a very short time, and restored to health in a most surprising manner, without passing through any intermediate state of fever; and when the re-action was followed by a feverish state, it generally partook of the character and type of the common bilious fever of the country, and was rarely, except in some circumstances and constitutions, attended by cerebral, abdominal, or other congestions, but yielded readily, on the removal of acrid, vitiated bilious accumulations in the bowels, by means of purgatives, &c. Here, however, the cases of recovery from the first (the cold or collapsed) stage of the cholera are few, and so soon almost as the re-action takes place,



place, they fall into a state of fever partaking very much of the typhoid character, which is indicated by a dry, brown, foul tongue, suffusion of the countenance and eyes, stupor, low and languid pulse, &c. &c.; and *many*, I should even say *more*, from what we have observed, are carried off in this stage than in the first or primary attack of the disease. In comparison with the other classes of society, the proportion of medical men and attendants on the sick who have been taken ill during the present epidemic here is infinitely greater than in India, and forms another important feature of difference. Out of two hundred and sixty-four medical men in St. Petersburg, twenty-five have been seized, and nine have died of cholera, since the breaking out of the epidemic, and four others have died at Cronstadt out of the small number residing there. Though we have not yet obtained official returns of the number, we are satisfied, from the statements we have personally received in the numerous hospitals we have visited, that the proportionate number of attendants, of all descriptions, on the sick, who have been taken ill with cholera, is fully greater than that of the medical men.

‘What I have just stated, with other startling facts we have learnt here, with regard to the introduction of cholera in different parts of Russia, and its exclusion by precautionary measures, have necessarily a *good deal shaken my belief* as to the disease not being communicable by persons or effects. It seems *tolerably well ascertained* that the cholera has not broken out spontaneously in any place without communication by persons or effects coming from infected places. But it is somewhat singular and unaccountable that the disease has appeared in situations where the persons arriving did not themselves labour under the disease at the time of their arrival.

‘I shall here quote one of the best authenticated instances of the above, as it is also further important in showing *the length of time during which the disease may remain in the human constitution without declaring itself*. About the month of November last year, when the epidemic cholera was on the decline at Casan, and when the prisoners were assembling from different parts of the empire, to be transported to Siberia, a party of them were dispatched from Casan to Perm, which they reached in about *twenty-five days*. They were all healthy at the time of their setting out; no casualties occurred on the road; the cholera was not prevalent in any part of the country through which they passed; and when they arrived at Perm, the principal town of the district or government of that name, the disease was unknown *there*, never having reached it. They were conveyed to the jail out of the town by a *détour*, so that they might not pass through it at all. A few days after their arrival the cholera broke out among them, and spread to the other prisoners in the jail; and about fifteen died in all. The only two other persons who were taken ill were two soldiers, one of whom was sentry at the prison-gate, and the other had accompanied the funeral of some of the deceased to the place of interment. In consequence of the precau-  
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tions taken by the governor of the town and district, the cholera never appeared beyond the prison, and the town remained free from the disease.

‘At a consultation of forty of the most respectable physicians of this city, thirty-eight came to the conclusion, after mature deliberation of the documents laid before them, that the disease was infectious, and only two were of an opposite opinion.

‘Public opinion here, as elsewhere, however, continues much divided as to the communicable or infectious nature of the disease; and it is extremely difficult to get at the truth of the facts which bear directly on the point, as they are often denied, frequently contradicted, and explained away. But we had the following from the mouth of a highly respectable officer, in the presence of Dr. Rehman, the principal civil physician in the empire, one of the ablest, clearest, and most intelligent medical men we have yet met with. In a village of the government of Pensa, where this medical officer was sent, in consequence of the breaking out of the cholera, to trace its origin, and to afford medical aid, he learnt the following circumstances, which are attested by all the village authorities, and of which we are promised an authentic copy, signed by himself:—The son of a villager, who was coachman to a nobleman at fifty versts distance, died of cholera. The father went to the place to collect the effects of the son, and brought home with him his clothes, which he put on and wore a day or two after his arrival at his native village: he was shortly thereafter seized with cholera, and died of it. Three women, who had watched him in sickness, and washed his body after death, were also seized, and died of the disease. The doctor arrived in time to see the fourth case, and finding that it spread on that side of the village, he had the common street barricaded on the side where the disease had not reached, and interdicted all communication of the two sides of the village, even for the purpose of going to church. *In that side in which the disease first broke out, upwards of one hundred cases of cholera occurred, of whom forty-five died; but the disease did not appear on the other side of the barricade.*’

This last instance brings us naturally to our second division of facts; and the number of those which prove the contagiousness of cholera *negatively*, is also ample. We select the following:—

‘In November, 1822, when the cholera prevailed at Aleppo, M. de Lesseps, the French consul, invited all the resident Franks to accompany him to his country house, which was situated in the vicinity of the town. They took refuge in a garden, which was surrounded by a high wall and a ditch. Two doors only were kept open, the one serving for ingress, the other for going out. The number of individuals thus congregated consisted of about two hundred Franks and some natives. Notwithstanding the variety of constitutions, habits, and manners of this little colony, not one was attacked by a malady which was raging all around them.’

‘M. Guys, the French consul at Lattaquia, shut himself up, with all the Europeans, when the cholera was decimating the inhabitants

tants of the town. Like M. de Lesseps, he continued in his asylum during the whole period of the irruption of the disease, permitting nothing to enter without submitting first to the quarantine precautions adopted in the case of the plague: they all escaped. This experiment was tried in several other towns in the Mediterranean, and with the like success.

'When the cholera was ravaging the Mauritius, M. de Choza! shut himself up in his house, and subjected all the inmates to the strictest quarantine regulations. He and his household were left untouched.

'While the malady was destroying 15,000 inhabitants in the town of Manilla in the space of fourteen days, the captains of the different vessels riding in the harbour, having interdicted their crews from intercourse with the shore, preserved them in health. The governor of a small town, Cavité, situated in the bay, preserved the inhabitants by similar precautions.'—*M. de Jonnés*, p. 150.

'Many gardens and farms escaped the disease by cutting off all communication with Astracan; this was also the case with all the villages which had adopted similar precautions: as, for example, those on the estates of Smirnow, Beketow, and Prince Dolgorucki.'—*Salanoff*.

'While the cholera was devastating the towns on the banks of the Volga, Sarepta, one of these, shut its gates, interdicted all intercourse with the infected places, and escaped the disease.'—*Ibid*.

'In Persia, when the malady was attacking the large towns on the high roads, the caravans were forbidden to pass through Teheran, the residence of the Shah. This measure was adopted on the recommendation of Dr. Martinengo. This capital remained free from 1821 to 1829, after which it was attacked, owing to a neglect of the means which had hitherto preserved it.'—*Jonnès*.

'When the disease was threatening to enter into Egypt through Syria, the pasha applied to the Supreme Board of Health of Paris for directions, by which the fatal junction of the Indian cholera with the plague might be prevented in the valley of the Nile. They transmitted the necessary rules, which were strictly enforced by his Highness. To this day Egypt has remained uninfected by cholera.'—*Ibid*.

'The Cape of Good Hope,' says Dr. B. Hawkins, 'has escaped for no better reason that we can discover, than through the very rigid system of quarantine which was formed by the Dutch, and on the strict maintenance of which they stipulated in their articles of capitulation.'—p. 155.

The same author states, 'that at Caramala Gubeewa, some Russian peasants, living together, scarcely one hundred yards from the village, shut up their hamlet on the first report of the disease having appeared in their vicinity, and by establishing a strict quarantine during the prevalence of the epidemic, remained in health. The large establishment composing the Academy of Military Cadets at Moscow was preserved, by a similar plan, from a scourge which was so active on all sides.'—p. 115.

<sup>4</sup> The crews of vessels, and the troops on board, have never experienced an attack of cholera till they had communication with the shore.'—*Madras Report*, p. 44.

The number of the *facts of coincidence*, constituting our third order, is not less overwhelming.

Soon after the cholera had reached the extremity of the peninsula of India, it appeared in Ceylon in two places, between which and the main land there was constant commercial intercourse. Immediately after Malacca was infected, the island of Sumatra, which is separated from the main land by a narrow strait, was attacked. Penang and Singapore, islands in the channel, were all simultaneously attacked. In none of these examples does it appear that the malady was communicated by infected individuals, who landed. All that we know is, that the disease did not break out in these islands until it had previously ravaged a neighbouring territory with which there was constant commercial intercourse. Bangkok, the capital of Siam, became infected in 1820, coincident with the arrival of British vessels from India, which conveyed their goods up the river to the town. At Java the disease appeared on the arrival of the trading junks coming from Samarang. At Manilla, the malady appeared after the arrival of vessels from infected places. The Moluccas suffered after Dutch vessels coming from Calcutta had touched. We know that Bombay, and the western coast of India, were infected in 1821; that vessels from the various ports in it touched at the islands of Ormuz, Kishmé, at Bender Abouschir, Muscat, and Bassorah, and we also know, that at all those places in the Persian Gulf the cholera broke out in 1821. Further, we know, that caravans, which received Indian goods at the above ports, travelled through Arabia, Mesopotamia, Persia, and Syria; and that cholera followed their various tracks, and appeared immediately after their arrival in the places where they rested. The case of Port Louis has been detailed in a preceding part of our paper. Sebastopol and Odessa became infected shortly after the arrival of Russian ships of war, which had touched at Kerti and other infected ports. As the Russian armies marched into Poland from the infected governments of Koursk and Cherkoff, the towns on their route became successively affected. Kief, Braslaf, Kamenetz, Zastaf, Lutz, were attacked; the malady thence penetrated into Poland by Lublin, and reached Warsaw. The Polish government state, in their circular, Jan. 1, 1831, 'that whenever the two armies met, cholera was sure to attack the Polish troops.' This was the case immediately after the battle of Ostrolenka.

We might select numerous other examples of similar coincidences;

cidences; but these are sufficient for our purpose. The species of evidence they afford is of a very high kind, and its nature should be thoroughly understood. In some of the examples quoted we are enabled to trace, with greater or less probability, the infection of a healthy place to direct communication with the sick. But in the majority of instances it is probable that the cholera was propagated by goods or inanimate substances; in some it certainly was so, as in the case of the *Topaze* frigate. Where the disease followed the track of the various caravans there is no mention made that the distemper existed in these immense travelling communities. Had it been so, it could not have been concealed from European consuls, so that the coincidence of the irruption of the malady and the arrival of the caravan, must be accounted for on the only hypothesis left, namely, that cholera was propagated by the goods which were transported from infected places. Among the instances cited by the Polish government, the fact of cholera breaking out among their troops after a pitched battle with the Russians is stated as certain, but no explanation is given of the phenomenon. It is evident that as the sick could not have been engaged, the malady must have been communicated to the Poles either by prisoners or the spoils of the dead, or by the occupation of places in which the sick had been.

Marvellous as it may appear that the apparently healthy should be the means of diffusing a poison from the effects of which they themselves are exempt, nevertheless the fact is established with regard to most highly contagious maladies.\* Russell asserts that the plague may be conveyed from town to town, not far distant, in this manner. 'The proveditores employed by families shut up, frequently convey the plague into their houses some time before they themselves are taken ill. A person employed by me to bring intelligence, and occasionally to visit infected houses, communicated the plague to his wife, but remained himself well all the time.'† In these, and similar examples, it is probable the virus adhered to the clothes of those who had been with the infected. When such articles are exposed to thorough ventilation the danger soon ceases; but when the infectious miasmata happen to adhere to substances not exposed to ventilation, or to merchandise

\* A remarkable instance of a similar event is related by Camden, *Annal. Reg. Elizab*: 'The Black Assize at Oxford, held in the castle there, in the year 1577, will never be forgot, at which the judges, gentry, and almost all that were present, to the number of three hundred, were killed by a poisonous steam, thought by some to have broke forth from the earth, but by a noble and great philosopher (Lord Bacon) more justly supposed to have been brought by the prisoners out of the gaol into court, it being observed that they alone were not injured.'—*Vide Short Discourse on Pesticidal Contagion*, by R. Mead, 3rd ed. 1720.

† Russell on Plague, p. 299.

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which is soon closely packed up, they retain their vigour unimpaired for a long while.

The Medical Board of Moscow asserted that 'cholera was not propagated by means of merchandise,' and, acting on their opinions, 'had the audacity,' we use M. de Jonnès' words, 'to recommend the merchandise contained in Moscow not to be purified, lest these articles should be injured, and even the houses of a city not to be fumigated in which the cholera had raged for months, and destroyed 10,000 individuals.' Whether the extension of this horrible scourge into Petersburg was a consequence of this precious measure, it is not in our power, for want of the necessary documents, to determine. But it is well known that while there was a triple cordon to prevent the ingress of persons from infected places into that city, there was no hindrance to that of goods.

The propagation of cholera by means of goods, it is needless to say, does not admit of mathematical demonstration, nor does it rest solely or strictly on the evidence of our senses; none of these inform us how the miserable subjects of this malady become infected: we are positively ignorant whether the poison is visible, like the matter of the small-pox or the plague; whether it lurks in the blood, or is breathed from the lungs, or is exhaled from the general surface of the sick. None of our senses show us how miasmata pass from the infected to the healthy, nor do they afford us the least clue as to the primary seat of the malady. All that they do inform us is, that a great proportion of those who communicate with the sick take the malady. The appeal to our senses by means of inoculation, if it succeeded, would be conclusive; but if it did not, would afford no proof that the cholera is not contagious, since many of our most notoriously contagious fevers and epidemics cannot be propagated by inoculation. If all these difficulties exist as to the question of the contagiousness of cholera, when considered with regard to persons, and if there the evidence in favour of it amounts to little more than reiterated coincidences under varying circumstances,—is it rational to expect other and better evidence, when the question becomes more complicated as considered with regard to goods? Do we expect to trace the morbid matter over seas, deserts, rivers, and mountains, when we cannot follow it from the sick man to his attendant? We demand no more refinement of reasoning in those to whom we commit our lives, than they would exert for themselves in any case of impending danger. We entreat them not to be misled by subtleties, nor to seek impossibilities; but let them, with a prudent abstinence from vain speculation, look to the broad facts of the case, and we humbly and sincerely believe, they will find the evidence for the  
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propagation of cholera by means of inanimate substances to be as complete as the nature of the subject admits. The simple fact of the persevering recurrence of this disease in those places which have once experienced its ravages, affords the strongest grounds for believing that its germs are capable of being preserved in inanimate substances.

We might here drop the discussion; but a sincere respect for the opinions of men of undoubted talent, who maintain a contrary belief, makes it incumbent on us to examine the opposite side of the question. We shall show, as briefly as possible, first, that the causes assigned by the anti-contagionists for cholera are totally inadequate to explain it; and, secondly, that the specific objections urged against the contagious nature of cholera apply to diseases confessedly contagious, as small-pox. The following condensed summary from the Madras Report, and from M. de Jonnès' work, will prove that neither pestilential vapours, nor miasms transported on the winds, nor excess of heat, nor humidity, nor excess or deficiency of electricity, nor, in short, any of those known physical agents which constitute the power of climate, will account for the propagation of cholera over the globe.

1. *Heat.*—The temperature of the countries under the tropics, in which it first appeared, is nearly equally intense in all years; nevertheless the malady has not existed in such countries from time immemorial. European and native armies have been exposed to every variation of climate in India, without meeting with the disastrous malady which nearly destroyed the forces under the Marquis of Hastings. Cholera reached places which, from their great elevation, might be said to be removed out of the sphere of a tropical climate. It attacked Catmandou, at the foot of the Himalaya mountains, situated eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. It overspread the villages on the table-land of Malwah, three thousand feet above the sea; Kandi, in Ceylon, upwards of two thousand feet; Erzeroum, in Armenia, seven thousand feet, or the elevation of the Hospice of Mount St. Gothard. In Russia, the malady spread as winter advanced, and attacked Moscow at the end of November, when the thermometer was 16° below zero, the rivers frozen, and the country covered with snow; the number of deaths in that city being sixty out of one hundred and eighteen daily seized. Heat, however, appears to favour the propagation of cholera. It arose in the torrid zone. It is most deadly in the hot season. It ceases in India, Persia, and Syria, at the approach of winter, and recommences in spring. The conjecture of Moreau de Jonnès, that the spread of cholera, in spite of the severities of a Russian winter, was favoured by the

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stoves, is not improbable. Clarke mentions in his *Travels*, that the artificial heat of the stoves in Russia often causes asphyxia, and adds, that numbers are buried alive in this state owing to the ignorance of the Russian practitioners.

2. *Humidity*.—It is not the effect of humidity, arising from the evaporation of marshes, rivers, lakes, or seas; although the fact that it first showed itself in the delta of the Ganges might favour that hypothesis. There appears to be no connexion between the malady and the hygrometrical state of the atmosphere; for it has ravaged with equal intensity under the equator, where the quantity of rain is eighty inches, and under  $60^{\circ}$  of latitude, where it is one-fourth less, viz. eighteen inches. It has appeared in Asia, under the tropics, where the annual evaporation is seventy inches, and in Russia, where it is only twenty. It has attacked, with equal intensity, Muscat, situated in the neighbourhood of immense deserts, and entirely deprived of water, except such as is procured from deep wells, and the towns in the alluvial delta of the Ganges. In short, it does not appear to depend on the neighbourhood of lakes, rivers, and marshes, since it has attacked places two hundred leagues from the sea-shore, as Catmandou, and has overrun countries in which there are neither rivers, rivulets, marshes, stagnant waters, nor forests, as the peninsula of Arabia.

3. *Vapour*.—Cholera is not caused by a vapour, or an infected portion of the atmosphere, carried along with the winds. Certain winds, at certain seasons, blowing over the Pontine marshes, and carrying a deleterious principle with them, might have suggested this hypothesis. The Arabians and Syrians, seeing the healthy and strong suddenly fall down as if struck by the samiel, or desert wind, thought cholera depended on a pestilential wind also. If the propagation of the cholera was owing to the diffusion of some deleterious principle by means of currents of air, that principle would be diffused with rapidity, and in the direction of the wind which transported it, and large masses of people would be almost simultaneously attacked, and the population of villages, towns, and districts, would suffer indiscriminately. But the history of the malady proves that it advances, step by step, slowly. It took a year to traverse the peninsula of India; three to pass the Persian Gulf; three to reach the Mediterranean and Caspian Seas.

If it depended for its translation from place to place on the wind, it would not proceed against the wind, and yet the cholera was proceeding in opposite directions at the same time. It departed from the delta of the Ganges, south-east to the Moluccas, and south-west to the Mauritius—to China in the east, and the shores of the Caspian on the west. Such an extended stratum of infected air must speedily have enveloped the whole globe; nevertheless

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nevertheless when Aleppo, Antioch, and the other towns on the Mediterranean were attacked, the island of Cyprus, only thirty leagues off, escaped. The malady has proceeded in the face of the monsoons.

4. *Electricity*.—Some alteration in the excess or deficiency of this powerful physical agent has also been put forth, as the probable cause of the malady. If this hypothesis were well founded, some connexion would have been found between the malady and the laws which regulate the distribution of the electric fluid, according to seasons, latitudes and elevations. But cholera has appeared in July as well as December—in the equator and near the north pole—at the level of the ocean, and on elevated mountains. The well known inequalities and irregularities of the cholera in certain districts, towns, encampments, and even houses, appear not less unfavourable to this theory. It can scarcely be presumed that so general a poison of the atmosphere should ever, or at least so often, exert such *partiality* of influence.

The disease has raged under every sensible condition of the weather; and, in fact, a great number of the attacks have taken place when the sky was clear and serene, and where every appearance indicated an undisturbed state of the electric fluid. If, finally, a deficiency of electricity be the true and sole proximate cause of cholera, it seems objectionable to limit its influence to epidemic attacks; for each individual case, whether sporadic or epidemic, must be equally the effect of this proximate cause. Sporadic cases have, however, been too numerous and too uniform in their occurrence for some years past, to warrant the conclusion that they are connected with any particular state of the electricity of the atmosphere.

5. *Influence of the Atmosphere*.—‘By a reference,’ says Scott, ‘to the meteorological tables, it will be seen that the mean altitudes of the barometer and thermometer never differ, in a degree at all important, one year with another, from 1815 to 1821. In 1817 the disease did not appear. In 1818 it appeared in the most northern parts. In some places the weather was then wet; in others dry. In some the usual periodical rains were prevailing. It progressed in all situations; and it had not extended to the southernmost points till 1819, when the irregularities of the preceding seasons might be concluded to have lost their effects. After the seasons have been restored to their wonted regulations, and, more latterly, after a completely opposite state to that of 1818 has prevailed, to wit, a season of unwonted drought, owing to the failure of the rains of the north-east monsoon, cholera has still unhappily continued to prevail; sporadically in all parts, and, in the instances of many marching troops, epidemically, and with much severity and mortality. If the irregularity of the seasons in 1817 and 1818, therefore, have given rise to cholera, we apprehend

apprehend it can only be in an indirect, and, to us, unknown manner; and its continuance, after having once originated epidemically, appears to be unconnected in the main with any sensible state of the weather.'

6. *Want of Cleanliness*—has been said to have given rise to cholera, from its being observed to be most fatal amongst the lower orders of people. There is no doubt that filth favours both the intensity and the propagation of the malady, but it cannot be looked on as originating it. The cholera began in a country where the climate renders frequent ablution a pleasure, while religion enjoins it as a duty; and it has attacked the palaces of princes, and an English camp, which may vie with these in cleanliness, equally with the filthiest habitations of the Tartar or the Polish Jew.

7. *Crowded Population*.—The Indian cities do not contain so dense a population as the European ones. The former cover larger spaces in proportion to the number of their inhabitants than the latter; each family has a separate residence, and the number of gardens is equal to the houses. The malady has not spared thinly inhabited countries; it has spread equally on the Caucasus, where there are but eight individuals to the square league, and in Hindostan where there are one thousand two hundred. In India, Russia, and Persia, of cities under precisely the same circumstances of climate, laws, population and customs, some have been attacked, while others have remained exempt. Damascus and Jerusalem escaped in 1823, while Antioch and Aleppo were ravaged. Sarepta continued uninfected, while the rest of the towns on the Wolga suffered.

8. *Food*.—It is scarcely necessary to notice this topic—different nations, living on various kinds of food, have been equally attacked: the rich, who know not want, and the poor, who know not plenty, are equally the victims of cholera.

9. *Sol-Lunar Influence*.—Scott has taken great pains to show, that Mr. Orton's speculations on this head are worthless. By a curious diagram which he has constructed, he contrives to arrange nearly eight thousand hospital cases of cholera, and one hundred and twenty epidemic attacks of that disease in different stations, so that each day in a lunar month has its mortality marked opposite to it. The bare inspection of the diagram shows that cholera is not affected by sol-lunar influence, either in individual cases or in epidemic attacks.

While we are endeavouring to prove that none of the foregoing causes originate cholera, we by no means contend that they do not influence the march of the disease; on the contrary, the whole of our narrative abounds in facts which assert their power. We simply mean to affirm, that as the action of heat, electricity, climate,

climate, &c., is general, so it will never explain the facts which indicate the *partial* prevalence of the cholera—in a town to the exclusion of a suburb, in a suburb to the exclusion of a street,—in a street to the exclusion of a house.

Surely this ought to be sufficient. But no—the same objections which were made in the time of Justinian, when a pestilence depopulated the earth, have been repeated and refuted, whenever mankind were the victims of a similar calamity. ‘The fellow-citizens of Procopius,’ says Gibbon, cap. 43, ‘were satisfied by short and partial experience, that the infection could not be gained by the closest conversation.’ ‘Mead proves (he adds in a note) that the plague was contagious, from Thucydides, Lucretius, Aristotle, Galen, and common experience, and he refutes the contrary opinion of the French physicians who visited Marseilles in the year 1720; yet these were the recent and enlightened spectators of a plague which, in a few months, swept away fifty thousand inhabitants of a city that, in the present hour of prosperity, contains no more than ninety thousand souls.’ Our *recent and enlightened* spectators are re-echoing, almost in the same terms used by their French brethren in 1720, the same absurdities, and exhibiting the same blindness—*e. g.*

‘The habitudes of the disease (says Dr. Jamieson, the compiler of the Bengal Report) proved the cholera not to be contagious: it ran a regular course of increase, maturity, decay, and extinction. If the virus is capable of reproducing itself through the medium of effluvia, or secretions of individuals already affected, it must have gone on augmenting until it either had no longer subjects upon whom to exercise itself, or was counteracted by some means more powerful than itself. Such, at least, is the course commonly pursued by those great scourges—the small-pox and plague.’—*Bengal Report*, p. 127.

Such is not the course pursued by the great scourges—plague and small-pox, nor, indeed, by any other contagious epidemic whatever. It is manifest, that if these had gone on augmenting in the way this author insists they should, mankind would have been swept from the earth long ago. On the contrary, it is impossible to open a book containing details of plague, small-pox, scarlet-fever, or measles, without finding that there is a regular course of increase, maturity, and extinction traceable in each when epidemic. The plague of London, 1665, began in a family at Westminster, increased gradually, was apparently extinguished in winter, and revived the next spring. That of Marseilles at first broke out among a few porters, from whom the infection spread. The first seven chapters of Russell, which contain the history of different irruptions of the plague in different places, are full of facts in direct contradiction to Dr. Jamieson’s assertion. Sydenham, who

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saw the plague of 1665, and who lived before inoculation was practised, describes small-pox as at one time rarely appearing, or not at all; then beginning to show itself at the approach of the vernal equinox, spreading more and more every day, becoming epidemic about autumn, abating on the coming of winter, and returning again in the spring. The measles of 1670, says the same physician, began very early, that is, at the beginning of January, and, increasing daily, came to their height at March; afterwards they gradually decreased, and were extinguished in the following July.

Not only is there a similarity in the general course of cholera and that of the known contagious diseases, as small-pox and plague, but there is a most striking parallelism extending even into their details. There is the same capriciousness exhibited in the selection of their victims; they spread in one part of a town and not in another—commit the greatest ravages in one village, and neglect, or slightly visit, its immediate neighbour. ‘At some periods the small-pox and plague carry off hundreds; at others, children, whom we inoculated,’ says Dr. Odier, talking of small-pox, ‘have gone out every day, even after the eruption had broken out; they have been in the streets and public walks; they have communicated freely with other children susceptible of the infection, and not only the small-pox did not spread, but there did not occur, to my knowledge, any distinct instance of communication of the disease from one individual to another in the streets or promenades.’ Captain Graunt, in his observations on the Bills of Mortality, notices the great irregularities or ‘sudden skips which the plague hath made, leaping, in one week, from one hundred and eighteen to nine hundred and twenty-seven, and back again from nine hundred and ninety-three to two hundred and fifty-eight, and from thence again the very next week to eight hundred and fifty-two.’—*Vide Birch’s Bills of Mortality from 1657 to 1758*. Russell has accumulated a variety of facts which prove that the plague is less contagious at one time than another, and that commerce with infected places may subsist without ill consequence in the absence of that state of air, which, in our absolute ignorance of the exact laws of contagious disease, we call pestilential or epidemic constitution of the atmosphere. The following passage, describing an irruption of epidemic small-pox, in 1777, at Chester, combines all those circumstances of the progress of cholera which have been cried up as anomalous in the history of contagious diseases:—

‘The small-pox (says Dr. Haygarth) was epidemical in Chester from May, 1777, till January, 1778, that is, for nine months, particularly for the last six, during which time I attentively marked its progress. 1. At the

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the beginning, two or three families were seized, not immediate neighbours, but in the same quarter of the town. 2. Then the children of a neighbourhood, comprehending an entry, had the distemper, but it did not spread from them as a centre. 3. In no part of the town it has spread uniformly from a centre, farther than through an entry or a narrow lane, where all the children of a neighbourhood play together. 4. Afterwards, the poor children in several parts of the town were attacked, at a considerable distance,—in some places half a mile off each other. 5. Yet many portions of all the large streets were not infected in November; but so late as December and January, the distemper returned to attack many who had escaped when it was in their neighbourhood some months before. 6. In Hanbridge, a part of Chester only separated from the rest of the town by the river Dee, not more than about seven had been infected during the epidemic, though great numbers of children in this quarter are liable to the distemper. 7. In the middle of the city, in one street, (King Street,) of twenty-four who never had passed through the distemper, only *two*, both in the same house, were attacked. 8. During the summer and autumn of 1777, while this epidemic was general in Chester, many of the surrounding villages, (as Christleton, Barrow, Tarvin, &c.) and some larger towns, (as Nantwich, Neston, &c.) were visited by the small-pox in one or more families, yet the distemper did not spread generally through any of these towns. As both the state of the air, and the variolous poison, were the same in these places as in Chester, why did it not equally *infect* their *air* as well as ours? 9. At Frodsham, the small-pox began in May, and gradually became more frequent, so as to be remarkably epidemical in one part for several months; yet nearly one-half of the town, on the 15th of November, 1777, still remained quite uninfected. On the contrary, at Upton, a small village two miles from Chester, of twenty-four children who had never been attacked by the distemper, all, except one, (who was also certainly exposed to the infection,) had it in less than two months. The reason of its speedy propagation I shall give in the words of Mr. Edwards, surgeon, a very intelligent inhabitant of the place:—“The distemper has not been propagated by the air or contiguity of houses, but has increased in proportion to the communication which families had with each other: no care was taken to prevent the spreading, but, on the contrary, there seemed to be a general wish that all the children might have it.” 10. It is universally allowed that the variolous infection attacks the children of the poor people first, and by far the most generally.\*

Here, then, we have an instance of increase, maturity, and decay. The beginning and termination of the epidemic are stated; the fact of its breaking out in different places half a mile asunder is noticed. Like the cholera, it proceeds and returns to spots in which it *ought* to have raged, according to anti-contagionists, at first. A

\* ‘An Inquiry how to prevent the Small-pox.’ By John Haygarth, M.D. A New Edition. 1801.—p. 83-87.



street in the middle of an infected city is scarcely touched. A river seems to put a stop to the virulence of the malady; while Chester is ravaged, the neighbouring villages are but slightly visited. The same difficulties occur to Dr. Haygarth in 1777, with regard to small-pox, which have been noticed by 'the enlightened spectators' of cholera in 1831. He, however, did not doubt the testimony of the positive facts of contagion, because there were some circumstances alongside of these which human ingenuity could not explain.

After the instances of exemption from infection which are contained in Haygarth's narrative of a disease confessedly as deadly as the worst pestilences which have desolated the earth, it will scarcely be necessary to notice the main argument urged in favour of the non-contagious nature of cholera, namely, that numbers who frequent the sick escape entirely. 'The negative proof,' says Dr. Macmichael, in his ingenious pamphlet, 'however numerous, ought not to be put in the scale against the positive instances of contagion.'—p. 28. No, truly. What should we think of those who, having escaped the carnage of the battle of Waterloo, attributed their own immunity to the innocuousness of musquetry? We were in the midst of the fire, they might say, ran all the same risks as those who fell;—had bullets been dangerous, and the cause of death, why were we not killed? In every irruption of plague this species of reasoning has, however, been resorted to. The escape of M. Didier, and several medical men, during its prevalence in Marseilles, was looked on by them as proving that plague was not contagious; but a more curious step of this process of reasoning yet remains. 'Had cholera been contagious, (we are told,) those who were in the most intimate converse with the sick must have caught it; but as they did not, therefore the disease is owing to some pestiferous alteration of the air.' We may fairly ask, by what miracle any escape from the action of a cause which is always in operation. Whether sleeping or waking, inclosed in houses, or exposed under the heavens, this poisonous atmosphere we know must be inhaled, by all persons within its range, at least twenty times in every minute. To reject the doctrine of contagion as difficult, in order to adopt the one just stated, appears to us very like straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel.

'When the Indian practitioners,' says Dr. Macmichael, 'saw a formidable disease spreading around them, they might have assumed, in the first instance, for greater security, that it was contagious. Had they instantly separated the sick from the healthy, and immediately endeavoured to ascertain all the facts connected with the intercourse  
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that had taken place between those who were first taken ill, and those who appeared to catch the disorder from them, they would probably have discovered the mode by which cholera was propagated, and perhaps we might not now have to dread the approach of that fatal pestilence to our own shores. If indeed, after all these prudent measures and anxious inquiries, it had turned out that no cure, no means of prevention which the mind of man could employ or suggest, were available, then indeed the desperate and desponding conclusion might at length have been adopted, that all human aid was vain.'—p. 31.

Not a single precautionary step seems to have been taken, because not one could be deemed necessary by the medical officers of Bengal, 'who concurred, without a dissentient voice, in declaring that cholera was not contagious.'—(Bengal Report.) Whether it was possible to have arrested the malady at first, as surely in the immense territories of British India as in the Isle de Bourbon, we will not hazard an opinion; but that the mortality might have been diminished, we have no hesitation in affirming; and what a frightful picture does that mortality exhibit? Up to May, 1831, we know of six hundred and fifty-six eruptions of cholera in Asia and Europe. Of course, many of those in remote and barbarous quarters of the globe are not included here. M. de Jonnès believes that this calculation is about one-half less than the true number. In the fourteen years in which the cholera has raged, one-sixth of the inhabitants of India have been carried off; one-third of those dwelling in the towns of Arabia; one-sixth of those of the same class in Persia; in Mesopotamia, one-fourth; in Armenia, a fifth; in Syria, a tenth; in Russia, a twentieth of the population of the infected provinces, up to May,—and there the malady has since made fresh progress, and carried off more victims. In India, as the disease has existed the whole of the fourteen years, M. de Jonnès calculates the mortality at two and a half millions annually, which would give a total of about thirty-six millions; in order, however, to understate, he reduces the number to eighteen millions for Indostan, and taking the mortality for the rest of the world, from China to Warsaw, to amount to about thirty-six millions, arrives at the conclusion, that fifty millions of our race have perished in fourteen years of a disease which, in 1817, existed only in a few spots of the presidency of Bengal.

We have stated our conviction, that this dreadful mortality has been occasioned by a poison imbibed by the healthy and generated by the sick, and that it has not been caused by some pernicious change in the atmosphere. Of the two hypotheses, if both were countenanced by an equal number of facts, still that of contagion should be preferred, not only on grounds of prudence, but

but on the score of humanity. What harm can come of taking up the contagious theory?—but if it were to be generally believed, in right earnest, that the ravages of the malady depend on the presence of a poisonous wind, whom could we expect to encounter the withering blasts of this worse than Simoom or Harmattan? There would be no safety nor refuge, and all the motives which lead us to discharge the sacred duties of humanity, would languish and expire. Let us adhere to the safer, as well as more consolatory opinion, until it is *proved to be false*. Let those who are enabled, take the advice of Franklin, and leave an infected spot ‘as soon as they can, go as far as they can, and stay away as long as they can.’ By this means fewer victims are offered for the ravages of the malady. Let those who cannot move, adopt the most rigid rules of quarantine in their houses until the epidemic ceases, and they will not be less safe than the French consuls were in Syria or the sagacious Moravians of Sarepta. In all other contagious diseases the poisonous exhalations extend to very small distances from the sick, so that medicines may be administered and the ordinary attentions bestowed with less danger than is supposed. The history of contagious epidemics proves, that a large volume of atmosphere is never tainted, and that the notion of a town or village being enveloped in pestilential vapours is a vulgar error. Dr. Russell is of opinion, that the morbid exhalations of plague patients do not taint the atmosphere at any great distance, and are soon rendered innocuous. We know that the distance at which small-pox exhalations are dangerous is very circumscribed. The three great disinfectants are cold, time, and ventilation. The first appears to have invariably mitigated plague, small-pox, and cholera; the germs of these maladies decay or undergo decomposition in time; and ventilation dilutes morbid exhalations as surely as water does hemlock.

These general observations apply very strictly to cholera. While the numerous cases of death from infection prove the deadly nature of the morbid matter, the great number of exemptions under circumstances of close intimacy with the infected, show either that it speedily becomes innocuous, or that it requires a concurrence of many things to produce its effects.\*

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\* We are enabled, through the kindness of a friend, (Dr. Somerville of Chelsea College,) to support our views by the following interesting extract of a letter from a very eminent physician of Berlin, Dr. Becker, dated September 29, 1831:—

‘I am a most decided contagionist, and it is the force of facts which has made me so; for on the authority of your Indian practitioners I formerly believed the cholera not to be contagious. The appearance of the disease in Berlin and the manner in which it has spread is also very remarkable, and affords supplementary evidence in favour of contagion. The conclusion at which I have arrived is, that the *efficient* cause

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We have endeavoured to convey to the reader the impressions which the various documents on our table have left on ourselves;—we have neither sought to exaggerate the horrors of the picture, nor to conceal them. The public mind ought to be roused to meet an impending danger with energy. The magnitude of the evil requires not only the vigilance of government, but of every individual. The ignorance, the folly, the cupidity, and the carelessness of mankind, are all arranged against their safety, which perhaps not even the candid exhibition of the whole truth may secure. Should all prove vain, and the difficulties of enforcing quarantine regulations on our coasts be found insurmountable, the evil must be counteracted, not by national despondency or despair, but by prompt and decisive means. The measures which have succeeded elsewhere, when directed by the energy and masculine sense of the British character, will not fail us here.

If the malady should really take root and spread in these islands, it is impossible to calculate the horror even of its probable financial effects alone. To say nothing of the instant and inevitable paralyzation of all internal commerce—we believe there is not

cause of the Asiatic or malignant cholera is always a virus, the production of *human effluvia*, and which, according to common medical language, undoubtedly deserves the name of a *contagious principle*; but that this virus, in order to produce the disease, requires, first, like the contagion of the small-pox, measles, typhus fever, and even the plague, a disposition of the atmosphere favourable to its development; and secondly, a peculiar disposition of the animal economy in every person who is exposed to it. This disposition appears to be brought on by previous disease, particularly bowel complaints, by excessive fatigue, cold, errors in diet, drunkenness, fear, &c.

This theory of the cause of cholera appears to me to be the only one which can explain the phenomena in a satisfactory manner. It appears to me nonsense to assume, that in the year 1831 one man gets the cholera *because* he has eaten cucumbers, and another *because* he has slept on a damp field; for the same causes never have produced the same effects at other times, or in other places. Nor is it the marsh miasma, or as the phrase now is, the malaria, which produces the disease, for we now have villages with intermittent fever, and others with cholera, and others with both diseases, which in no manner interfere with one another. The only other possible supposition is that of a peculiar *moving* epidemic influence or miasma, which of itself is the sufficient cause, (not as I maintain, merely a disposition of the atmosphere favourable to the disease);—but the singular manner in which the disease spreads, following no other lines but those of human intercourse, namely, roads, rivers, and canals, is quite unaccountable on such a supposition.

I hope in a week or two we shall be able to give important results as to the treatment. Our cases go on very favourably upon the whole, the remedies chiefly employed being acid baths, camphor, external heat, and other stimuli, leeches and bleeding. I am happy to say that I am well and active; and although I have frequent intercourse with the sick, I have no fear of taking the disease, as I endeavour to protect myself by regularity in diet and regimen. . . . One young physician has been one of the first victims of the cholera, a decided anti-contagionist; he carelessly exposed himself, died, and as if his case was to be a warning proof of the fallacy of his opinions, his death was immediately followed by that of his landlord and two children, and the illness of the servant-maid in the house, the only instances of the disease in that street.

one Life Insurance establishment in the empire, that has admitted into its calculations even the possibility of any scourge such as this pestilence making its appearance among us! We have no wish to anticipate evils, which, in our opinion, may be averted; but we confess it is difficult, in these days, to avoid being haunted with the fearful cadence of the oracle—

Ἡξει πολέμοι καὶ λοιμοὶ ἐν αὐτῷ.

The reader will thank us for the following quotation from a work published two years ago; a work which contains more of moral and political wisdom, expressed in language of the purest elegance, than any that has appeared in our time.

‘The countenance of Sir Thomas More changed upon this, to an expression of judical severity which struck me with awe. Exempted from these visitations! he exclaimed. Mortal man! creature of a day, what art thou, that thou shouldst presume upon any such exemption? Is it from a trust in your own deserts, or a reliance upon the forbearance and long-suffering of the Almighty, that this vain confidence arises?

‘I was silent.

‘My friend, he resumed, in a milder tone, but with a melancholy manner, your own individual health and happiness are scarcely more precarious than this fancied security. By the mercy of God, twice during the short space of your life, England has been spared from the horrors of invasion, which might with ease have been effected during the American war, when the enemy’s fleet swept the channel, and insulted your very ports, and which was more than once seriously intended during the late long contest. The invaders would indeed have found their graves in that soil which they came to subdue: but before they could have been overcome, the atrocious threat of Buonaparte’s General might have been in great part realized, that though he could not answer for effecting the conquest of England, he would engage to destroy its prosperity for a century to come. You have been spared from that chastisement. You have escaped also from the imminent danger of peace with a military Tyrant, which would inevitably have led to invasion, when he should have been ready to undertake and accomplish that great object of his ambition, and you must have been least prepared and least able to resist him. But if the seeds of civil war should at this time be quickening among you,—if your soil is everywhere sown with the dragon’s teeth, and the fatal crop be at this hour ready to spring up,—the impending evil will be an hundred-fold more terrible than those which have been averted; and you will have cause to perceive and acknowledge, that the wrath has been suspended only that it may fall the heavier!

‘May God avert this also! I exclaimed.

‘As for famine, he pursued, that curse will always follow in the train of war: and even now the public tranquillity of England is

fearfully

fearfully dependent upon the seasons. And touching pestilence, you fancy yourselves secure, because the plague has not appeared among you for the last hundred and fifty years; a portion of time, which long as it may seem when compared with the brief term of mortal existence, is as nothing in the physical history of the globe. The importation of that scourge is as possible now as it was in former times; and were it once imported, do you suppose it would rage with less violence among the crowded population of your metropolis, than it did before the Fire, or that it would not reach parts of the country which were never infected in any former visitation? On the contrary, its ravages would be more general and more tremendous, for it would inevitably be carried everywhere.

Your provincial cities have doubled and trebled in size; and in London itself, great part of the population is as much crowded now as it was then, and the space which is covered with houses is increased at least four-fold. What if the sweating-sickness, emphatically called the English disease, were to show itself again? Can any cause be assigned why it is not as likely to break out in the nineteenth century as in the fifteenth? What if your manufactures, according to the ominous opinion which your greatest physiologist has expressed, were to generate for you new physical plagues, as they have already produced a moral pestilence unknown to all preceding ages? . . . . Visitations of this kind are in the order of nature and of Providence. Physically considered, the likelihood of their recurrence becomes every year more probable than the last; and looking to the moral government of the world, was there ever a time when the sins of this kingdom called more cryingly for chastisement?

‘MONTESINOS.—Μέντε κακῶν!

SIR THOMAS MORE.—I denounce no judgments. But I am reminding you that there is as much cause for the prayer in your Litany against plague, pestilence, and famine, as for that which intreats God to deliver you from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism. . . . . David was permitted to choose between the three severest dispensations of God’s displeasure, and he made choice of pestilence as the least dreadful. Ought a reflecting and religious man to be surprised if some such punishment were dispensed to this country, not less in mercy than in judgment, as the means of averting a more terrible and abiding scourge? An endemic malady, as destructive as the plague, has naturalized itself among your American brethren, and in Spain. You have hitherto escaped it, speaking with reference to secondary causes, merely because it has not been imported. But any season may bring it to your own shores; or at any hour it may appear among you home-bred.

‘MONTESINOS.—We should have little reason then to boast of our improvements in the science of medicine; for our practitioners at Gibraltar found themselves as unable to stop its progress, or mitigate its symptoms, as the most ignorant empirics in the peninsula.

‘SIR THOMAS MORE.—You were at one time near enough that pestilence to feel as if you were within its reach?

' MONTESINOS.—It was in 1800, the year when it first appeared in Andalusia. That summer I fell in at Cintra with a young German, on the way from his own country to his brothers at Cadiz, where they were established as merchants. Many days had not elapsed after his arrival in that city; when a ship which was consigned to their firm brought with it the infection; and the first news which reached us of our poor acquaintance, was, that the yellow fever had broken out in his brother's house, and that he, they, and the greater part of the household were dead. There was every reason to fear that the pestilence would extend into Portugal, both governments being, as usual, slow in providing any measures of precaution, and those measures being nugatory when taken. I was at Faro in the ensuing spring, at the house of Mr. Lempriere, the British Consul. Inquiring of him upon the subject, the old man lifted up his hands, and replied in a passionate manner, which I shall never forget, ' O Sir, we escaped by the mercy of God,—only by the mercy of God!' The Governor of Algarve, even when the danger was known and acknowledged, would not venture to prohibit the communication with Spain, till he received orders from Lisbon; and then the prohibition was so enforced as to be useless. The crew of a boat from the infected province were seized and marched through the country to Tavira: they were then sent to perform quarantine upon a little insulated ground, and the guards who were set over them, lived with them, and were regularly relieved. When such were the precautionary measures, well indeed might it be said, that Portugal escaped only by the mercy of God! I have often reflected upon the little effect which this imminent danger appeared to produce upon those persons with whom I associated. The young, with that hilarity which belongs to thoughtless youth, used to converse about the places whither they should retire, and the course of life and expedients to which they should be driven, in case it were necessary for them to fly from Lisbon. A few elder and more considerate persons said little upon the subject, but that little denoted a deep sense of the danger, and more anxiety than they thought proper to express. The great majority seemed to be altogether unconcerned; neither their business, nor their amusements were interrupted; they feasted, they danced, they met at the card-table as usual; and the plague (for so it was called at that time, before its nature was clearly understood) was as regular a topic of conversation, as the news brought by the last packet.

' SIR THOMAS MORE.—And what was your own state of mind?

' MONTESINOS.—Very much what it has long been with regard to the moral pestilence of this unhappy age, and the condition of this country more especially. I saw the danger in its whole extent, and relied on the mercy of God.

' SIR THOMAS MORE.—In all cases that is the surest reliance: but when human means are available, it becomes a Mahommedan rather than a Christian to rely upon Providence or Fate alone, and make no effort for his own preservation.—*Southey's Colloquies*, vol. i., p. 50.

ART.

ART. VII.—*The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.*  
By Thomas Moore, Esq. 2 vols. London. 1831.

**L**EST Mr. Moore should be suspected 'of having been influenced in his choice of the subject of this work, by any view to its apt accordance with the political feeling of the day,' he has thought it 'right to state, that the design of writing a life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald had been taken up by him, some months before any of those events occurred, which have again given to the whole face of Europe so revolutionary an aspect.' A fear lest 'the public should mistake his object, and consider as meant for the occasion what is intended as historical,' might perhaps, he says, 'have prevented him, were he now to choose, from undertaking such a work, at such a juncture; but *having* undertaken and written it, he sees no sufficient reason why he should shrink from publishing it.' Mr. Moore is, indeed, the last person who could be suspected of shrinking from such a task. No consideration of the feverish state of Ireland would withhold him; this no one can doubt, who remembers that

'Through Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Munster,  
Rock is the boy who makes the fun stir!'

And if, in the case of Lord Byron, he felt no reluctance  
To draw his frailties from their dread abode,

with what pleasure must he, in the present case, have rendered justice to the bright parts of a character in which he sees no shade, and to the amiable qualities of one who is only the more amiable in his eyes, because he was one of the heroes and martyrs of rebellion!

Johnson said, that he delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person. It is easy to make this separation in the case of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. In his private relations, the gentleness and the generosity of his better nature were manifest; his errors (to use the lightest term) are fatally exemplified in that portion of his life which belongs unhappily to the history of his country. Mr. Moore's volumes will supply us with materials as authentic as they are interesting, for the first and more agreeable part; for the more melancholy and more instructive, the biographer's authority is not so implicitly to be acknowledged; it will be necessary there to sift his statements, and to examine by the plainest maxims of eternal morality as well as of positive law, whether the object of his unqualified panegyric is to be considered as a hero or a criminal,—a patriot or a traitor.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fifth son of the first Duke of Leinster,  
and



and of Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, was born on the 15th October, 1763. His father died in 1773, and the widow, not long after, married William Ogilvie, Esq. who was of an ancient family in Scotland. They soon removed to France, and resided there for some time, in the Duke of Richmond's seat at Aubigny.\* The youth had neither the advantage of a school nor of a college education. Without imputing any of his errors to this defect, it may surely be observed, that early discipline would have been wholesome for so ardent a mind, and that, not having been so educated, he was without some of those early and beneficial associations by which men are attached to the institutions of their country. He had been under a private tutor in Ireland; and at Aubigny, Mr. Ogilvie took the care of his studies into his own hand, directing them principally to the military profession, for which he was intended. *Luckily*, Mr. Moore says, the boy's taste coincided with this destination; and 'in all that related to the science of military construction, the laying out of camps, fortifications, &c.,' he was an early proficient. The future soldier appears in a letter written from this place, in which he speaks of erecting a fortification and drawing a survey. 'I have now,' he adds, 'tired you pretty well by my boasting, but you know I have always rather a good opinion of whatever I do.' The future politician, Mr. Moore observes, breaks out also in this letter: 'I was delighted,' says the boy, 'to see by the last Courier, that Lord North has been so attacked in the House of Commons, and that the opposition carried off every thing: I think he cannot hold out much longer.' In 1779 the family returned to England, and young Edward made his first experiment of a

\* The territory of Aubigny sur Nerre, in the province of Berry, had been given, in 1423, by Charles VII., to John Stuart, Lord Darnley, and his heirs male, 'in consideration of the great and commendable services by him done in the wars.' It reverted to the crown of France in 1672, on the death of Charles Stuart, fifth Duke of Richmond and sixth of Lennox; and in the following year, Louis XIV. granted it to the Lady Louise Renée de Penencourt de Queroualle (better, or rather worse known in English history, as Duchess of Portsmouth), in consideration of the great and commendable services by her done to the crown of France—in her character of mistress to King Charles II. It was granted 'with all rights to the same belonging, for her life, remainder to such of the natural male children as she should have by the King of Great Britain, &c.!' 'And whereas, the said King of Great Britain had appointed Prince Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, his natural son, master of the horse and knight of the garter (then an infant!), to succeed the said Duchess of Portsmouth in the said inheritance, the king of France 'willing to annex to it a proper title, agreeable to the illustrious birth of the said duke, and at the same time to confer honour on the said duchess, whose ancestors always held a considerable rank in Brittany, erected the town, territory, castellany, and castle of Aubigny, fiefs and lands, &c., into a duchy and peerdom of France, with all pre-eminences and prerogatives thereunto appertaining.' Those were shameless days; but they who solicited grants upon such grounds, and they who accorded them, must have had little foresight if they supposed that they could last.

military

military life in the Sussex militia, of which his uncle the Duke of Richmond was colonel; a lieutenancy was soon procured for him in the 96th regiment of foot, and in the autumn of 1780, he joined the regiment in Ireland. Very soon he exchanged into the 19th, and sailed from Cork for America. Landing there at Charleston, the three regiments which arrived with him were placed at Lord Rawdon's disposal; and when the 19th was threatened with an attack by Colonel Lee, and had commenced a hasty and discreditable retreat, Lord Edward, with the rear-guard, kept the Americans in check, till he was able to break up a wooden bridge, and thus obtain time for putting an end to the panic. A report of this being made to Major, now General Sir John Doyle, then at the head of Lord Rawdon's staff, it was submitted by him to the commander, and Lord Edward was immediately appointed aide-de-camp on his staff. During the campaign he manifested some rashness, and gave proof of perfect intrepidity. At Eutaw Springs, he was severely wounded in the thigh, and left insensible on the field; a poor negro found him there, carried him off on his back to his hut, and there nursed him most tenderly, till he was sufficiently recovered to be removed to Charleston. This negro he took into his service, in gratitude, and Tony, as the honest and affectionate creature was called, remained devotedly attached to him to the end of his career.

Sir John Doyle says,

'Of my lamented and ill-fated friend's excellent qualities I should never tire in speaking. I never knew so loveable a person, and every man in the army, from the general to the drummer, would cheer the expression. His frank and open manner, his universal benevolence, his *gaieté de cœur*, his valour almost chivalrous, and, above all, his unassuming tone, made him the idol of all who served with him. He had great animal spirits, which bore him up against all fatigue; but his courage was entirely independent of those spirits—it was a valour *sui generis*.

'Had fortune happily placed him in a situation, however difficult, where he could *legitimately* have brought those varied qualities into play, I am confident he would have proved a proud ornament to his country.'—vol. i. pp. 26, 27.

In 1783, Lord Edward was on General O'Hara's staff at St. Lucia; in that same year he returned to Ireland, and was brought into the Irish parliament by his brother the Duke of Leinster, for the borough of Athy. This mode of life he found at first so insipid, that had it not been for his mother, he believed, he said, he should have joined either the Turks or Russians. The two following years he spent, with his mother and Mr. Ogilvie, principally at Frescati, their country-seat in Ireland, partly in Dublin, partly

partly in London: and those, says Mr. Ogilvie, were the happiest years of any of our lives. But being now anxious to improve by a regular course of study the practical knowledge which he had acquired of his profession, he entered himself at Woolwich in the beginning of 1786.

'Young, ardent, and—to a degree rare in man's nature—affectionate, it was not likely that his heart should remain long unattached among the beauties of the gay and brilliant circle he now moved in; and accordingly, during his late stay in Dublin, he had become, as he thought, deeply enamoured of the Lady Catharine Mead, second daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam, who was, in five or six years after, married to Lord Powerscourt. To this lady, under the name of "Kate," he alludes in the following correspondence; and, however little that class of fastidious readers who abound in the present day may be inclined to relish the homely style and simple feelings of these letters, there are many, I doubt not, for whom such unstudied domestic effusions—even independently of the insight they afford into a mind destined to dare extraordinary things—will have a more genuine charm, and awaken in them a far readier sympathy than even the most ingenious letters, dictated, not by the heart, but head, and meant evidently for more eyes than those to which they are addressed. It is, besides, important, as involving even higher considerations than that of justice to the character of the individual himself, to show how gentle, generous, light-hearted, and affectionate was by nature the disposition of him whom a deep sense of his country's wrongs at length drove into the van of desperate rebellion, and brought, in the full prime of all his noble qualities, to the grave.

'In few of his delineations of character is Shakspeare more true to nature than in the picture of a warm, susceptible temperament, which he has drawn in the young and melancholy Romeo;—melancholy, from the very vagueness of the wishes that haunt him, and anticipating the passion before he has yet found the true object of it. . . . The poet well knew that, in natures of this kind, a first love is almost always but a rehearsal for the second; that imagination must act as taster to the heart, before the true "thirst from the soul" is called forth, and that, accordingly, out of this sort of inconstancy to one object is oftenest seen to spring the most passionate, and even constant, devotion to another. An ordinary painter of character would not only have shrunk from the risk of exhibiting his hero so fickle, but would have gladly availed himself of the romantic interest which a picture of first love and singleness of affection is always sure to inspire. But, besides that, in Juliet, he had an opportunity of presenting a portraiture of this kind, such as no hand ever before sketched, he was well aware that in man's less pliant heart, even where most susceptible, a greater degree of previous softening is required before it can thus suddenly and, at the same time, deeply

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be penetrated; and that it was only by long dwelling, in imagination, upon a former love that his hero's mind could be supposed to have attained such a pitch of excitement as, at first sight, to drink in an intoxication of passion which has rendered the lovers themselves, and the poet that has commemorated them, immortal.

'How entirely in nature, and in the nature, too, of ordinary life, is this delineation of the dramatist's fancy, cannot be more clearly exemplified than in the process by which Lord Edward's excitable heart now found itself surprised into a passion which became afterwards such a source of pain and disappointment to him; which, by the cloud it threw over his naturally joyous disposition, first conducted, perhaps, to give his mind a somewhat severer turn, and to incline it towards those inquiries into the state of "the world and the world's law," which at length, acting upon his generous and conscientious nature, enlisted him in the cause to which he ultimately fell a sacrifice.

'The rapid progress already made by the charms of Miss \* \*,—unconsciously, on her part, and almost equally so, at the beginning, on his,—in effacing the vivid impression left by a former object, is described in the foregoing extracts more naturally than it could be in any other words. For some time he continued to struggle against this new fascination, and, though without any of those obligations to constancy which a return of his first love might have imposed, seemed reluctant to own, even to himself, that his affections could be so easily unrooted. The charm, however, was too powerful to be thus resisted; and the still fainter and fainter mention of Lady Catharine in his letters, till her name wholly disappears, marks as plainly the gradual disaffection of his heart as the deserted sands tell the slow ebbing of the tide.'—vol. i. p. 36-37.

A more agreeable specimen of the original part of this biography could not be selected than this dissertation upon the subject which, of all others, has been most studied by the biographer: especial care, indeed, seems to have been taken with it, as some of those cancels occur here which are remarkably frequent in these volumes, and for which there can have been no political reason in this place.

In the autumn of 1786, Lord Edward accompanied his mother the duchess to Nice. He returned from thence at the opening of parliament. 'His name is invariably to be found in the very small minority which the stock of (what Mr. Moore calls) Irish patriotism at that time but scantily supplied.' It appears, too, by his letters, in the biographer's opinion, that 'the standard by which he judged of public men and their conduct was, even at this period, of no very accommodating nature; and that the seeds of that feeling, which in after days broke out into indignant revolt, were already fast ripening.'—'His name is found shining by the side of those of Grattan and Curran; among that small but illustrious

trious band—"the few fine flashes of departing day"—that gave such splendour to the last moment of Ireland as a nation.' This passage might lead the reader to suppose, that the year of which Mr. Moore is speaking was that of the Union, and that Lord Edward was at this time a shining speaker; whereas his name occurs but once in the debates of 1787, when he made a short and sensible speech upon a motion of Mr. Grattan concerning tithes: it was to this effect,—'That tithes having for thirty years been considered as a hardship and matter of grievance, it became the wisdom of the House to inquire into them. While the people were quiet, no inquiry was made; while they were outrageous, no inquiry perhaps ought to be made; but certainly it was not beneath the dignity of the House to say that an inquiry should be made when the people returned to peace and quietness again.' This is the whole that has been reported.

In a letter, written from Dublin at this time, Lord Edward says, 'I have been greatly disappointed about politics, though not dispirited. We came over so sanguine from England, that we feel the disappointment the more. When one has any great object to carry, one must expect disappointments, and not be diverted from one's object by them, or even appear to mind them. I therefore say to everybody, that I think we are going on well. The truth is, the people one has to do with are a bad set. I mean the *whole*; for really I believe those *we* act with are the best.'

Mr. Moore comments on this letter thus:—

'In the determination here expressed, as politic as it is manly, not only to persevere, in spite of disgust and difficulty, towards the object he had in view, but even to assume an air of confidence in his cause when most hopeless of it, we have a feature of his character disclosed to us which, more than any other, perhaps, tended to qualify him for the enterprise to which, fatally for himself, he devoted the latter years of his life. In a struggle like that, of which the chances were so uncertain, and where some of the instruments necessary to success were so little congenial to his nature, it is easy to conceive how painfully often he must have had to summon up the self-command here described, to enable him to hide from those embarked with him his own hopelessness and disgust.'—vol. i., pp. 61, 62.

Lord Edward, in a letter written, soon after he entered the army, to his father-in-law, Mr. Ogilvie, said it gave him great pleasure to find that their sentiments were so perfectly in accord; 'but indeed, whatever mine are,' he added, 'as well as anything I have ever acquired, are mostly owing to your affection for me, both in forming my principles and helping my understanding.'

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Whatever may have been his obligations to Mr. Ogilvie on the score of moral, political, and religious instruction, that gentleman had evidently obtained his affections by an uniform course of kindness. His was indeed an affectionate as well as an ardent temper. Writing at this time to his mother, who was then at Nice, he says,—

‘ You cannot think how I feel to want you here. I dined and slept at Frescati the other day, Ogilvie and I *tête-à-tête*. We talked a great deal of you. Though the place makes me melancholy, yet it gives one pleasant feelings. To be sure, the going to bed without wishing you a good-night; the coming down in a morning, and not seeing you; the sauntering about in the fine sunshine, looking at your flowers and shrubs without you to lean upon one, was all very bad indeed. In settling my journey there, that evening, I determined to see you in my way, supposing you were even a thousand miles out of it; and now coolly, if I can afford it, I certainly will. . . . . You are, after all, what I love best in the world. I always return to you, and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in. I love you more than I think I do,—but I will not give way to such thoughts, for it always makes me grave. I really made myself miserable for two days since I left you, by this sort of reflections; and, in thinking over with myself what misfortunes I *could* bear, I found there was one I *could not*;—but God bless you.’—vol. i., pp. 62, 63.

One of his projects was to rejoin his mother at Nice, as soon as he should be released from parliament; this however, he laid aside for a wider and more instructive tour, and sailed for Gibraltar,—a place which no traveller has described in a more lively manner. From thence he went to Lisbon, and then through great part of Spain. On his return to England, a second attachment which he had formed, and with apparent probability of success, was unexpectedly disappointed, and the father of the young lady forbade him his house. As the likeliest means of recovering his spirits, Lord Edward joined his regiment (the 54th) at St. John's, in New Brunswick. Captain Head did not enjoy the forest scenery of British America with keener relish, nor describe it more pleasantly. He complained of nothing but the musquitos.

‘ I came by a settlement along one of the rivers, which was all the work of one pair; the old man was seventy-two, the old lady seventy; they had been there thirty years; they came there with one cow, three children, and one servant; there was not a living being within sixty miles of them. The first year they lived mostly on milk and marsh leaves; the second year they contrived to purchase a bull, by the produce of their moose skins and fish: from this time they got on very well; and there are now five sons and a daughter all settled in different farms along the river for the space of twenty miles, and all living comfortably



comfortably and at ease. The old pair live alone in the little log cabin they first settled in, two miles from any of their children; their little spot of ground is cultivated by these children, and they are supplied with so much butter, grain, meat, &c. from each child, according to the share he got of the land; so that the old folks have nothing to do but to mind their house, which is a kind of inn they keep, more for the sake of the company of the few travellers there are, than for gain.

'I was obliged to stay a day with the old people on account of the tides, which did not answer for going up the river till next morning; it was, I think, as odd, and as pleasant a day (in its way) as ever I passed. I wish I could describe it to you, but I cannot, you must only help it out with your own imagination. Conceive, dearest mother, arriving about twelve o'clock in a hot day, at a little cabin upon the side of a rapid river, the banks all covered with woods, not a house in sight—and there finding a little old clean tidy woman spinning, with an old man of the same appearance weeding salad. We had come for ten miles up the river without seeing anything but woods. The old pair, on our arrival, got as active as if only five-and-twenty, the gentleman getting wood and water, the lady frying bacon and eggs, both talking a great deal, telling their story, as I mentioned before, how they had been there thirty years, and how their children were settled, and when either's back was turned remarking how old the other had grown; at the same all kindness, cheerfulness, and love to each other.

'The contrast of all this, which had passed during the day, with the quietness of the evening, when the spirits of the old people had a little subsided, and began to wear off with the day, and with the fatigue of their little work,—sitting quietly at their door, on the same spot they had lived in thirty years together, the contented thoughtfulness of their countenances, which was increased by their age and the solitary life they had led, the wild quietness of the place, not a living creature or habitation to be seen, and me, Tony, and our guide sitting with them, all on one log. The difference of the scene I had left,—the immense way I had to get from this little corner of the world, to see any thing I loved,—the difference of the life I should lead from that of this old pair, perhaps at their age discontented, disappointed, and miserable, wishing for power, &c. &c.—my dearest mother, if it was not for you, I believe I never should go home, at least I thought so at that moment.'—pp. 78, 83.

'I know Ogilvie says I ought to have been a savage, and if it were not that the people I love and wish to live with, are civilized people, and like houses, &c., &c., I really would join the savages; and, leaving all our fictitious, ridiculous wants, be what nature intended we should be. Savages have all the real happiness of life, without any of those inconveniences, or ridiculous obstacles to it, which custom has introduced among us. They enjoy the love and company of their wives, relations, and friends, without any interference of interests or ambition to separate them. To bring things home to oneself, if we had been Indians, instead

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of its being my duty to be separated from all of you, it would, on the contrary, be my duty to be with you, to make you comfortable, and to hunt and fish for you: instead of Lord \* \* 's being violent against letting me marry G \* \*, he would be glad to give her to me, that I might maintain and feed her. There would be then no cases of looking forward to the fortune for children,—of thinking how you are to live: no separations in families, one in Ireland, one in England: no devilish politics, no fashions, customs, duties, or appearances to the world, to interfere with one's happiness. Instead of being served and supported by servants, everything here is done by one's relations—by the people one loves; and the mutual obligations you must be under increase your love for each other. To be sure, the poor ladies are obliged to cut a little wood and bring a little water. Now the dear Ciss and Mimi, instead of being with Mrs. Lynch, would be carrying wood and fetching water, while ladies Lucy and Sophia were cooking or drying fish. As for you, dear mother, you would be smoking your pipe. Ogilvie and us boys, after having brought in our game, would be lying about the fire, while our squaws were helping the ladies to cook, or taking care of our papouses: all this in a fine wood, beside some beautiful lake, which when you were tired of, you would in ten minutes, without any baggage, get into your canoes and off with you elsewhere.'—pp. 91, 92.

These are characteristic letters; and the manner in which his biographer comments on them is not less so. Mr. Moore traces the origin of Lord Edward's republican notions to his residence in New Brunswick. The natural simplicity and independence of his character might itself have inclined him, he thinks, towards those equalizing doctrines which aim at levelling the artificial distinctions of society.

'Disappointment in—what, to youth, is everything—the first strong affection of the heart, had given a check to that flow of spirits which had before borne him so buoyantly along; while his abstraction from society left him more leisure to look inquiringly into his own mind, and there gather those thoughts that are ever the fruit of long solitude and sadness. The repulse which his suit had met with from the father of his fair relative had, for its chief grounds, he knew, the inadequacy of his own means and prospects to the support of a wife and family in that style of elegant competence to which the station of the young lady herself had hitherto accustomed her; and the view, therefore, he had been disposed naturally to take of the pomps and luxuries of high life, as standing in the way of all simple and real happiness, was thus but too painfully borne out by his own bitter experience of their influence.

'The conclusion drawn by Lord Edward in favour of savage life, from the premises thus, half truly, half fancifully, assumed by him,—much of the colouring which he gave to the picture being itself borrowed from civilization,—had been already, it is well known, arrived at, through all the mazes of ingenious reasoning, by Rousseau; and

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it is not a little curious to observe how to the very same paradox which the philosopher adopted in the mere spirit of defiance and vanity, a heart overflowing with affection and disappointment conducted the young lover. Nor is Rousseau the only authority by which Lord Edward is kept in countenance in this opinion. From a far graver and more authentic source we find the same startling notion promulgated. The philosopher and statesman, Jefferson, who, from being brought up in the neighbourhood of Indian communities, had the best means of forming an acquaintance with the interior of savage life, declares himself convinced "that such societies (as the Indians), which live without government, enjoy, in their general mass, an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European governments;" and in another place, after discussing the merits of various forms of polity, he does not hesitate to pronounce that it is a problem not clear in his mind that the condition of the Indians, without any government, is not yet the best of all. Thus, where the American president ended his course of political speculation, Lord Edward began,—adopting his opinions, not like Jefferson, after long and fastidious inquiry, but through the medium of a susceptible and wounded heart, nor having a thought of applying the principle of equality implied in them to any other relations or institutions of society than those in which his feelings were, at the moment, interested. This romance, indeed, of savage happiness was, in him, but one of the various forms which the passion now predominant over all his thoughts assumed. But the principle, thus admitted, retained its footing in his mind after the reveries through which it had first found its way thither had vanished; and though it was some time before politics,—beyond the range, at least, of mere party tactics,—began to claim his attention, all he had meditated and felt among the solitudes of Nova Scotia could not fail to render his mind a more ready recipient for such doctrines as he found prevalent on his return to Europe;—doctrines which, in their pure and genuine form, contained all the spirit, without the extravagance, of his own solitary dreams, and while they would leave man in full possession of those blessings of civilization he had acquired, but sought to restore to him some of those natural rights of equality and freedom which he had lost.—vol. i. pp. 98-103.

To make any observations upon this passage here would interrupt the view of what was the wisest, if not the happiest part of Lord Edward's life. At present we shall only express a wish that Mr. Moore had weeded his opinions as carefully as he has weeded his style,—this book might then have been as useful in its tendency as it is delightful in its better parts.

'The celebrated Mr. William Cobbett,' as Mr. Moore, in a manner which seems intended to be complimentary, speaks of one who, if not the most rancorous revolutionary writer of the day, is at least the most notorious for his undisguised malignity,—'the celebrated Mr. William Cobbett, who had even then,' it is said,

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'made himself distinguished by the vigour of his talents,' was serjeant-major of the 54th at this time, and got his discharge from the army by Lord Edward's kindness; he speaks of him as a 'most humane and excellent man, and the only *really honest* officer he ever knew in the army:' the praise may be believed, notwithstanding the calumny with which it is accompanied. Lord Edward was at this time a very amiable man,—probably a most humane one, and with qualities which might have rendered him an excellent one, if they had not afterwards been fatally perverted. It is but justice to exhibit the amiable part of his character, in its best light, before that fatal perversion must be traced in its causes and its consequences. This may best be done in extracts from his letters:—

'You may guess how eager I am to try if I like the woods in winter as well as in summer. I believe I shall never again be prevailed on to live in a house. I long to teach you all how to make a good spruce bed. Three of the coldest nights we have had yet, I slept in the woods with only one blanket, and was just as comfortable as in a room. It was in a party with General Carleton; we went about twenty miles from this to look at a fine tract of land that had been passed over in winter. You may guess how I enjoyed this expedition, being where, in all probability, there had never been but one person before; we struck the land the first night and lay there; we spent three days afterwards in going over it. It will be now soon settled. I cannot describe all the feelings one has in these excursions, when one wakens,—perhaps in the middle of the night, in a fine open forest, all your companions snoring about you, the moon shining through the trees, the burning of the fire,—in short, everything strikes you. Dearest, dearest mother, how I have thought of you at those times, and of all at dear Frescati! and after being tired of thinking, lying down like a dog, and falling asleep till day-break; then getting up, no dressing, or clothing, or trouble, but just giving oneself a shake, and away to the spring to wash one's face. I have had two parties with the savages, which are still pleasanter,—you may guess the reason—there are *des dames*, who are the most comical creatures in the world.'—p. 117-119.

'I really do think there is no luxury equal to that of lying before a good fire on a good spruce bed, after a good supper and a hard moose chase in a fine clear frosty moonlight starry night. But to enter into the spirit of this, you must understand what a moose chase is: the man himself runs the moose down by pursuing *the track*. Your success in killing depends on the number of people you have to pursue and relieve one another in going first (which is the fatiguing part of snow-shoeing), and on the depth and hardness of the snow; for when the snow is hard, and has a crust, the moose cannot get on, as it cuts his legs, and then he stops to make battle. But when the snow is soft, though it be above his belly, he will go on, three, four,

or

or five days, for then the man cannot get on so fast, as the snow is heavy, and he only gets his game by perseverance,—an Indian never gives him up.

'We had a fine chase after one, and ran him down in a day and a half, though the snow was very soft; but it was so deep the animal was up to his belly every step. We started him about twelve o'clock one day, left our baggage, took three days' bread, two days' pork, our axe and fireworks, and pursued. He beat us at first all to nothing; towards evening we had a sight of him, but he beat us again: we encamped that night, ate our bit of pork, and gave chase again as soon as we could see the track in the morning. In about an hour we roused the fellow again, and off he set, fresh to all appearance as ever; but in about two hours after we perceived his steps grew shorter, and some time after we got sight. He still, however, beat us; but at last we evidently perceived he began to tire; we saw he began to turn oftener; we got accordingly courage, and pursued faster, and at last, for three-quarters of an hour, in fine open wood, pursued him all the way in sight, and came within shot;—he stopped, but in vain, poor animal.

'I cannot help being sorry now for the poor creature,—and was then. At first it was charming, but as soon as we had him in our power, it was melancholy; however, it was soon over, and it was no pain to him. If it was not for this last part, it would be a delightful amusement. I am sorry to say, though, that in a few hours the good passion wore off, and the animal one predominated. I enjoyed most heartily the eating him and cooking him: in short, I forgot the animal, and only thought of my hunger and fatigue. We are beasts, dearest mother, I am sorry to say it.'—p. 128-131.

'Ten thousand million blessings attend you all, dearest, dearest mother. I will see you soon,—what happiness! It has been a long year, but I did all I could to shorten it. I wish I was in the woods, tired and sleepy, I should soon forgot you all. Love to dear aunt Louisa. When I end a letter, the thoughts of you all come so thick upon me, I don't know which to speak to,—so, in a lump, God bless you, men, women, and children. I am going foolish.'—p. 133.

Lord Edward, when he had determined upon returning to Europe, travelled straight across the country from Fredericks-town to Quebec, 'entirely through uninhabited woods, morasses, and mountains, a route, it is said, never before attempted even by the Indians.' He accomplished the journey, which was one hundred and seventy-five miles, in twenty-six days; and a most useless map of it has been engraved for this work. From Quebec he went to the Falls of Niagara and to Detroit, where he was formally adopted into the Bear Tribe by the name of Eghnidal. From thence he made his way to the Ohio; down that river to the Mississippi, and so to New Orleans. The consideration that in this journey he should see a country which must soon be a scene of action, and in which,

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very probably, he might himself be employed, spurred him on, he said, to undertake it.—

‘When I am not happy, I must either be soldiering (he adds), or preparing to be a soldier,—which is what I think I am doing in this journey;—*for stay quiet, I believe, I cannot.* Why did you give me either such a head or such a heart?—(It is to his mother that he writes.)—I have now but one month more of hard work to gain the Mississippi, and then I shall get on easily. I have got a canoe, with five men. Except Indian corn and grease, we depend entirely on chance for everything else. You cannot conceive how pleasant this way of travelling is: it is a hunting or shooting party the whole way. I find I can live very well on Indian corn and grease: it sounds bad, but it is not so: I ate nothing else for four days coming here. Few people know how little is necessary to live. What is called and thought *hardship* is nothing: one unhappy feeling is worse than a thousand years of it.’—vol. i., p. 150.

He arrived at New Orleans in December, 1789, and endeavoured to obtain permission there for going to the Havannah or Mexico. The Spanish governor could not give leave himself, but wrote to ask it, and it was refused. Here he found letters from home, informing him that the lady for whom he had cherished an undiminished affection was married. That he thought himself ill-treated appears by a passage which he quoted from *Don Quixote*, which is grossly misprinted in Mr. Moore’s book: and his biographer thinks it may be doubted, whether, ‘had it not been for his mother, whose existence he knew was locked up in his, he would ever again have returned to England.’ He himself, however, says only, that he believed he should not have returned for some time had it not been for that consideration. He thought of nothing now, he said, but being a good soldier: ‘the voyage had done him a great deal of good. He had viewed human nature under almost all its forms, everywhere it was the same. But the wilder it was, the more virtuous.’ With how little penetration, and how little knowledge must he have observed it, who could come to this conclusion!

On his arrival in London, one of his first visits was to the Duke of Richmond: war with Spain was apprehended at that time, and as he was just come from the Spanish colony of Louisiana, the information which he had collected there was listened to with peculiar interest by a British minister. The refusal, therefore, which the reader may perhaps have regarded as an act of characteristic illiberality in the Spanish government, is thus justified, and still further by the fact, that Lord Edward, while at Cadiz, had drawn plans of the fortifications there. It is hard upon inoffensive travellers to be treated with suspicion and rigour; but while there are travellers who, during peace, search foreign countries with a military eye,

and spy out their weakness and their strength with a view to future war, governments are less to be censured for the precautions which subject them to be charged with illiberality, than individuals for rendering such precautions needful. The knowledge which Lord Edward had thus obtained seemed to his uncle of such importance,—an expedition against Cadiz being at that time in contemplation,—that he wished him to meet Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas that evening; and, according to Moore's information, they offered immediately to promote him by brevet, and give him the command of the expedition. The offer was readily accepted, and the Duke told him at parting, that he should on the following day report what had been agreed upon to the king, and hoped he might also add that his nephew was no longer in opposition. Lord Edward answered, that it was his determination to devote himself exclusively to his profession, and he could therefore, without any difficulty, promise not to appear in opposition to the government. On the morrow, however, he learned from his mother that, notwithstanding her earnest remonstrances, his brother, the Duke of Leinster, had before his arrival, returned him for the county of Kildare. 'Finding his position thus altered, he lost no time in apprizing the Duke of Richmond, who, on learning the new views of the subject which this discovery had occasioned, expressed strong displeasure against his nephew, and accused him of breaking his word with the king; adding, at the same time, that neither this proffered appointment, nor any other favour from ministers, was to be expected by him, if he did not detach himself from the opposition, and give his vote to government. This Lord Edward, it is hardly necessary to say, promptly refused,' and they parted, it is said, with an angry feeling on the part of the uncle.

It may be observed on this statement of Mr. Moore, that if an expedition against Cadiz was really intended, it seems highly improbable that the command should have been entrusted to so young an officer, who was only a major when the offer is said to have been made to him. Further, it may be observed, that the statement is by no means honourable to Lord Edward. The promise to his uncle was his own act and deed; whereas, having been returned for the county of Kildare without his knowledge, he was by no means bound to accept the seat. In the one case he had bound himself, in the other he was free. And here it should be stated what Lord Edward's views of his brother's politics had been. The Duke of Leinster, having till that time been in opposition, accepted office in 1788, under the Marquis of Buckingham's administration. Mr. Moore, having given what he afterwards felt to be 'somewhat too strong a character' to this

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secession from the whigs, says, in a note to the Appendix, that the general leaning of his own party in the same direction took from the Duke's conduct, on that occasion, 'all that in the remotest degree deserves the name of apostasy.' Lord Edward had been educated as a whig; and expressed himself strongly upon this subject in his letters from New Brunswick. It was one reason the more why he was inclined to rejoice that he had left Europe:—

'After the part dear Leinster has acted (says he), I should have been ashamed to show my face in Ireland. The fact of being ashamed of the actions of one we love is dreadful; and I certainly, this winter, would not have supported him, though I would not oppose him: he would have been angry, and there would have been a coolness, which would have vexed me very much. I have had many quiet, serious hours here to think about what he has done, and I cannot reconcile myself to it by any argument. His conduct, both to the public and individuals, is not what it ought to have been. In short, my dear mother, it hurts me very much, though I do all I can to get the better of it; I know it is weakness and folly, but then the action is done—shame is incurred.'

Knowing the temper of his nephew, and earnestly wishing to keep him from engaging in opposition, the Duke of Richmond wrote to him a letter of affectionate remonstrance. Upon this, Lord Edward wrote to his mother—

'I have got a letter from uncle Richmond, which was as kind as possible; everything he does only makes one love him the more. He says, in his letter, that, as Leinster is come over completely to government, he can see no reason why I should not now act with my brother and uncle. In my answer I have agreed with him, and said that I certainly shall: because, upon consideration, though I think Leinster wrong, and told him so beforehand, yet as he *has* taken that part, it would be wrong not to support him—we being certainly his members, and brought in by him with an idea that he might depend upon our always acting with him.

'With all this, however, I am determined *not* to take lieutenant-colonelcy, or anything else. I wish my actions not to be biassed by any such motive; but that I may feel I am only acting in this manner, because I think it right. Besides, by my taking nothing, Leinster can the more easily provide for his friends, some of whom he is bound in honour to make provision for. I have written to uncle Richmond to this same purpose, telling how I meant to act, and how I felt, and therefore trust he will not persist in trying to get me a lieutenant-colonelcy. I am content as I am;—I am not ambitious to get on. I like the service for its own sake, whether major, lieutenant-colonel, or general, it is the same to me. High rank in it I do not aspire to; if I am found fit for command, I shall get it; if I am not, God knows, I am better without it. The sole ambition I have is to be deserving: to deserve a reward is to



me far pleasanter than to obtain it. I am afraid you will all say I am foolish about this; but as it is a folly that hurts nobody, it may have its fling. I will not, however, trouble you any more about all this hanged stuff, for I am tired of thinking of it.'—vol. i., p. 115-117.

Mr. Moore observes upon this, that 'considering how lax were the notions prevalent at that period, among Irishmen of both parties, on the subjects of patronage and jobbing, this sacrifice on the part of Lord Edward of the fondest object of his ambition, military promotion, to a feeling which he well knew all connected with him would consider foolishly punctilious, required no ordinary effort of character.' But after Lord Edward *had* 'yielded thus to family feelings,' and declared to the Duke of Richmond his determination of devoting himself exclusively to his profession, that so sudden a change should have been produced in his intentions, by the mere circumstance of his having been returned to the Irish Parliament during his absence, and contrary to his mother's earnest remonstrances, seems unaccountable: such a change could hardly have taken place, unless he had fallen in with evil advisers, during the interval of four and twenty hours.

Being unemployed in his profession, Lord Edward was now, in the words of his biographer, left 'free to extend his sympathies to the concerns of others. Being neither pledged to a certain set of opinions by virtue of any office, nor under that fear of change which high station and wealth engender, he could now give way without reserve to his judgment and feelings; and take part *with* the oppressed and *against* the oppressor, to the full length that his own natural sense of justice and benevolence dictated.' During the next two years his time was past partly in Dublin, for the purpose of attending the House of Commons, but chiefly in London, under the same roof with his mother and sisters. To London, indeed, says his biographer, 'all his desires now called him; not only from the delight he always felt in the converse of his own family, but from certain other less legitimate attractions, on which it is not necessary to dwell, but to which his extreme readiness to love, and his power of making himself beloved in return, rendered him constantly liable. Seldom, indeed, has any one possessed, to such an engaging degree, that combination of manly ardour with gentleness, which is so winning to most female minds.' Was it then necessary for Mr. Moore to touch upon this? and will he suffer no frailties to be buried in the grave?

'Left thus open,' says the biographer, 'to the influence of all that was passing around him, it may be conceived that the great events now in progress in France could have appealed to few hearts more thoroughly prepared, both by nature and position, to go along with their movement. In the society, too, which he now chiefly cultivated—that of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and their many distinguished friends,—

friends,—he found **THOSE POLITICAL PRINCIPLES**, to which he now, for the first time, gave any serious attention, recommended at once to his reason and imagination by all the splendid sanctions with which genius, wit, eloquence, and the most refined good-fellowship could invest them. Neither was it to be expected, while thus imbibing the full spirit of the **NEW DOCTRINES**, that he would attend much to those constitutional guards and conditions with which the Whig patriots, **AT THAT TIME**, fenced round even their boldest opinions,—partly from a long-transmitted reverence for the forms of the constitution, and partly, also, from a prospective view to their own attainment of power, and to the great inconvenience of being encumbered, on entering into office, by opinions which it might not only be their interest, but their duty, to retract.

‘From both these wholesome restraints on political ardour, Lord Edward was free; having derived, it may be supposed, from his Irish education in politics but a small portion of respect for the English constitution, and being by nature too little selfish, even had he any ulterior interests, to let a thought of them stand in the way of the present generous impulse. At a later period, indeed, it is well known that even Mr. Fox himself, impatient at the hopelessness of all his efforts to rid England, by any ordinary means, of a despotism which aristocratic alarm had brought upon her, found himself driven, in his despair of Reform, so near that edge where Revolution begins, that had there existed, at that time, in England, anything like the same prevalent sympathy with the **NEW DOCTRINES OF DEMOCRACY** as responded throughout Ireland, there is no saying how far short of the daring aims of Lord Edward even this great constitutional Whig leader might, in the warmth of his generous zeal, have ventured.’—p. 164—166.

Such of the ‘Whig patriots’ of 1790 as are still living, would have been little gratified by the perusal of this passage a few months ago, whatever they may be now.

In the autumn of 1792, Lord Edward went to Paris, ‘unwilling to lose such a spectacle of moral and political excitement as that city presented’—after the overthrow of the monarchy and the September massacres. He set off without communicating his intentions to his mother, and the first letter which she received from him, informed her that he was lodging with his friend Paine, with whom he breakfasted, dined, and supped, and whom he ‘liked and respected the more he saw of him, for his simplicity of manner, his goodness of heart, and his strength of mind.’ As to Paris, he could compare it to nothing but Rome in its days of conquest, the energy of the people was beyond belief. And he desired her to direct ‘*Le citoyen Edouard Fitzgerald.*’ Mr. Moore admits that, ‘from a disposition so ardent and fearless, discretion was the last virtue to be expected;’ and that his friends, therefore, however much they might be alarmed and grieved, could hardly have felt  
much

much surprise, at reading in the newspapers, that he had figured at a dinner given by the English in Paris, in honour of the success of the French armies. 'Though the festival was intended to be purely British, it was attended by citizens of various countries, by deputies of the Convention, generals and other officers of the armies then stationed in or visiting Paris, J. H. Stone in the chair.' Sir Robert Smith and Lord Edward renounced their titles at this meeting; the former proposed as a toast, 'The speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions;' and among several toasts proposed by these two citizens, was the following: 'May *Ca Ira*, the Carmagnole, and the Marselloise March, soon become the favourite music of every army; and may the soldier and the citizen join in the chorus.' Lord Edward was dismissed from the service for this, 'without inquiry, and so far,' says Mr. Moore, 'no doubt unjustly and oppressively;' but Lord Edward expected this, and deserved it. Inquiry was not needful in a case where the offence was public, and notorious, and undeniable.

There was a want of fairness in Mr. Fox, when he alluded to this in parliament, and said, that though there might be good grounds for the dismissal, they were unknown because they were undeclared; and the only ground suggested by the public voice was, that of having subscribed to a fund for enabling the French to carry on the war. Mr. Moore, too, would have shown more fairness, if he had spoken in less doubtful terms, when he says that the Duke of Richmond was suspected, *but he should think, unjustly*, of having had some share in this *harsh* measure, and being actuated in it by the resentment with which he had parted from his nephew, when the latter made the choice between a political and a military life. His poor mother dated all his misfortunes from his dismissal. She said that it made a deep and indelible impression on his mind, and that a sentence of death would, in comparison, have been an act of mercy to a man of his spirit. Yet she said, he never would allow that it had any effect on his conduct. Who indeed can believe that it had? That his mother should seek to console herself with such a supposition was likely, and for her own sake to be wished. The causes of his errors and his guilt lay deeper. Moreover, at the time of his dismissal, he was far too happy to think of it,—too much absorbed in better feelings then, and in worse ones afterwards. For during his short stay at Paris, he saw at one of the theatres, Pamela, the adopted daughter\* of Madame de Genlis, and in somewhat less than a month,

\* In the marriage contract the bride was described as *Citoienne Anne Caroline Stéphanie Sims, âgée de dix-neuf ans environ, demeurante à Paris, connue en France*

month, he married her. The marriage took place at Tournay, Citizen Louis Philippe Egalité being one of the witnesses, and his father Philippe Egalité another,—that *ci-devant* Duke of Orleans, who from mixed motives of hatred and ambition, lavished his fortune in bringing on a revolution, by the joint instrumentality of journalists and mobs; and who was at that time in the height of his revolutionary glory, having recently been chosen as a deputy to the Convention, by the commune of Paris, as the colleague of Marat, the two Robespierres, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Manuel, Freron, the actor Collot d'Herbois, and the butcher Legendre,—a list comprising some of the most execrable names that have as yet attained infamy in the course of the French revolution.

Lord Edward immediately returned to England with his wife; her beauty and accomplishments reconciled his family to the ill-omened marriage: after remaining a few weeks with his mother, he proceeded to Dublin,—and there, in Mr. Moore's words, 'plunged at once into the political atmosphere, himself more than sufficiently excited.' And here the biographer pauses, that he may lay before the reader his view of Irish affairs for the fourteen or fifteen years preceding, when the people of Ireland, he says, 'first learned the dangerous lesson, that to the fears, rather than the justice, of their rulers, they must thenceforward look for either right or favour.' He tells us that, in 1783, a convention of reformers held their sittings in Dublin during the sitting of parliament, and assumed powers and functions co-ordinate with those of the two acting branches of the legislature; that there was at that moment, in full equipment, at Belfast, a train of artillery, with a considerable supply of ammunition, and a large corps of volunteers, ready to march to the aid of that Convention if necessary; and that when Mr. Flood moved, in the House of Commons, the plan of reform upon which that Convention had agreed, he was dressed in the volunteers' uniform, and surrounded by other members, some of whom were delegates, in the same military array. 'He brought his

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*sous le nomme de Pamela, native de Fogo dans l'île de Terre-neuve; fille de Guillaume de Brizey et de Mary Sims.* According to Mr. Moore, 'it may now be said, without scruple, that she was the daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans.' On what authority this assertion is made, we know not; but we know that, at the time when Pamela was often talked of for her extraordinary beauty, and for what was then thought her fortunate marriage, it was said at Christchurch, in Hampshire, that the Duke of Orleans had a fancy to procure an English child who should be bred up as a companion for his daughters, and whose parents were absolutely to resign her; that a person, attached to the British embassy at Paris, undertook to look out for such a child; that, by means of a clergyman connected with Christchurch, he found out a Bristol woman, by name Sims, who was living in that little town with an only daughter, her illegitimate child; and that, upon the offer being made to her to part with her child, under circumstances which seemed to secure to the child a respectable station in life, her poverty and her prudence consented. The transaction was well remembered in that place, and the names of all the persons concerned in it.

motion,'

motion,' said Sir Boyle Roche, 'from the committee, red hot, into the House on the point of a bayonet; and prefaced it by saying there were fifty thousand men ready to support it, and fifty thousand more if necessary.' The measure, he says, after a long and stormy debate, maintained on both sides with a spirit of defiance which an eye-witness described as almost terrific, was rejected by a majority of 159 to 77.

Some remarkable passages, which Mr. Moore has not thought it necessary to notice, occurred in that memorable debate. The Attorney-General spoke of the system of intimidation upon which the reformers were acting, when they sought, 'with that rude instrument, the bayonet, to probe and explore a constitution which required the nicest hand to touch.' 'Things,' said he, 'are come to such a crisis that even our self-preservation, as a parliament, depends on the vote we shall now give. This is the spot to make our stand: here we must draw our line; for we have retired, step by step, as they have advanced; we are now on a precipice, and to recede one step more, plunges us into inevitable ruin.' 'Where,' said Sir Hercules Langrishe, 'is the authority that could justify a member of parliament in an attempt to demolish ancient charters that have taken root in the constitution, and are the growth of so many centuries? Where is the authority that could justify us in extinguishing or transferring to others the rights and franchises of those who sent us here? Where is the authority that could justify an attempt to alter the essential principles of a constitution, which has been the admiration and the envy of all nations and all ages, and which, perhaps, is the only one in the world that has preserved political liberty to this day?' Mr. Richard Hely Hutchinson observed that there were many boroughs in which reform was to be desired and to be expected; 'but,' said he, 'if you proceed to annihilate the power of sending members to parliament, or to change the constitution, in all those boroughs where the power of a few individuals is decisive, the pruning-knife will extend much farther, and wound more deeply, than some persons seem to be aware of. But would it be just to change the constitution of all such boroughs, and would it be wise if it were just? Several of them were the encouragement to men for building great towns, for planting them with inhabitants, for encouraging arts, manufactures, and promoting civilization,—or they were the rewards for bestowing those benefits on their fellow-citizens. He had no connexion with any of them; but if some of the great protectors, or first ornaments of the country should be found in these circumstances, would it be just to deprive their descendants of the well-earned weight in the community obtained by the virtues of their ancestors? Would it be wise to pluck away every feather from the wing of the few great families who remain, and who have so much contributed to the improvement, strength, and defence of this kingdom?'

When

When the same measure was brought forward by the same member, two years later, among the speeches in which it was opposed was one by Sir Hercules Langrishe, worthy of notice at this time, as showing that there are occasions in which the old Almanac may be consulted with advantage.

'As soon,' said the Irish orator, 'as a restitution of every right, and a concession of every favour that you could desire or demand, had satisfied every rational wish in the nation, it was natural to expect that the patriot's care should be awakened to look out for something that might provide for the agitation of the day, and protect the public mind from the lassitude of contentment; for it was much to be feared, in those degenerate days, when the people should see commerce ready to reward their industry, and the best constitution in the world ready to ensure their acquisitions, that they would be but too apt to surrender themselves to the cold dictates of common sense, and degrade their high exertions by embracing the condition of inglorious happiness. But the public virtue of this country has always been ready to awaken their sensibility to nobler pursuits, and cultivate the growth of unceasing demand; for the public virtue of this country has always supplied us with some spirits so exalted, that they aspire at something more than liberty, and whose conceptions of prosperity despise the narrow bounds of peace and affluence.

'To rescue the people from this ignoble mediocrity—to rescue them from this delusive tranquillity—to keep alive their cares and fears, and their jealousies, that they might neither slumber nor sleep, even in the arms of freedom and peace,—the subject of parliamentary reform naturally presented itself, as that of all others most likely to inflame, because it was that of all others most unlikely to be understood. It was a combination of politics, and jurisprudence, and history, and experiment, and speculation, so complicated as to furnish everything to perplex, and nothing to inform, the public mind. The object ambiguous, the means unascertained, its preachers could attribute to it any perfection they pleased, without the hazard of confutation: it was a doctrine that the high priests who expounded it from their altars explained every one in a manner different from the other—a doctrine on which the several oracles that had been consulted abroad returned responses full of ambiguity, inconsistency, and contradiction;—it was a doctrine to be propagated by pure faith, because it was a mystery above the understanding of the people: it was enough that the doctrine was new and obscure, to ensure it some followers amongst a believing multitude; for there never was a false doctrine imposed upon the world, except a doctrine the world could not understand. The missionaries of reform, though they could not, like Mahomet, employ miracles to propagate the faith, were, like him, determined to lend to it the assistance of the sword. Under these circumstances, it naturally followed that this subject assumed the sanction of the people, who knew nothing of the matter, and the force of the nation was to be directed against its own tranquillity. It has been clothed with a degree



degree of authority manifestly affecting to preclude the discussion, and enforce the compliance, of parliament.

'We have been told, Sir, that parliamentary reform is a measure which the people were determined to carry, and without which they would not be satisfied. What do these words import? Why, Sir, translated into common English, they imply that the people should reform parliament by abolishing its authority, and renovate the constitution by an act of violence; for every man knows that if the people are determined to carry a measure at all events, they are determined to carry it whether parliament approve or not, and if the latter be the case, to substitute force in the place of law, and arms in the place of constitution. *And as to prophecies of discontent and tumult, I must say it is too much to expect from the frailty and vanity of man, that when he assumes the gift of prophecy he will not endeavour to fulfil his prophecy; at least it may be feared that even if his prophecy goes to public commotion, his pride and his passions become interested against any endeavour to prevent that commotion, because that would be an endeavour to falsify his own prediction. I cannot, therefore, avoid thinking that such prophecies have more in them of fabrication than foresight; that they tend more to promote than provide against the evils they announce; and I caution the people against such prophets! They may betray, but they cannot serve them! They may, indeed, seduce them, like the tribes of old, to wade through a Red Sea, but they would afterwards lead them into captivity, or forsake them in the wilderness; for they cannot put them into possession of the land they have promised them.*

Another passage, not less applicable now than it was then, occurs in the Irish debates during those stormy days, and its insertion here may be excused, as being, though apparently out of place, but too precisely in season. Mr. Browne (of the College), speaking upon a motion concerning tithes, represented the real state of the clergy in Ireland, and the consequences of attacking church property.

'The rights of the clergy (said he) are now treated with levity; but although not now maintained upon the ground of divine origin, they stand upon the laws, the constitution, the articles of union, the king's coronation oath. In times when religion was young and flourishing they might have been donations, and now, in depraved times, when that support will not do, and they are become property, is it safe to sport with property? Rights admit not of degrees; degrees of importance indeed they may have, but degrees of sanctity they cannot have: the rights of the clergy are sacred as those of the laity, both much founded on public opinion, much resting on popular reverence. If the common base melts away, both structures will totter. Sport with the rights of others, if the moment of your sport be not death to your own rights! Is it policy to teach the mob this subtle logic, to make your peasants logicians, and your ploughmen philosophers? See to what species of mental knight errantry this may lead,

'But



'But it may be said, the clergy do not reside to do their duty. This is not true; non-residence is very rare, and breach or neglect of duty may be punished by the law. But do you do your duty? Have you no duty to your country, to your friends, to yourselves? Do you perform it? It may be said too, that the clergy have too much. And did you never hear of agrarian laws? and think you it is easy to persuade the famished beggar that it is right for one man to have ten thousand a year and another nothing? You open the way for every novelty that the fertile mind of man can breed. I am not fanciful in this. Look to what has happened in the last century! The right honourable gentleman would not be the first Sampson who pulled down the pillars of the temple and perished in the ruins. They altered the church in that age; they then found it necessary to alter the House of Commons, and to alter the monarchy and the constitution; and at last, which might come more home to the feelings of those whom it concerns, they found it was wicked for the Lord's people to pay rent. Take care, says an ancient author, how you pull down old fabrics, lest the dust put out your eyes!'

Mr. Moore says, that Irishmen were not slow in profiting by the lesson of national union, which the rejection of Mr. Flood's motion for parliamentary reform inculcated. From this time, Catholic freedom, he says, went hand in hand in all their projects with reform; the Dissenters brought intelligence and republican spirit to the coalition; the Roman Catholics deep-rooted discontent and numerical force. The question of the regency, which for a short time placed the Irish parliament in dangerous contradiction to the British, strengthened the Irish opposition with a large body of disappointed Whigs, whose acrimonious and exasperated feelings the French revolution by no means tended to soften. Mr. Moore adduces, and with no view of censuring them, some specimens of their incendiary speeches; but he justly remarks, that 'words spoken in high places fall with even more than their due weight on the public ear; and the language of the parliamentary orators, at this period, lost none of its impression from the millions of echoes that out of doors repeated it.' Lord Charlemont and Mr. Grattan founded Whig clubs in Dublin and Belfast at the latter end of 1789, with the professed object of cultivating old revolution principles, as distinguished from the democratic theories of the day, and the example was imitated—in all but its moderation. Other clubs succeeded, 'keeping pace more boldly with the advancing spirit of the times,' (the march of intellect and the progress of liberal opinions,) and at length, in 1791, was formed that deep and comprehensive *Plot of Patriots*, as they themselves described it, the Society of United Irishmen; professing, as the aim and principle of their union, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' and calling upon 'all sects and denominations  
of

of Irishmen to join them in the one great common cause of political, religious, and national enfranchisement.' The object of the leaders was 'to rally all the nation's energies round a flag of a far deeper green than the pale standard of Whiggism.' (The metaphor is Mr. Moore's, as well as the substance of this representation.) 'Trust,' said they, in one of their addresses, 'as little to your friends as to your enemies in a matter where you can act only by yourselves.' And in another they said, 'in the sincerity of our souls do we desire Catholic Emancipation; but were it obtained to-morrow, we should go on as we do to-day, in the pursuit of that Reform which would still be wanting to ratify their liberties as well as our own.' For the United Irishmen, says Mr. Moore, 'took care not to fall into the errors which have been, in our own times, committed, of representing this concession as the one thing needful,' and 'guarded themselves against any such misconception or limitation of their views.' And when in 1791 the Roman Catholic peers and gentry presented an address to the Lord-Lieutenant, condemning the tendency of the popular associations, and 'leaving, with implicit loyalty, to the discretion of government the measure of justice it might think proper to accord to their claims,' this offensive mixture in their aristocratic leaders, says Mr. Moore, 'of dictation to the people, and servility to the court, was at once felt to have incapacitated them from being any longer the organs of a body rising into the proud altitude of assertors of their own rights.' 'The proceedings of this small knot of lords and gentlemen were protested against,' and the management of the cause was taken up by 'commercial men of intelligence and spirit, whose position in society gave them an insight into the growing demands of the country; it placed their minds, as it were, in contact with those popular influences and sympathies, from which the proud seclusion in which they lived had insulated the former managers of their cause.' In other words, persons who were respectable for their rank and property, and who were loyal subjects, were supplanted by a set of desperate political adventurers; and as in such times it ever has been the case, and ever will be, they who had something to lose by revolution were thrust aside by those who thought they had something to gain by it. From this time, the Catholic Committee and the United Irishmen began 'manifestly to converge towards the same formidable object, a general and nationalized league against English power'—that is, they began to prepare for a rebellion.

Theobald Wolfe Tone, the founder of the first Society of United Irishmen, was appointed assistant-secretary to the Catholic Committee, though nominally a Protestant himself. This person is described by Mr. Moore as presenting in his character 'the  
most

most truly Irish mixture of daring in design and light-heartedness in execution.' With how light a heart indeed an ignorant and irreligious vain man may engage in a treasonable conspiracy, and contemplate the most tremendous consequences of his treason, has never been more fully shown than in the Diary\* of this revolutionary martyr! Tone was to be agent as well as assistant-secretary to the committee, with a salary of 200*l.*, which, to a man extremely embarrassed in circumstances, was, as he himself says, 'a considerable object.' He was one of the deputation whom that committee sent to Belfast, where he assisted at a procession and festival in honour of the anniversary of the French revolution. One of the flags which were paraded that day bore this inscription:—'Our Gallic brethren were born July 14, 1789; alas, we are still in embryo!' On the reverse, 'Superstitious jealousy the cause of the Irish Bastile; let us unite and destroy it.' Mr. Moore quotes from Tone's Diary these notes concerning a dinner given to the deputies by the Belfast patriots:—'Chequered at the head of the table sat Dissenter and Catholic. The four flags, America, France, Poland, Ireland, but *no England*.' But Mr. Moore has not quoted the words, which follow:—'Bravo, *Beau jour*!' nor could he be expected to quote some passages immediately before and after this extract, which admirably exhibit the light-heartedness of a conspirator, and place the 'Irish mixture' in a strong light: *e. g.*—

'July 15, 1792. The business now fairly settled in Belfast and the neighbourhood. Huzza, huzza! Dinner at the Donegal Arms. Huzza! God bless every body! Stanislaus Augustus! George Washington! *Beau jour*. Who would have thought it this morning? Huzza! Generally drunk. Broke my glass, thumping the table. Home, God knows how or when. Huzza! God bless every body again, generally.

'Aug. 6.—Damn all bishops! Gog not quite well on that point; —thinks them a good thing: nonsense. Dine at home with Neilson and M<sup>c</sup>Cracken. Very pleasant; Rights of Man; French Revolution; no bishops, &c.

'19th, Sunday.—Go to mass,—foolish enough! too much trumpery. The king of France dethroned; very glad of it. Drank the "Spirit of the French mob to the people of Ireland." Stout! All very pleasant and well.'

In ordinary times, this man, who describes himself and his companions as so often drunk, very pleasant, and stout, blessing everybody generally, and damning all bishops in particular, would have been a mere Irish adventurer, with harum-scarum liveliness and good-nature to recommend him, and neither modesty nor

\* An account of it may be seen in the thirty-sixth volume of this Journal, p. 61.  
principle

principle to stand in his way. Diseased, indeed, must the state of any country be wherein such a man could put himself forward, with success, as a performer in the first line of revolutionary tragedy; but in that state Ireland was when Lord Edward returned thither with his beautiful bride, and began to take that part in political life to which his birth and connexions entitled him.

It soon appeared that he was likely to proceed as precipitately in politics as in love. Tone and the men with whom he acted were training the people with all diligence for rebellion: an armed association, under the name of the First National Battalion, was formed, and took for its device the Irish harp, surmounted by a cap of liberty instead of a crown. A proclamation was issued against this association, and in the debate upon the address which approved of this measure, Lord Edward rose, and 'in a very vehement tone, exclaimed—"I give my most hearty disapprobation to that address,—for I do think that the Lord-Lieutenant and the majority of this house are the worst subjects the king has." This Mr. Moore characterises as 'one of those short bursts of feeling which have a far better chance of living in history than the most elaborate harangues.'—'Take down his words,' immediately echoed from all parts of the house. He was admitted to explain himself,—and, according to Mr. Moore, he did so, by saying, 'with some humour,' 'I am accused of having declared that I think the Lord-Lieutenant and the majority of this house the worst subjects the king has; I said so, 'tis true,—and I am sorry for it.' He states this doubtfully, as what he had heard reported;—it is an old story, told of a woman who was made to do public penance for defamation; but, whatever the explanation was, the house resolved, without a dissentient voice, that it was 'unsatisfactory and insufficient,' and he was ordered to attend at the bar on the morrow. The next day accordingly he appeared, and offered an apology, which must have been couched in curiously-equivocal words; for, after two hours' discussion, a division took place whether it should be received or not, upon which division fifty-five voted against receiving it—one hundred and thirty-six for it.

In this session the elective franchise was granted to the Roman Catholics,—all argument against it being addressed in vain to a government which, on that question, seems to have been demented, as if struck with a judicial blindness. The following specimen of prophetic foresight will not be read at this time without interest, both for that part of the prediction which has been fulfilled, and that which is about to be so, unless public affairs should be administered by a very different spirit from that which at present directs them:—

'Once make a breach in the rampart,' said Dr. Duigenan, 'and entrench-

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entrenchments will be found insufficient defences. Such of the Catholic freeholders, as hold their tenures under Protestant landlords, will revolt from them, and abandon their interest on the first election, if they shall be informed by their priests that their landlords' interest militates against the political interest of their sect. Within a very few years, by their numbers, they will outvote the Protestant freeholders in every county in the kingdom (except two or three, where the Protestant interest may, perhaps, prevail for a few years longer); and they will certainly return such representatives to Parliament as they shall think most favourable to the Catholic interests. There is another circumstance, too, which renders the extension of the elective franchise to Catholic freeholders still more dangerous, and that is, the scheme of reform, which is now obtruded on this nation, with more than common industry, by the ministers and servants of the rump of a disgraced and reprobated English faction, whose endeavours, in Great Britain, to plunge their country into the rebellion and anarchy of the French assassins, have been lately defeated by the activity of the British ministry and good sense of the nation. Two plans of reform of the representation of the people in Parliament are suggested,—the one is the disfranchisement at once of all the boroughs, the dissolution of corporations, and the increase of the number of representatives for counties, and a few large cities and towns: the other is, the disfranchisement of all decayed boroughs, that is, those boroughs in which few or no inhabitants are left, and the opening of all other boroughs, by giving all the freeholders, who live within a certain distance of them, a right to vote at the elections of representatives of these boroughs. The extension of the elective franchise to Catholic freeholders will make it the direct interest of the whole Catholic body to push on either the one or the other mode of reform with all their power: it will enable them to return representatives for all or most of the boroughs in the kingdom. When none shall be returned but such as are devoted to the Catholic interest, it is easy to foresee that all laws excluding Catholics from sitting in Parliament will be repealed, and that we shall have a Catholic House of Commons; the destruction of the Protestant constitution in Church and State will be the certain and successful effort of a Catholic House of Commons; and when the government of this country becomes Catholic, the people of Ireland will be immediately taught that it is at least as great an absurdity in politics (if not a greater) to have a Protestant king over a Popish nation, as it was thought by the people of England, in the reign of James II., to have a Popish king over a Protestant nation. And as the house of Stuart may now be said to be extinct, the Catholics will attempt to form a republic in Ireland,—to which their connexion with the levelling republican mobs of Belfast and Derry, and with the levelling faction in Great Britain, and their plan of resumption of the estates now in the hands of Protestants, will also very strongly incline them. And as this nation is not able of itself to cope with Great Britain, the Irish Catholics will again invoke the assistance of France, which, though now a distracted nation, is yet a great and powerful one,—

one,—and thus will Ireland, as during the revolutionary war, become a field of battle for Great Britain and France, and be again desolated.'

The 'healing measure,' against the sure consequences of which government was thus distinctly and precisely forewarned, was carried,—with what effect let Great Britain and Ireland at this time bear witness! Well minded Roman Catholics were contented with their condition before that concession was made. One of the most learned of them (Charles O'Connor the elder) said in 1786, 'Under the auspices of our present most gracious sovereign, we have obtained civil, religious, and commercial liberty in *full measure*, and England assisted us in obtaining it—a glorious epoch, commencing with unanimity in our creed of politics, and in a profession of civil faith, abundantly sufficient for every purpose of political salvation.' 'This happy revolution,' he adds, 'is operating on the minds, as well as the condition of all our people.' And it would have continued so to operate if there had been none who sought to fish in troubled waters. Mr. Curran said, that the liberty conferred in 1793, when the elective franchise was granted, would have produced the promised effect, had it not been 'for the misconception of a lower description of persons, who may have imagined that a more respectable order had the same passions and dispositions as themselves.' But if the leading agitators, the prime movers of mischief, were found in that more respectable order, whom he seemed thus to acquit of any participation in treasonable intentions, on whom does the guilt rest of those machinations by which Ireland was so soon convulsed, and which are so likely again to convulse it; on the ignorant populace, or on those who practised upon their ignorance and inflamed them?

It is not necessary here to inquire into the historical causes which have entailed so much unhappiness upon the Irish people. The biographer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald has announced a history of Ireland, and whenever his history appears, we will meet him upon that ground. At present it will suffice to look at the state of the country at the time when the hero of this work devoted himself to what he believed the national cause, and what his biographer appears to represent as such.

An unhappy man, who poisoned himself upon being found guilty of high treason, described the people of Ireland in those days, for the information of the French government, to encourage that government in its project of an invasion. The members of the established church, he said, were, of course, aristocrats, adverse to any change, and decided enemies to the French revolution. The Dissenters he represented as much more numerous, and as the most enlightened body of the nation, being 'steady republicans, devoted to liberty, and enthusiastically attached to the French

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French revolution through all its stages.' 'The Catholics, (he continues,) the great body of the people, are in the lowest degree of ignorance, and are ready for any change, because no change can make them worse. The whole peasantry of Ireland, the most oppressed and wretched in Europe, may be said to be Catholic. They have, within these two years, received a certain degree of information, and manifested a proportionate degree of discontent, by various insurrections, &c. (that &c., be it observed, meaning house-burnings, murders, and other crimes of the same kind.) There appears a spirit rising in them which never existed before, and which is spreading most rapidly, as appears by the Defenders, as they are called, and other insurgents. The Dissenters are enemies to the English power, from reason and from reflection; the Catholics, from a hatred of the English name.' He adds, 'that the people were in that semi-barbarous state, which is, of all others, the best adapted for making war; and that the militia, the bulk of whom were Catholics, would, to a moral certainty, refuse to act if they saw such a force as they could look to for support.'

'The British government has two formidable enemies in Ireland,' said Mr. Sheridan, 'poverty and ignorance;' and at this time religious bigotry and political fanaticism were leaguings with those enemies, and marshalling them for rebellion. That the people were so deplorably ignorant—that they continued in the depth of papal darkness—was, beyond all doubt, the sin of the government, which, from the time of Strafford's departure from Ireland, had neglected its paramount duty. But that they were universally poor was the sin of their landlords. A member of the Irish Commons (Mr. Browne, of the College) declared (in 1796), that—

'the original cause of the discontent of the peasantry, which was afterwards operated on by wicked and designing men, was not in government, but in the gentry of the country, living beyond their incomes, and striving to make up the deficiency by refusing to their tenants that due proportion of the fruits of the ground which every writer on political economy agrees they ought to have. It had been the usage of the country,' he said, 'from time immemorial, and he feared was not to be corrected by any law; but it would gradually mend itself, by the wisdom of the landlord co-operating with the increasing illumination of the peasant, and *it was doing so, if men would wait.*'

But of that 'wisdom which works by patience,' there is little in individuals; it is rarely found in public bodies, and never in the multitude. Ireland had, for a century, in spite of all misgovernment, been progressive in industry and in wealth. The country was, at that time, rapidly improving, and the condition of all classes would have continued to improve, if men could have been contented to wait; if there had been no agitators in the



land, no evil tongues, no seditious press, no evil spirits at work; and if all those whose desire it was (with whatever motives mixed) to better the condition of their countrymen, had understood, or been capable of understanding, that the way to effect this was by instructing them in their duties, not by haranguing them upon their rights; by removing their ignorance, correcting their errors, and improving their morals—instead of inflaming their passions.

Amid all the changes which had been effected in Ireland, there had been none in the moral condition of the great body of the people. They were as blindly submissive to their priests as in the days of St. Patrick or of Laurence O'Toole: their ferocious propensities were as easily excited as in the worst ages of Ireland, and their newspapers constantly exhibited, in dreadful detail, the same sort of crimes as are recorded in every page of their old annalists. But from the beginning of George the Third's reign these outrages took a more systematic character. In early ages they had occurred in the intestine wars of one petty king against another, or of sept against sept; afterwards, of Irish against English, when the two races spoke different languages, and were not under the same law; when the one were regarded as savages, and the others were no better. But for the last five-and-thirty years, these movements, in their frequency and extent, assumed the ominous appearance of a *Jacquerie* or servile war, and latterly of a religious one as well. A more horrible state of society can hardly be conceived in a country calling itself civilized, lying within the pale of civilization, under a free government, and nominally under wise and equitable laws, than was described, in 1787, by a member of the government in the Irish House of Commons, when speaking of the insurgents in Munster. They assembled in a mass-house, and there took an oath to obey Captain Right, and to starve the clergy. They then proceeded to the next parishes on the following Sunday, swore the people there in the same manner, and made them swear to administer the oath in like wise to their neighbours. In this way they went through the province. The first object of this reformation was tithes: next they took upon them to prevent the collection of parish cesses; then to regulate the price of lands and the price of labour, and to oppose the collection of taxes. All this was done with the greatest circumspection. Bodies of 5000 marched through the country unarmed, and if met by any magistrate who had spirit to question them, they offered no rudeness or offence of any kind. 'Wherever they went, they found the people as ready to take an oath to cheat the clergy as they were to propose it; but if any one did resist, the torments which he was doomed to undergo were too horrible even for savages to be supposed guilty of. In the middle of the night he was dragged from his bed, and buried alive in a

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grave lined with thorns, or he was set naked on horseback, and tied to a saddle covered with thorns: in addition to this, perhaps his ears were sawed off.'

Let us look now to the condition of the wretches by whom these cruelties were committed.

'Upon the best inquiry that I have been able to make,' said the Attorney-General, when he made this dreadful statement, 'it does not appear that there is the least ground to accuse the clergy of extortion. Far from receiving the tenth, I know of no instance in which they receive the twentieth part. I am very well acquainted with the province of Munster, and I know that it is impossible for human wretchedness to exceed that of the miserable peasantry in that province. I know that the unhappy tenantry are ground to powder by relentless landlords. I know that, far from being able to give the clergy their just dues, they have not food or raiment for themselves; the landlord grasps the whole; and sorry I am to add, that, not satisfied with the present extortions, some landlords have been so base as to instigate the insurgents to rob the clergy of their tithes, not in order to alleviate the distresses of the tenantry, but that they might add the clergy's share to the cruel rack-rents already paid.'

'In such a country, they,' said Mr. Moore, 'who looked round where to sow the crop of sedition, found the settled field of landed avarice.' Outrages provoke outrages everywhere, and crimes of this kind produce crimes in dreadful but sure sequence. Papist or Protestant, the people were of the same blood. The Whiteboys and the Defenders called forth the Peep-of-day-boys, and Will Thresh'em and John Thrust-out served notices of ejectment on Catholic tenants much in the same spirit as Captain Right, or his *fun-stirring* successor, Captain Rock.

But this was not all. The turbulent and ferocious spirit which had been roused, showed itself nowhere more formidably than in Dublin. In 1784, the Ormond and Liberty boys used to hough the soldiers in the streets, employing the butchers of their association in this service! So frequent was this cowardly and butcherly crime, that the commanding officer of one regiment addressed his men one day, when they were drawn up, and told them that if a man of them was houghed, and they did not the next morning bring him a butcher's head, he would flog them all. It was necessary to remove one regiment from Dublin, lest the most dreadful consequences should arise from a body of soldiers irritated at once by the sense of danger and the desire of vengeance. There were newspapers which continually endeavoured to inflame the populace, inciting and exhorting them to pursue a regular system of assassination, and showing them in what manner it might be committed with least danger to the assassin; and these accursed lessons had such effect, that, as was declared in Parlia-

ment, 'the idea of assassination was become as familiar to the people as that of fowling !' Among a people in this state, and by the agency of men who employed these means, the Irish liberals of that day sought to bring about a revolution, and to establish a republic ! And in this conspiracy Lord Edward was one of the chiefs.

At what time he entered into it Mr. Moore has not stated, nor has he sought to trace the steps by which his generous and gentle nature became so far corrupted, that he who, in the wilds of America, could not take part in the slaughter of a moose-deer, even amid the excitement of the chase, without a feeling of compunction, could steel his heart against the horrors of an insurrection in Dublin, and a second Irish rebellion ! On other topics, his better nature prevailed ; and when the Whigs in Parliament were persecuting, with unrelenting and characteristic rancour, a gentleman who had made a contract with government, Lord Edward spoke as strongly as Dr. Duigenan against the cruelty and the injustice of such a persecution. But when a bill was brought in for more effectually suppressing insurrections and disturbances of the public peace, by which bill additional powers were given to the magistrates to prevent tumultuous assemblages, examine suspected persons, and search for arms, Lord Edward opposed it as a violent, unnecessary, and useless violation of the liberty of the subject. No man, not even a lawyer, he said, could attach any definite meaning to the phrase *tumultuous risings*, which occurred frequently in the bill, and yet to *tumultuous risings* the most severe penalties were attached. The disturbances of the country, he affirmed, were not to be remedied by any coercive measures, however strong ; such measures would tend rather to exasperate than to remove the evil. Nothing could effect this, and restore tranquillity, but a serious and candid endeavour, on the part of government and parliament, to redress the grievances of the people.

There can be little doubt that, at this time, Lord Edward was deeply engaged in a treasonable conspiracy—for no man suddenly becomes a traitor ; and within three months after these debates, he went as agent for the conspirators to the continent, for the purpose of opening a negotiation with the French Directory. This part of his history may best be related in the words of his biographer,—

'In order to settle all the details of their late agreement with France, and, in fact, enter into a formal treaty with the French Directory, it was thought of importance, by the United Irishmen, to send some agent, whose station and character should, in the eyes of their new allies, lend weight to his mission ; and to Lord Edward Fitzgerald the no less delicate than daring task was assigned. It being thought desirable, too, that he should have the aid, in his negotiations, of the brilliant

brilliant talents and popular name of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, they requested likewise the services of that gentleman, who consented readily to act in concert with his friend.

'About the latter end of May, accompanied only by his lady, who was then not far from the period of her confinement, Lord Edward set out from Dublin on his perilous embassy,—passing a day or two in London, on his way, and, as I have been informed by a gentleman who was of the party, dining on one of those days at the house of Lord \* \* \* \*, where the company consisted of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and several other distinguished Whigs,—all persons who had been known to concur warmly in every step of the popular cause in Ireland, and to whom, if Lord Edward did not give some intimation of the object of his present journey, such an effort of reserve and secrecy was, I must say, very unusual in his character. From London his lordship proceeded to Hamburgh, and had already begun to treat with Rheynhart, the French agent at that place, when he was joined there by Mr. O'Connor. Seeing reason, however, to have some doubts of the trustworthiness of this person, they discontinued their negotiation with him, and leaving Lady Edward at Hamburgh, proceeded together to Basle, where, through the medium of the agent Barthelomeu, they opened their negotiation with the French Directory.

'It was now known that General Hoche, the late conqueror and pacificator of La Vendée, was the officer appointed to take the command of the expedition to Ireland; and the great advantage of holding personal communication, on the subject, with an individual on whom the destinies of their country so much depended, was fully appreciated by both friends. After a month's stay at Basle, however, it was signified to them that to Mr. O'Connor alone would it be permitted to meet Hoche as a negotiator,—the French government having objected to receive Lord Edward, "lest the idea should get abroad, from his being married to Pamela, that his mission had some reference to the Orleans family." Independently of this curious objection, it appears to have been strongly impressed upon Lord Edward, by some of his warmest friends, that he should, on no account, suffer his zeal in the cause to induce him to pass the borders of the French territory.

'Leaving to Mr. O'Connor, therefore, the management of their treaty with Hoche, whom the French Directory had invested with full powers for the purpose, Lord Edward returned to Hamburgh,—having, unluckily, for a travelling companion, during the greater part of the journey, a foreign lady who had been once the mistress of an old friend and official colleague of Mr. Pitt, and who was still in the habit of corresponding with her former protector. Wholly ignorant of these circumstances, Lord Edward, with the habitual frankness of his nature, not only expressed freely his opinions on all political subjects, but afforded some clues, it is said, to the secret of his present journey, which his fellow-traveller was, of course, not slow in transmitting to her official friend.'—vol. i. p. 277.

Time has been when the friends and relations of those 'distinguished Whigs,' who are mentioned in the preceding extract, would have loudly exclaimed against Mr. Moore for thus insinuating an opinion that they had been guilty of misprision of treason. How thin are the partitions between party-spirit and sedition,—between faction and treason,—has been too often exemplified in history, and in none more than in our own; but a more improbable suspicion has never been thrown out by any writer whose reputation entitled him to notice. It is not to be believed but that some of the party who are thus accused would, if Lord Edward had given any intimation of his purpose, have conveyed such information to some of the members of his family, as might have induced them to interfere in time to have saved him from this act of treason, and possibly from those which followed it. But there is no difficulty in believing, that a man, frank even to imprudence in his general character, may set a guard upon his lips when he is engaged in evil designs. Cardinal Retz has remarked, and Chesterfield agrees in the observation, that 'a secret is more easily kept by a good many people than is commonly imagined,—that is, a secret of importance, and among people who are interested in keeping it.' The secret of the conspiracy in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald was engaged, was known at that time to thousands and tens of thousands, not one of whom, in any moment of indiscretion, betrayed it. Such thoughts as possessed the conspirators, are not those which are uttered out of the fulness of the heart; they are kept in *ipsâ animi mente*; guilt is as vigilant as remorse.

The invasion which this now guilty personage went abroad to invite was attempted in the following December. Wolfe Tone was on board the expedition; he had been implicated in Jackson's treason, but the Irish government let him understand, that if he chose to consult his own safety, he might quit the country. He availed himself of this lenity, and went to America, but soon repaired from thence to France, carried on the conspiracy there, and when the scheme of invasion had been concerted, accepted a commission in the French service, and exerted himself in enlisting Irishmen for the expedition from the prisoners at Brest. This sincere, chivalric patriot's mode of seducing these poor fellows was, 'to send in a large quantity of wine and brandy, a fiddle and some French *filles*, and when Pat's heart was a little soft with love and wine, to go in and speak to them!' This is his own account; and from the same unquestionable authority we know in what mood he himself embarked, and into how awful a state of mind his 'light-heartedness,' under the influence of wrong-headedness and evil principles, had brought him. 'My heart,' said he, 'is hardening hourly; and I satisfy myself now at once on points which would

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stagger me twelve months ago. The Irish aristocracy are putting themselves in a state of nature with the people, and let them take the consequence! If ever I have the power I will most heartily concur in making them a dreadful example.—It is no slight affair. Thousands and thousands of families, if the attempt succeeds, will be reduced to beggary. I cannot help it. If it must be, it must be! The truth is, I hate the very name of England. I hated her before my exile, I hate her since, and I will hate her always.' In another place he says, 'I like the French with all their faults, and the guillotine at the head of them, a thousand times better than the English.' This Wolf was not in sheep's clothing! Mr. Moore may well say that his 'whole story is full of ominous warning to Great Britain, as showing how fearfully dependent upon winds and waves may, even yet, be her physical hold upon Ireland, unless timely secured by those moral ties, which good government can alone establish between a people and their rulers.' Ominous, in this respect, it is, and not less so in another; if an author, holding the station which Mr. Moore holds in public opinion and in English society, can treat of such a story, and such a person as this 'light-hearted' traitor, without one cautionary sentence, without a sentiment,—an expression,—an epithet implying, or seeming to imply, any condemnation of the end at which such conspirators aimed, or the means which they employed.

Buonaparte thought, and Mr. Moore is of the same opinion, that if this expedition, which consisted of about 15,000 men, had effected a landing, it would have succeeded. We do not think so poorly of English courage, nor of English spirit. Miseries even exceeding those of the subsequent rebellion would have been brought upon the country; but Ireland could not support a rebellion against England, with the assistance of Spain, in the best days of Spanish power, and when the Irish were not a divided people; nor with the aid of Louis XIV., when it had an intelligible and defensible cause, and the presence of a king to whom the people were religiously attached; nor will it ever be able to support one while England is true unto itself. This attempt, like that of the Spanish Armada, was baffled by the winds and waves. Sir Boyle Roche has credit for one of his characteristic sayings on the occasion; 'to give the Devil his due,' he is reported to have said, 'it must be acknowledged that nothing but the hand of Providence preserved us.' Providence indeed preserved us by the agency of the elements; and it would otherwise have preserved us by its blessing upon our own human means, for at that time a strong hand was not wanting at the helm, nor a strong heart for directing it: but it seems to have thus manifestly interposed,



posed, as if to make men perceive and acknowledge that it is 'mighty to save;' and as if to afford the guilty movers of the treason time for reflection and repentance.

According to Mr. Moore, they could not but reflect,—they could not but see, in the assistance which France had sent them, 'enough to alarm them as to the possible consequences;' they could not 'refrain from harbouring some fear' that their auxiliaries came with an intention of making a conquest of Ireland for themselves. They had asked for a limited force, and it is here said that Lord Edward, among others, would have made that limitation the condition of accepting any aid whatever; as if men engaged in such designs left to themselves any power of enforcing conditions! And 'it is to the honour,' he says, 'of those whose cause, however mixed up with a "worser spirit" was still *essentially the great cause of freedom and tolerance*, and had on its side the inextinguishable claims of right against wrong, that by these alone were any steps, at this juncture, taken towards a reconciliation of the state with the people. The chief leaders of the United Irishmen' (that is, the chief conspirators) 'communicated with the principal members of opposition in Parliament, and professed their readiness to co-operate in affording the government one more chance of reclaiming, even yet, the allegiance of the people, by consenting to even so modified a measure of reform as their legitimate representatives in parliament might think it prudent to propose.' Woe to that country in which there are United Societies who think themselves strong enough thus to treat with the government as power to power! and woe to that government which degrades and weakens itself by any recognition of such self-constituted authorities! But it was with the opposition, not the government, that the 'chief leaders' communicated: a reform bill was prepared in consequence by Mr. Ponsonby, of which Catholic emancipation was one part, and representation founded upon numbers, another. The men who advised this knew that these measures, if once conceded, must, in sure and swift consequence, bring on the revolution, the whole revolution, and nothing but the revolution, at which they aimed. Their parliamentary allies, who were not in the plot, knew no more of it than the conspirators thought proper to impart, and never looked further than their own party interests; but the government was not duped; and Mr. Moore asserts in his preface that the refusal of emancipation and reform was the sole cause of the conspiracy which in these volumes he has recorded. Emancipation and Reform!—

Regnorum medici verborum discite vires!

The poor, ignorant, deluded, and oppressed Irish cared as little for either of these things as they knew of them; and for one of them,

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them, at least, we know that the leading conspirators, by their own avowal, cared no more. But they were *speciosa nomina*, and served to deceive

‘those who cannot penetrate beyond  
The bark and out-skin of a commonwealth.’

‘Whether,’ says Mr. Moore, ‘conciliatory measures might yet have averted the conflict must be a question of mere conjecture; but that the reverse system drove the country into rebellion, and nearly severed it from England, has become matter of history.’—(Indeed!)—‘In the train of the Insurrection Act and the Indemnity Bill soon followed, as the natural course of such legislation, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, inquisitorial tribunals under the name of secret committees, and, lastly, martial law, with all its frightful accompaniments of free quarters, burnings, picketings to extort confession, and every other such infiction.’

Mr. Moore has properly abstained from entering into any details of these horrors; but he has not so properly abstained also from asking himself what but insurrection produced the Insurrection Act; and what but a system of terror, enforced by the most revolting crimes, drove that part of the Irish people who would gladly have dwelt in peace, to retaliate upon their disaffected enemies, counteract terror by terror, requite cruelties by cruelties, and endeavour to repress crimes by crimes? It is one of the blessings of settled order, that all men are protected by the forms of law; and that no murmur is heard, no apprehension is excited, when even a notorious criminal escapes punishment, owing to a deficiency of legal evidence against him, though the moral proof may be conclusive.’ ‘But when one part of a nation’—(in Wolfe Tone’s language)—‘puts itself in a state of nature with the other,’—when those who would fain live quietly under the laws, find that the laws are insufficient to protect them; that they are surrounded by secret enemies whom they know to be leagued for their destruction, and sworn to attempt it; when they cannot stir abroad without danger of assassination; when they are compelled to barricade their doors and windows, and keep watch and ward within; when they know that old servants, of unblemished fidelity before, have opened doors at midnight to let murderers in; when the news of every morning is, that some neighbour has been butchered by his fireside, or some family burnt in their beds;—is it to be believed, that men, under such circumstances, will not think themselves placed in a state of nature toward such enemies?—that they will not feel and believe any means justifiable to which they can resort for self-preservation? Such, Mr. Moore knows, was the state of Ireland at that time. Pikes for arming the rebels had been manufactured in great numbers,

numbers, and with secrecy proportionate to the importance of the conspiracy. Lord Edward, he who shuddered when the moose-deer was slaughtered in the chase, relied greatly upon the use of this weapon in the rebellion which he was to command. Is it to be wondered at, if the men against whom these pikes were to be employed, and who knew that there were large depots of them, should inflict tortures and even death upon those unhappy wretches who were in their power, and whom they suspected, on strong grounds, of knowing where these weapons were fabricated and where concealed? Go to such men at such times, and repeat to them Beccaria's unanswerable arguments against the judicial use of the torture,—they will point, in reply, to the pikes which they have seized, and tell you of the discoveries which they have made, and the massacres which they have prevented. There may be cases in which we might agree with the Quakers, that it is better to suffer and die, than seek to preserve life by the only means which offer a chance of preserving it. But the strongest propensities and instincts of human nature must be overcome before men can act upon so high and hallowing a principle: this can never be expected from ordinary men: was it to be looked for from Irishmen in a state of fiery excitement? Such cruelties were the inevitable consequences of the state to which Ireland had been brought by its agitators; and fearful as the guilt may be which rests upon the perpetrators, how much more awful is the responsibility of those who plotted and directed the preparatory measures of rebellion; and for the sake of breaking the connexion with England, and forming Ireland into an independent republic,—under their own direction,—inflamed and brought into action the fiercest passions of an ignorant, bigoted, and ferocious people!

But 'parties of men,' as has been said by Carte the historian, 'when eager to carry the particular point on which their hearts are set, never mind the general consequences.' Revolution was the point on which Mr. Moore's heroes had set their hearts; they were too eager to calculate the cost; too vain, too presumptuous to foresee the consequences, and some of them too profligate and too irreligious to regard them. The Irish Opposition, after the failure of their Emancipation and Reform Bill, seceded from parliament, thus 'adding their own despair to that of the nation;' and Mr. Moore asserts, that to whatever degree Mr. Grattan, the leader of that opposition, 'may have blamed some of the acts of those leagued against government, his every feeling went thoroughly and unreservedly with their cause.' If such were his feelings, his language went the whole length with it; and when Mr. Corry declared, in the House of Commons, that his elec-

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tionering addresses 'preached the doctrine of insurrection under the name of liberty, and led to the rebellion that followed,' the challenge by which that severe observation was answered, was no reply to the charge.

The permanent causes of the evils by which Ireland was afflicted (and no language can exaggerate those evils) were to be found in the ignorance, the bigotry, and the abject wretchedness of the great body of the people. The two former are to be charged upon the Roman Catholic religion, which used every effort for perpetuating both—and upon the government, which used none for removing either; the latter, upon an utter disregard of justice and humanity in the landholders, to which nothing but the inveterate custom of the country could have brought or reconciled men in their degree of civilization. The remedies for these were, not to have addressed inflammatory harangues to an inflammable people upon the rights of man—

'The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite rights,—'

but to have instructed them, painfully and patiently, in their moral and religious duties; and if the landholders would not be influenced by any better motive to improve the condition of their inferior tenantry, then to have wrung from them (more especially from the absentees) such an assessment for the relief of the poor as should have made them feel the burden of that national poverty which was in so great a degree occasioned by their conduct. There were, there are, there can be no other remedies for the miseries of Ireland; and while these are in operation,

'Mercy must go forth,

And stablish order with an arm'd right-hand.'

Instead of this, the course which the self-styled patriots pursued was to agitate every question that could excite the evil passions of the people, and to oppose every measure of government that was intended to repress their excesses. The Whigs of the Capital, as those persons called themselves who afterwards took the appellation of United Irishmen, printed twenty thousand copies of the Rights of Man, which they sold for a penny or distributed gratis, and this they called disseminating political knowledge. It is not to be wondered at, that the Irish Catholics should, 'to a man, esteem all Protestants as usurpers of their estates;' that they should, 'to this day, settle their estates on the marriages of their sons and daughters;' that they have accurate maps of them, and that they published in Dublin, about the year 1784, a 'map of Ireland cantoned out among the old Irish proprietors:' this is not wonderful; nor that they should be so little versed in the history of their own country as to believe that individuals could establish their

their separate titles to lands which were held in common by the sept or clans from which they were descended. But if any folly or wickedness could astonish those who know the weakness and the depravity of human nature, we might marvel that accomplished and generous men, such as some of the leaders of this conspiracy were,—men educated in the reformed faith instead of being trained up in hatred of their heretical neighbours, and who, instead of having their feelings seared by wretchedness, and their hearts hardened by bigotry, were accustomed to the humanities and the practical toleration of intellectual society,—we might marvel that such men should have thought the end at which they were aiming good; that they should have deemed it possible to bring about any good end by such atrocious means; and have proposed to improve the condition of their country by letting loose the poor against the rich, bringing upon it all the horrors of a rebellion, and laying it waste with fire and sword.

There were Irish Protestants in those days, who, when drunk with seditious discourse, used to set a myrtle upon their table, and pour wine at its roots, as symbolical of the blood of the aristocrats, with which the tree of liberty was to be watered! At one of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's confidential parties, it was proposed, as one means for securing the independence of the Irish republic which they were about to establish, that the English language should be abolished in Ireland; and the suggestion was received with such approbation, that the younger guests forthwith procured Irish grammars, and set about studying them. Mr. Moore has not mentioned this fact; but he will probably recollect it, and know also that it is related here upon the authority of one of the persons then present—a person whom he has eulogized in these volumes, and not eulogized above his deserts. An old religion, as well as an old language, was to be restored; but what religion it was to be, was a point upon which the movers of this mighty mischief would not easily have accorded; for while some looked on to the re-establishment of popery in all its power and all its intolerance as the great object which was to crown their end and sanctify their means, there were others who dreamt of restoring the worship of Baal. Let not the reader protest against such an assertion as incredible; there are times in which nothing can be deemed incredible because it is as preposterously absurd in design as it is wicked in intention. 'O'Connor Cier-Rige, head of his race, and chief of the prostrated people of his nation,' as he calls himself, known in the State Trials by his name of Roger O'Connor, has published, and dedicated to Sir Francis Burdett whom he addresses as his friend, the *Chronicles of Erin*, which, he says, are translated from the original manuscript in the Phenician dialect

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dialect of the Scythian language. Eolus, the supposititious author, lived about fifty years later than Moses, and his writing, 'bed-fellow with the mouldering bones of the illustrious dead for ages, hath been rescued from the tomb,' says O'Connor, 'by me, their son.' All expounders of the Scriptures, he tells us, 'let their ways be ever so varied, conduct us to one and the same gloomy labyrinth, where in a putrid cavern lie concealed the filthy brood of miracle and mystery.' He, on the contrary, would lead us into the light of Baal; wishes that the Anglo-Saxons, instead of being converted to Christianity, had continued to worship 'the good gods of their sires, who delighted in deeds of philanthropy, active charity, and hospitality to the neighbour and the stranger,'—and identifies hallelujah with the Irish howl! Happily the impiety of the book is harmless; for though Macpherson has been out-Macphersoned in the conception of these anti-Milesian remains, the execution is so thoroughly worthless that we will produce no specimens of its inanity. It suffices to quote one verse, which some of the Romish clergy in that distracted country may apply to themselves, and which Mr. Moore also may do well to reflect upon before he composes any more songs, or biographies, which have a tendency to *make the fun stir*.

'The dark gloomy subtlety of the priest, and the thoughtless levity of the bards and minstrels, will not suffer Eri to dwell in repose.'

But Mr. Moore says, 'So much is it the custom of those who would bring discredit upon freedom of thought in politics to represent it as connected invariably with lax opinions upon religion, that it is of no small importance to be able to refer to two such instances as Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the younger Emmet, in both of whom the freest range of what are called revolutionary principles was combined with a warm and steady belief in the doctrines of Christianity.' He tells us, therefore, that among those traits of character which adorned Lord Edward 'as a member of social life,' one trait, 'far too important not to be brought prominently forward in any professed picture of him, was the strong and pure sense which he entertained of religion.' Whatever the biographer says of Lord Edward's amiable qualities and domestic virtues is fully supported by such of his letters as appear in these volumes. Gladly should we introduce further extracts from those beautiful letters if our limits had allowed. When he speaks of his wife, his children, his dwelling-place, his garden, and his flowers, it is like a man whom all circumstances of nature and fortune had combined to render happy, and among those circumstances his Christian belief is to be accounted,—the only blessing which he did not forfeit! But if that belief had been rooted in his heart and understanding,—if the thorns of  
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political faction had not sprung up with it and choked it,—if it had influenced his thoughts and feelings as it ought to have done,—if he had regulated his life by it—he would have known that—even if the revolution which he had conspired to bring about had been a consummation as devoutly to be wished as it was to be deprecated by all wise and good men,—the means by which he would have effected it were plainly forbidden by the religion which he professed, and were as wicked as they were unlawful: he would have escaped the guilt and misery of his latter days;—he would not have sown ‘upon the furrows of unrighteousness,’ nor have reaped them seven-fold for his reward.

‘In reading,’ says Mr. Moore, ‘these simple and,—to an almost feminine degree,—fond letters, it is impossible not to feel how strange and touching is the contrast between those pictures of a happy home which they so unaffectedly exhibit, and that dark and troubled sea of conspiracy and revolt into which the amiable writer of them *so soon afterwards* plunged; nor can we easily bring ourselves to believe that the joyous tenant of this little lodge, the happy husband and father, dividing the day between his child and his flowers, could be the same man who, but a year or two after, placed himself at the head of rebel myriads, negotiated on the frontiers of France for an alliance against England, and but seldom laid down his head on his pillow at night without a prospect of being summoned thence to the scaffold or the field. The government that could drive such a man into such resistance—and there were hundreds equal to him in goodness, if not in heroism, so driven,—is convicted by this very result alone, without any further inquiry into its history.’

Yet the biographer admits that at the time when ‘this happy husband and father was thus dividing the day between his child and his flowers,’ government had seen reason, even thus early, to suspect him of being implicated in the conspiracy; and that when, at the beginning of 1793, soon after the declaration of war against England, ‘the ruling party in France dispatched an agent to Ireland for the purpose of conferring with the chief leaders of the United Irishmen, and offering the aid of French arms for the liberation of their country, this emissary came with a letter of introduction to Lord Edward. Lord Edward, ‘however, did *nothing more* than make him known to Mr. Simon Butler, Mr. Bond, and a few others of the party.’ Nothing more than introduce him to the persons with whom he was to confer! In 1796 another agent was sent over; and as, for want of passports, he could not proceed farther than London, Lord Edward was deputed to meet him, as being ‘the confidential member of the Union who was most competent to give intelligence respecting the military preparations of the country,’—that is, of the conspirators. About the same time Dr. Macneven was sent to Paris, to press the despatch of

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succours from France, this being now 'the great object of the Irish Executive,' of which body Lord Edward was one. A second armament was collected, and fourteen thousand men prepared to sail from the Texel for invading Ireland. They were blockaded there by adverse winds, and by the British fleet; their provisions were exhausted, and it was necessary to disembark them; but the fleet put to sea, and was defeated in the battle of Camperdown.

Thus a second time disappointed in their hopes of bringing a foreign army into Ireland, the leaders of the conspirators began to differ among themselves, some being for an immediate insurrection, others for waiting a more favourable opportunity. Some of the Ulster conspirators repaired to Dublin;—a plan of insurrection had already been drawn up and agreed upon, and a deputation of sergeants from those militias then on duty in Dublin waited on the Provincial Committee with an offer, in the name of the Union, to seize the Royal Barrack and the castle. The proposal was laid before the Executive, 'and Lord Edward most strenuously urged, as might be expected, their acceptance of it.' But, after a long discussion, they decided upon declining the offer, and its chief instigators, in consequence, fled to Hamburg. Hope delayed began now to sicken the hearts of some of the conspirators;

'And an interval of grace being, at the same time, proclaimed by the government, within which those who submitted and gave up their arms were to receive full pardon, the good effects of such rarely tried policy were manifested by the numbers that, in all parts of the North, hastened to avail themselves of it.

'To these causes of the abatement of fervour among the Northerners must be added another, of a still deeper and more important kind, which began to come into operation about the middle of 1797, and from that time continued not only to moderate their enthusiasm in the conspiracy, but materially influenced the character of the rebellion that followed;—and this was the growing apprehension, both upon political and religious grounds, with which the more scrupulous among the Presbyterian republicans regarded that alliance, which the organization of the Catholic counties was now admitting into their league. Already had there, for some time, existed among the lower orders of Catholics, associations known by the name of Defenders, half political, half predatory, to which the chiefs of the Union had always looked as a sort of nursery for their own military force,—the hardy habits of these freebooters (for such they had now become), and their familiarity with the use of arms, appearing to offer the kind of material out of which good example and discipline might succeed in making soldiers.

'In the North the United Irishmen and the Defenders, though concurring in fierce enmity to the state, had been kept wholly distinct bodies, as well by the difference in their religious tenets, as by the grounds,



grounds, but too sufficient, which the latter had for considering all Presbyterians as foes. In most other parts of Ireland, however, the case was different. Wherever the bulk of the population were Catholics, the Defenders formed the chief portion of the United force; or, rather, in such places, the system of the Union degenerated into Defenderism, assuming that character which a people, lawless from having been themselves so long outlawed, might have been expected to give it. Hence those outrages and crimes which, perpetrated under the name of United Irishmen, brought disgrace upon the cause, and alarmed more especially its Presbyterian supporters, who, not without reason, shrunk from the hazard of committing the interests of the cause of civil and religious liberty to such hands. Under this impression it was that the leading United Irishmen of the counties of Down and Antrim were anxious to inculcate the notion that the Presbyterians could dispense with Catholic aid; and so much had the repugnance of the two sects to act in concert manifested itself, that at a meeting of captains, on the 31st of July, at Downpatrick, strong fears were, we find, expressed "that the Dissenters and Catholics would become two separate parties."

Time and cause enough for reflection and repentance had now been afforded to the conspirators if they had not been given over to their own devices. But it appeared, by the returns made to Lord Edward as head of the Military Committee, that the force regimented and armed throughout Ireland, in February 1798, amounted to little less than three hundred thousand men. Another armament from France was promised to be ready in April; and Lord Edward's friend, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, with Quigley, and other patriots of the same stamp, were arrested at Margate, on their way to France, and brought to trial for high treason. Lord Edward was so far from betraying any uneasiness at the apprehension of his fellow-conspirators, that he said O'Connor had nothing *odd* with him but twelve hundred guineas. A newspaper called *The Press* had been set up in Dublin during the preceding year, 'for the express purpose of forwarding the views of the Union; that is, of the conspiracy.

In this newspaper the author of the present Memoir confesses to have made his first essay as a writer of prose; and among those extracts from its columns which are appended to the Report of the Secret Committee, for the purpose of showing the excited state of public feeling at that period, there are some of which the blame or the merit must rest with an author who had then but just turned his seventeenth year.'

Mr. Arthur O'Connor had recently become the avowed editor of this seditious journal; its office therefore was searched, and all the papers belonging to it seized. Lord Edward and Counsellor Sampson, another of the chief conspirators, were in the house at the time; the former, it was said in a newspaper of the day,

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'seemed peculiarly affected by the visit of the magistrate, and interested himself much to comfort the woman of the house, who had been brought by mischievous delusions into embarrassment and trouble; and offered her and her family a residence in his own house, as some compensation.' Nothing appeared in this business to implicate him; and 'he and his colleagues (says the author that made 'his first essay as a prose writer' in *The Press*) urged on with redoubled zeal the preparation for the encounter.'

During two whole years of *all but open rebellion* (for such Mr. Moore admits the state of Ireland to have been), the Irish Government had not been able to obtain sufficient information for placing one of the chief conspirators in their power. But now the whole plot was revealed to them; a warrant against the leaders was immediately issued, and Lord Edward was the only one who contrived to elude pursuit. He was on the point of entering Leinster House when the officers were actually in it making search for him; but Tony was on the look-out for him, and gave him the alarm in time. 'It is difficult (says Mr. Moore), however fruitless such a feeling must be, not to mingle *a little regret* with the reflection that, had he happened on this day to have been one of the persons arrested, not only might his own life, from the turn affairs afterwards took, have been spared, but much of the unavailing bloodshed that was now to follow, have been prevented.' The biographer expresses no other regret in his account of the whole treason.

Before the warrants were issued, an opportunity of escape was offered to Lord Edward. His father-in-law, Mr. Ogilvie, 'who had been himself but too painfully aware of the extent to which he had committed himself in the conspiracy,' hastened to Dublin in the hope of saving him. Government was in possession of full proof against him; nevertheless Lord Clare, in an interview with Mr. Ogilvie on this subject, expressed himself with the most friendly warmth, and said, 'For God's sake get this young man out of the country! the ports shall be thrown open to you, and no hindrance whatever offered.' With this assurance Mr. Ogilvie hastened to him. There was a meeting of the chief conspirators in the house when he arrived, and Lord Edward came out of the room where they were assembled to speak with him. But all persuasion was in vain; he answered, 'It is now out of the question: I am too deeply pledged to these men to be able to withdraw with honour.' A truer sense of honour would have softened his heart towards a government which dealt so generously towards him. At that time, and after that time, he was at their mercy. Reynolds, the informer, had an interview with him after the arrest; and Mr. Moore makes no doubt that he might then have been seized, if they had not wished him rather to quit the country.

'The thought of abandoning, however, for a single moment, the post of peril assigned to him, had never once entered his dauntless mind,' and this with Mr. Moore is matter for eulogium rather than regret. 'He had set his own life and that of thousands on the die, and was determined to abide the cast.' 'The alarm of the government for their own existence,' then says Mr. Moore, 'superseded every other thought,—all considerations of mercy were lost in their fears; and the search after him was pursued by the emissaries of authority with as much eagerness as political zeal, urged by fear and revenge, could inspire.'

But we must pass over the account of his moving from one place of concealment to another, his interview with Pamela, and his hair-breadth escapes, and come at once to the catastrophe of this tragedy. On the 11th of May a proclamation was issued, offering a reward of one thousand pounds for his apprehension. His friends were scarcely alarmed at this, because they thought it certain that he had left Dublin Bay, and knew it was believed in the Duke of Portland's office that he had escaped from the English coast in a boat. The opportunity of escape even after this was offered; and some trusty boatmen (like those through whose means Hamilton Rowan had escaped) were engaged, 'who undertook to convey him safely to the coast of France, but he would not hear of it.'

How far this proclamation tended to hasten the explosion is not known, but the chiefs of the conspiracy who were still at large announced to their deluded followers that the general rising was to take place on the night of the 23d. On the morning of the 17th Sirr, the active Town Major, obtained information of a movement to be made the ensuing night by a party of persons who were supposed to be Lord Edward's body guard; he met them, and both Sirr and Lord Edward seem narrowly to have escaped in the conflict. On the 19th his uniform as Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army was brought to the house in which he was then harboured. Late in the day information that he was concealed there was obtained,—it is not known from what source. When Major Sirr received his instructions in consequence, Major Swan and Mr. Ryan, the printer of Faulkner's Journal, happened to be with him, and accompanied him (the latter volunteering his services). He had only time to take a few soldiers in plain clothes with him, purposing on his arrival in Thomas-street to send for the piquet in that neighbourhood. Lord Edward had thrown himself on the bed, without his coat, when Major Swan entered the room, and no sooner had that officer stated the object of his visit than he jumped up, as Murphy, his host, said, 'like a tiger' from the bed. Upon this Swan fired a small pocket pistol at him, without effect; and

and turning short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol in his face, and said to a soldier who just then entered, 'Take that fellow aside!' Almost at the same instant Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger—which Mr. Moore speaks of as about the length of a large case-knife, with a common buck handle, and a waved and two-edged blade—but which was described at the time as having two blades as well as two edges, and the handle in the midst. Major Sirr had stopped below to place the piquets round the house; hearing the pistol he hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw Lord Edward struggling in the room with Swan and Ryan, both wounded—the latter on the floor weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was dragging them towards the door. Sirr, who was threatened with a fate similar to that of his friends, had no alternative but to fire; he aimed his pistol deliberately, and lodged its contents in Lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound staggered him, but he rallied, and pushed for the door. The soldiers were then called up, but so desperate were his struggles, 'that they found it necessary to lay their fire-locks across him, before he could be disarmed or bound, so as to prevent farther mischief.' During this struggle, 'a *wretched* drummer,' says Mr. Moore, 'gave him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet from its position contributed not a little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last hours.' We should like to know what was exactly the author's meaning when he wrote that word '*wretched*.'

A surgeon was immediately sent for. Swan's wounds, though numerous, were found to be not severe; Ryan's were all but hopeless; Lord Edward's were pronounced not to be dangerous, upon which he answered calmly, and no doubt sincerely, 'I'm sorry for it.' He was immediately conveyed to the Castle in a sedan chair, and the Lord-Lieutenant sent his private secretary to assure him that orders had been given for showing him every possible attention consistent with the security of his person as a state prisoner. Lord Camden indeed had ordered an apartment for him, but he was claimed by the magistrates as having wounded their people, and on that account carried to Newgate. A rising to rescue him was expected that night, and the yeomanry and the garrison remained under arms.

Lady Edward was ordered to England by the Privy Council. Her distress, and that of her unhappy husband, was aggravated by this measure; yet her own friends thought it best that she should go. 'I must, for ever and ever,' said Lady Louisa Connolly (Lord Edward's aunt) 'repeat my firm belief of her innocence, as far as *acts of treason*. That she should know dear

Edward's opinions, and endeavour to secrete him when in danger of being taken, I easily believe, and where is the wife that would not do so? As Mr. Conolly justly says, 'no good man can ever impute *that* as guilt in her.' He adds, 'however, I believe that under the illiberal prejudice that has been against her as a Frenchwoman, which has been against her ever since she came to Ireland, and which has much increased upon this occasion, it was safer to send her to England. God bless her, poor soul! She is to be pitied more than can be expressed; and I never knew how much I loved her till she became so unfortunate.' The Privy Council believed her to have been acquainted with her husband's designs in their full extent; and certain it is, that whether designedly or not, she had borne the part of Armida in the conspiracy, not of Belvedera. After remaining some time with Lord Edward's relations in England, by whom she was treated with all the tenderness of affection due to her misfortunes, she went to Hamburg, and there married in the second year of her widowhood.

Lord Edward's relations could not even from themselves dissemble their conviction of his guilt. They viewed him as one who had been '*seduced and betrayed*,' 'they knew not by which of his *bad* friends.' Colonel Napier, who had married his aunt, Lady Sarah Lennox, not doubting that government had indubitable proofs of treason against him, advised that his mother, the Dowager Duchess, should implore his pardon, on condition of exile, at the king's feet;—this, he said, might do more than all the politicians, lawyers, or exertions in the whole world. 'Let her try it instantly, and never quit him till refused; stop at no form or refusal. Human nature must give way.' Every exertion that could be made in his favour was tried, except this; and the zeal with which those exertions were made must be attributed more to the feeling which his many good qualities had excited, than to his rank and connexions. Both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York interested themselves to have his trial delayed; and obtained the king's consent to it. Mr. Moore has inserted a letter from the Prince to Mr. Ogilvie; and says—

'It will be found to afford an amiable instance of that sort of good-nature which formed so atoning an ingredient in his character. While, with the world in general, it seems to be a rule to employ towards living kings the language only of praise, reserving all the license of censure to be let loose upon them when dead, it is some pleasure to reverse this safe, but rather ignoble policy, and, after having shocked all the loyal and the courtly by speaking with more truth than prudence of his late Majesty when living, to render justice now to the few amiable qualities which he possessed, at a time when censure alone is heard over his grave, from others.'—vol. ii., p. 122.

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Does Mr. Moore indeed think that his heart is 'inditing of a good matter' when he speaks thus of 'the thing which he has made concerning the late king!' When he exults in the confession that he 'shocked *all* the loyal and the courtly,' does he suppose none of his readers may be tempted to ask whether he includes, among *his* 'all the loyal,' some whom he must *now* include among 'the courtly?'

Lord Henry Fitzgerald, as soon as the dreadful news reached him, hastened over to Dublin, that he might attend upon his brother in prison. But this was not allowed: Lord Clare replied to his first application, that it was impossible to comply with it; and that if the grounds of this restriction could be explained, even he himself would hardly condemn it as unnecessarily harsh. To a second application, Lord Clare says, 'Be assured it is not in my power to procure admission for you to Lord Edward. You will readily believe that Lord Camden's situation is critical in the extreme; the extent and enormity of the treason, which has occasioned so many arrests, make it essentially necessary, for the preservation of the state, that access should be denied to the friends of all the persons now in confinement for treason. Judge then, my dear Lord, the situation in which Lord Camden will be placed if this rule be dispensed with in one instance.' He added, however, that if Lord Edward's wound became dangerous, the request might perhaps be complied with. Lord Henry had no better success in a personal interview with Lord Camden; but when Mr. Moore accuses the Irish government of having acted 'with gross gratuitous cruelty' on this occasion (as on all others), he should have remembered that the rebellion had broken out; and in justice to all parties, he should not have inserted the letter which Lord Henry, in the bitterness of his soul, addressed to the Lord-Lieutenant, even though he had expunged from it all such expressions as appeared to him undeservedly harsh.

Ryan, of whose recovery hopes had been entertained, died of his wounds on the last day of the month, and this event 'caused a dreadful turn' in Lord Edward's mind. He was in a situation and state which awakened in him, for the sacrifice of a single life, more than he might otherwise have felt for the thousands who were sacrificed in consequence of the conspiracy. On the 2d, one of the rebels was executed before the prison; Lord Edward eagerly asked what that noise was; he became delirious as soon as he knew the cause, and was raving mad during the night. Lord Clare expressed his sorrow that the execution should have taken place so near him; they did not know it, he said; it was very wrong, and no such thing should happen again. On the 3d he was, exhausted and composed; and as it was then evident that



that he could not recover, his brother and Lady Louisa were allowed to see him. Their presence gave him visible pleasure, though his intellects sometimes wandered, and in a few hours he breathed his last. He had frequently and devoutly been engaged in prayer, and had desired the surgeon, on the evening before he expired, to read to him the history of our Saviour's death. His aunt had the comfort of believing that his mind was made up to his situation, and that such a heart and such a mind might meet his God. 'The friends whom he was entangled with,' she said, 'pushed his destruction forward, screening themselves behind his valuable character.' 'And now,' said the Duke of Richmond, 'the best friends to poor Edward's memory must wish to have as little said of the past as possible.'

On Lord Edward Fitzgerald's monument, indeed, as on Lord Byron's, *implora pace* might be written. But Mr. Moore will not allow them even so much of the mercy of oblivion, as the public, in humanity toward the living as well as the dead, would have accorded. He represents Lord Edward as the hero and martyr of a good cause; he dedicates the present work to a lady, as the memoirs of her Illustrious Relative; and he says, that 'while on those who so long refused the just claims of the Irish people lies the blame of whatever excesses they were ultimately driven to, the concession, late, but effectual, of those measures of emancipation and reform which it was the first object of Lord Edward and his brave associates to obtain, has set a seal upon the general justice of their cause, which no power of courts or courtiers can ever do away.' The general justice of the cause, and the particular excesses of its defenders and champions, cohere as well, it would seem, in the biographer's views, as the blessing everybody in general, and damning all bishops in particular, in Wolfe Tone's Drunken Diary. Emancipation and Reform were topics used by Mr. Moore's heroes as archers of old used stalking horses; they were levers for deadlier designs. They asked for these measures, because they knew that many who looked for nothing further would thus be drawn in to cooperate with them, up to a certain point; and because they considered them as preliminaries to a revolution, and a separation of the two countries,—objects upon which they were bent at whatever cost.

Having to his own satisfaction established the justice of the conspirators' cause, Mr. Moore proceeds to consider whether the probability of success was such as to justify their appeal to arms; and upon this ground also he pronounces the conspirators justified. He then enters at some length into Lord Edward's military views, and concludes this part of his subject with a paper which was found in his lordship's writing-box, containing a plan of

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insurrectionary tactics. Lord Edward's reason for writing and intending to print this, was 'to remind the people of discussing military subjects.' How far the publication may tend now to answer a similar end to that for which it was originally designed, is a question that might have suggested itself to the Editor.

Mr. Moore has printed a noticeable passage in one of Lord Byron's letters to himself. 'I have been turning over Little,' says his Lordship, 'which I knew by heart in 1803, being then in my fifteenth summer. Heigh ho! I believe all the mischief I have ever done or sung, has been owing to that confounded book of yours.' Well will it be for Mr. Moore if this present work does not produce a similar effect, and that too in happier and better constituted minds. Well will it be, if some generous and noble-minded youth, like Robert Emmet, or Lord Edward himself, be not seduced by it to take as an example what, if it were exhibited at all, ought to have been exhibited as a warning. For that the concession of Catholic Emancipation *has* tranquillized Ireland, no man is impudent enough to assert; and that the largest measure of Reform *can* tranquillize it, which O'Connell could ask, or a ministry ready to accommodate him in anything would accord, is what O'Connell himself does not believe. He who prophesies of ills, has before him a mournful prospect; but far more dreadful will be the retrospect of those who have done all in their power to bring upon their country the miseries of rebellion and revolution!

We conclude with transcribing Lord Byron's graceful Sonnet to his late Majesty on the reversal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's attainder:—

'To be the father of the fatherless,  
To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise  
His offspring, who expired in other days  
To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less—  
This is to be a monarch, and repress  
Envy into unutterable praise.  
Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,  
For who would lift a hand, except to bless?  
Were it not easy, Sir, and is 't not sweet  
To make thyself beloved! and to be  
Omnipotent by mercy's means! for thus  
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete,  
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,  
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.'

ART. VIII.—*The London Gazette for October 20th, 1831.  
Rules and Regulations of the Privy Council concerning the  
Cholera.*

WE are obliged to recur to a very painful subject, in consequence of the impression left on our minds, by the perusal of these directions, that the government of this country neither have done, nor are doing, nor even as yet contemplate doing, what we conceive to be their duty in relation to that pestilence which hovers at our doors. A hundred and fifty years have elapsed since any such visitation occurred in this happy island, and men of all conditions had been lulled, through long security, into a practical disbelief that the like may occur again. We mean no reproach to the present ministers in particular, when we state the fact that they appear to us to have taken up the consideration of the subject too late, and to have at length entered upon it feebly. We cannot forget how narrowly the government of Lord Liverpool, but a few years ago, escaped being seduced by our anti-contagionist reasoners into the repeal of all our laws respecting the plague.

History records instances of pestilence in which the mortality has been as great as in the cholera—others, in which the suddenness of the transition from life to death has been as appalling—and perhaps some few, in which the agonies of death have been not less excruciating; but no disease has ever before presented so fearful a combination of these three features—of extensive mortality—concentrated power of destruction—and exquisite anguish of suffering.

What has been done to meet this fatal contagion? *One* Board of Health has been established, and it has issued *two* documents. The first of these (lithographed in July) was made up of recommendations totally inapplicable and impracticable in a society such as ours, and which, if enforced, must have burthened us with evils yet more intolerable than those of death by cholera. Our wives and daughters, in the event of illness, were to be torn from us and thrust into lazarhouses; the rest of our families were to choose between the alternative of accompanying their sick kindred to the pest-house, or being placed, perhaps among the refuse of society, in a lazaretto, until time had shown that they might return to their own dwellings without danger to the public safety. Our houses, meantime, if the malady had visited them, were to be surrendered into the absolute keeping of 'Expurgators'—outcasts, probably, capable of, and tempted to every crime! The government, we must suppose, have the merit of detecting—at their leisure—the absurdity of thus applying

plying to Great Britain the plague code of the *garrison of Malta!* and hence certain important modifications of the Board's original views, in the regulations of the 20th of October. But this second document, however superior to the first is, still far from being a satisfactory one. The *advice* it contains (for it is but *advice*) is of so general a nature, and so loosely worded, that we doubt if any individual has been thereby guided to frame for himself and his household a more efficient system of prophylactics than a very moderate exercise of unprofessional common sense might have at once suggested. It may be said that the Board have been deterred from going into details, by the dread of exaggerating alarm; but we cannot shut our eyes to the equal impolicy and inhumanity of being held back, under such circumstances, by such considerations. The fatal consequences of *ignorance* have been written black and strong in every history of pestilence. The amount of evil has always been in proportion to the want of knowledge and preparation. Witness Marseilles, where, in the language of an eye-witness, 'the rich found no protection—the poor no aid;' witness the massacres during the plague of Messina—the fearful anarchy which has attended the footsteps of this cholera throughout Persia—witness various towns of Hindostan, where the whole population rushed in despair into the country, and leaving their own valuables to destruction, spread the pestilence far and wide about them—and the islands of the Indian Ocean, where Europeans were butchered on the shore, in sight of British ships and Spanish soldiery. We are, in fact, inclined to attribute the diminishing mortality of cholera, as it has advanced into comparatively civilized regions, much less to any considerable mitigation of its virus, than to the superior arrangements as to hospitals and police, especially adopted in foresight of its eruption.

When we compare our own country with those European states as yet ravaged by cholera, so far from finding grounds to justify comparative neglect on the part either of government or of individuals here, we are constrained to arrive at a far different conclusion. Allowing all that can be asked for, as to the many points in which we are favourably distinguished—especially the morality and cleanliness characteristic of great classes not elsewhere so far advanced—and the skilfulness of our medical men—we are still forced to suspect, that on the whole, the balance may be struck against us. We have great towns in a proportion prodigiously beyond any other European empire—London with probably 1,500,000 inhabitants, Dublin with 400,000, Glasgow and Manchester with 200,000 each—five cities all above 100,000—Edinburgh, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, and Cork—at least fourteen, of from 30,000 to 60,000—and about thirty, ranging from  
15,000

15,000 to 30,000 Our inland commerce and habits of life are such as to connect all parts of the country together in a style wholly unexampled. The extent and rapidity of our means of conveyance have never been approached. Then our, in general circumstances, admirable policy of doing everything to excite competition, has rendered us dependent on each other—on individual arrangements and exertions, even for the necessities of life, to a degree unheard of in any other kingdom. The proportion of the people immediately dependent on the government for support, in the shape of soldiery, &c., is as nothing; and there is a corresponding deficiency of those magazines which almost everywhere else are at hand in case of a famine. Lastly, except in one or two places, we are more destitute of a *police* than any community in the world. Every historian of pestilence, from Thucydides to Jonnès, abounds in awful descriptions of the outburst of *crime* that inevitably attends such visitations; and as it is obvious that this can only proceed from the suspension of usual occupations, it is needful to inquire what occupations are the most sure to be interrupted—and what nation can ever have had such reason for fear, in the prospect of such a calamity, as the one that possesses the most enormous proportion of manufacturers that the world has ever witnessed?

Have the king's ministers endeavoured to bring home to their own minds the effects of a sudden paralyzation of commerce through every limb of our body politic? Have they tried to calculate the consequences of prodigious masses of artisans—and in times like these too—being sunk at once to the depths of pauperism? Have they considered the necessity of guarding us, in case of the evil coming upon us in its most frightful form, against the rapacity of monopolists as respects food and fuel? Have they begun to think of public stores of *bread* (in all pestilences the mortality is fiercest among bakers?) Have they begun to make arrangements as to hospitals? Have they warned our medical officers, naval and military, that their services may be called for at a moment's notice? Have they considered what ought to be done as to the supply of our markets—the supply of medicine and medical skill to a population dislocated in all its joints, and stricken in all its resources—the regulations as to travellers, inns, and public conveyances of all kinds? Have they even dreamed of the enormous burden of care that may within a week devolve on them as a cabinet?

The country has a right to expect much from the government, and we are sure the country will give every support to the government if they do their duty, and act and order with the energy and precision which the case demands. When we reflect on the good sense,

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sense, and the good feeling, the activity, and the liberality, which form the most valuable of the national resources, we are satisfied that if ultimate blame shall attach anywhere, it will not be either to English communities as communities, or to English families as families.

Let us suppose that the malady breaks out in an English town—for example, Hull. That town ought not to be taken unprepared: it should already have made its arrangements—for example: 1. A board of health should have been formed. 2. The town should have been divided into districts, and a district board established in each. 3. An efficient body of police should have been organized; including magistrates, medical officers, attendants on the sick—commissaries—conveyers and buriers of the dead—all prepared to be separated from the community. 4. Contracts should have been entered into, insuring supplies of food, fuel, &c., in case of alarm deranging the operations of the adjoining districts, and the towns-people being exposed to the rapacity of monopolists, which would imply temptation to violence and outrage. 5. The householders should have calculated on a very great addition to the poor-rates. 6. Hospitals for cholera should have been made ready, and the strictest measures adopted for keeping the existing hospitals free from the disease. 7. Burial places should have been inclosed, and furnished with store of *lime*. 8. Every thing should have been done to ensure a lavish abundance of water everywhere, and there should be *depôts* of medicine (including wine and brandy), and of lime and chloride of lime, easily accessible, and in every district of the town.

In consequence of the absence of such preparations, the ravages of the cholera in the Prussian capital have been, and continue to be, frightful. It has now established itself in the neighbouring towns, and also (though the government would fain conceal this) in the numerous barracks and camps and *cordons sanitaires* around Berlin. Every hour brings the intelligence of some valuable life lost to that country—we are extremely sorry to say, that we have just received accounts of the death of that amiable and learned physician, Dr. Becker, part of whose letter to Dr. Somerville was quoted in a preceding page of this Number. At Hamburg, on the contrary, the alarm seems to have been taken in better time. A gentleman who has just performed his quarantine, describes that town as it was a month ago, before the pestilence broke out: 'Every shop was shut—every banking-house—the principal people meeting everywhere to adopt measures—the magistrates indefatigable.' And throughout the German towns generally, things are *now* in a state of preparation, which ought, without loss of time, to be as far

far as is possible imitated here. At Frankfort-on-the-Maine, for example (we speak on the authority of a friend of ours, that has just arrived from that city), the arrangements are complete. The roads are patrolled and strict quarantine enforced. Each street has had, for some weeks past, its cholera committee, consisting of two or three of the chief inhabitants. These gentlemen visit every house daily, to see that rooms are white-washed, decayed fruit, vegetables, filth of every kind removed, and that at least one slipper-bath of tin is kept ready to be filled with hot water, under every roof. Soup kitchens have been prepared in every district. Very large supplies of medicines, and of provisions of all sorts, have been laid up. The medical professors have had their districts allotted to them. Bands of trustworthy persons have been sworn in to act as attendants on the sick. (At Berlin, the servants of families often ran off, and left their afflicted superiors utterly destitute.) Extensive hospitals have been erected in the fields, about a quarter of a mile out of the town; and, in a word, every precaution that two skilful physicians, who had been sent to Warsaw, could suggest, has been adopted under their immediate inspection.

In Catholic countries, the monastic buildings and religious persons have always been of the greatest service on occasions of this description; we have no such resources, and should therefore attend the more closely to the example of Protestant communities such as Frankfort. We believe the regulations of that town have been judged worthy of adoption by the government of Holland, and that arrangements similar to those above described are now in rapid progress throughout the various towns and villages of that well governed country.

Meantime such families as mean to quit, in case of pestilence, the town in which they reside, ought to hold themselves in readiness for immediate flight; and the civil power should be prepared to take charge of the houses and property which they are to leave behind them. The opulent must be content to pay dearly for such protection, but they have a right to expect it.

In such cases the excitement and alarm at the first outburst are so great, that, after a few days, people are apt to follow into the opposite extreme of indifference. We get accustomed to anything; and the progress of the mischief being probably slower than fancy had pictured, every hour the impression gets fainter. It is now that the vigilance of the police is most called for. The people must be saved in spite of themselves. The obtuseness and rashness of the lower orders, on such occasions, are such as none but an eye-witness will believe. At Vienna, the proportion of mortality among the very highest orders has been extraordinary, and is accounted

for

for solely by the vast troops of ignorant domestics which swarm about the palaces of the Austrian nobility. All vagabonds, beggars, and old-clothesmen must disappear. The least semblance of a crowd must not be tolerated; and all public conveyances must be *open ones*. The cholera took seventeen days to advance one hundred and fifty fathoms in the Mauritius. If due exertions be made, the malady may be arrested and suppressed at this early stage.

When the terror revives,—when the indifference consequent on the first paroxysm of alarm gives way before the knowledge that the disease is indeed creeping on from quarter to quarter, from street to street, the desire to quit the town becomes general, and a new mass of difficulties must be grappled with. The more that go the better; but none must go unless they have the means of conveyance, and know whither they are going, or without the license of the district board; and they that do go must submit to travel under regulations of the strictest kind.

The stagnation of trade becomes, of course, more and more oppressive as the pestilence advances; and they who deal in articles of luxury would do well to secure their goods in time, in some part of their own premises, and consign the key to the civil power. In case the disease should ultimately break out in the family, their property may thus escape the fumigation necessarily enforced as to all merchandize with which the infected *may* have been in contact,—and which must in most cases be attended with great damage, in many ruinous.

There should, if possible, be lazarettoes out of town, to which families might, if they pleased, remove,—care being taken that families of the same class, as to manners, be placed together, and that families thus secluded shall abstain from all intercourse with the city. They who have seen out a week or two of the pestilence in any one place should remember that the visitation generally terminates in six weeks or two months, and on no account think of removing. And when the disease is fast disappearing, persons who have been secluded, either in such asylums or in their own houses, must put great restraint on their feelings, and not go out too soon. Such, when the pestilence is believed to have at last ceased its ravages, such is the delirium of joy, and such the impatience of curiosity, that too much vigilance cannot be recommended to the police in the last hours of their labour. Thousands rush into danger in the search of friends,—in the eager yearning to ascertain what link of life has been spared to them.

Finally, a most painful and thorough examination and purification of all infected houses must be enforced on the disappearance of the pest. Owing to the neglect of this, the disease soon reappeared



peared in Moscow,—and that great city endured its miseries for five months in place of two.

Knowing, as we do, the kind-heartedness of the English nobility and gentry, we can have no doubt that families, not themselves possessed of country houses, would find hospitable gates thrown open to them far and near; while the commons in the vicinity of London, and the numerous parks and pleasure grounds, would of course be at the service of parties disposed to encamp, under proper regulations, and the surveillance of the health police of the next town. Our readers will do well to turn to Russell's Narrative of the Plague at Aleppo, for a lively description of the manner in which certain Frank families encamped at a distance from the infected city, the perfect success of their precautions, and the occupations with which they diverted the period of their seclusion.

We shall now submit a few notes, drawn up for a private family, whom we suppose to have determined to remain in London during the prevalence of the cholera. They are, we well know, far from complete, but they may be of service, if it were but in stimulating persons better qualified than ourselves, to consider the matter in its details, and lay their views before the public.

1. To the utmost practicable extent disfurnish the house, removing to an outhouse, or at least locking up in a separate room, all carpets and hangings whatever, and all needless articles of clothing.
2. Get rid of all superfluous domestics; and take care that it shall be impossible for those that are retained to communicate with any one out of doors.
3. Strip entirely of furniture, except bedsteads, &c., one or two rooms for the infirmary,—the nearer the door, the more distant from the apartments of the healthy, and the airier, of course the better. To these alone must the physician and the police inspector have access.
4. Be provided, if possible, with the means and materials for washing and even for baking in-doors; with hot or vapour baths; wines (the best of which seem to be port and sherry); brandy; opium, in its solid and liquid state; calomel; mustard and linseed meal; æther; some of the essential oils, as cajeput, peppermint, or cloves; and a case of lancets.
5. All windows should be opened and every room thoroughly aired several times a-day. Our fire-places are admirably adapted for ventilating as well as heating apartments; and in their use we have a great advantage over the northern nations, whose stove system has contributed much to the ravages of this pestilence, enabling its virulence to withstand even a Russian winter.

winter: Chloride of lime should be used to sprinkle all floors occasionally, and a small vase containing it should be in the rooms principally inhabited. Sudden changes of temperature should be avoided: hot days succeeded by cold nights have been found powerfully to predispose to infection.

6. All letters and supplies of food must be received from the police messengers and purveyors, with the precautions adopted in lazarettoes. They must be drawn up to a window of the first floor, by means of a rope having a yard of chain and an iron pail attached to it. Whatever is not injured by wet should be then plunged into a metal or earthen vessel filled with a weak solution of chloride of lime, or vinegar and water. Bread, flour, and anything that would be injured by moisture, should be exposed to the heat of an oven before handling. Papers must be fumigated thoroughly with sulphur.
7. That regimen which the individual has found best suited to his constitution should be adhered to; those who have been used to an active life of course diminishing the quantum of their food in proportion as they are debarred from exercise.\* It being universally admitted that whatever disorders the stomach and bowels predisposes to the cholera,—all unripe fruits, watery vegetables, as melons, cucumbers, &c., and all sharp liquors, as cyder, &c., must be avoided. The use of the weak acid beer of the Prussians (the weiss-bier) has been found extremely injurious; and the sale, both of that sort of beer and cyder, has been entirely prohibited at Frankfort. Wine should be used, but in moderation. The system should neither be lowered by unwonted abstemiousness, nor excited by any violent stimulus.
8. It is needless to say, that personal cleanliness, at all times of great, is now of vital importance. We need not point out the usefulness of baths. The whole body should be rubbed daily with soap and water, and afterwards sponged with vinegar. The sympathy existing between the functions of the skin and those of the intestinal canal are most intimate. Linen, especially bed-linen, cannot be changed too often.

Those who are obliged to go abroad during the prevalence of a pestilence, ought to know that furs are, of all articles of clothing, the most likely to catch and retain morbid exhalations; that woollen stuffs are more likely to do so than cottons, and cottons than silks. The furs and flannel-bands of the Russians and Poles

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\* The diminution of bodily exercise, provided the air be pure, is found much less injurious than might be supposed. Women, who take very little exercise, live longer than men.

are particularly condemned by all the physicians who have watched the pestilence among them. The greatest care should be taken to avoid cold or wet feet—for diarrhœa is the worst of the predisponents.

As we are ignorant whether the pestilential matter enters the healthy body through the pores of the skin, the lungs, or the alimentary canal, prudence requires that we should act as if it may enter by all of them. In many parts of Europe the attendants on cholera patients, and those who come into contact with the dead, use garments pitched over, or made of oilskin; and in former times, when the plague was here, physicians were obliged to wear such dresses, both because their own lives were considered as of the highest value, and that they might be at once distinguished in the streets. A false shame, or falser courage, might prevent many from spontaneously adopting such precautions; who would be happy to obey an official regulation enforcing them. The physician should carry a phial of chloride with him wherever he goes. His hands, after touching a patient, should be carefully washed with soap and water, and then sponged with the solution of chloride. The attendants on the plague wear a double handkerchief, steeped in vinegar, over the lower part of the face. The following pastile has been recommended :

Dried chloride of lime, 12 grains,  
Sugar . . . . . 1 ounce,  
Gum tragacanth . . . 20 grains.

This, being flavoured with some essential oil, should be made into lozenges of 18 or 20 grains, and one of them held in the mouth during the visit.

In conclusion, we must entreat the public not to be swayed by the nonsense daily poured out in the newspapers, by persons the least entitled to be heard on this subject. Your merchant, whose traffic is likely to be interrupted, converts himself for the nonce into *Medicus, Senex, Detector*, &c. &c., and hazards assertions of the most unblushing audacity. In spite of the fearful ravages of this pest in all the islands of the Indian Ocean, we are told that England is safe—for cholera never crosses seas. Another assures us, that, at all events, a sea-voyage must prodigiously diminish its virulence;—and yet it was after a voyage of three thousand miles—something more than the passage from Hamburg!—that it carried off, by thousands, the inhabitants of Mauritius. A third is ready with his assertion, that no medical man or attendant on the sick has died of the disorder; and this, in the face of the Madras Report, which records the death of thirteen medical men in that presidency, and the illness of twenty more—of the St. Petersburg Reports, which show that every tenth medical

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man in that capital was attacked, and that a very large proportion died; although we know, that of the small number of medical men at Cronstadt, four died; that in Astracan *all* the nurses and almost all the doctors were attacked; and that in Vienna, out of the first one hundred deaths in the whole of that great capital, three were medical men.

Much is said, or whispered, as to the impolicy of exciting fear. We suspect that the influence of this passion in predisposing the body to contagion, has been exaggerated; but if that were otherwise, which would be likely to produce the more injurious effects,—the fear that *may* be excited now, or that which must be excited in case of the sudden apparition of this pestilence in the very bosom of our families? The system of discountenancing fear has been tried abundantly. *Before* the plague appeared at Marseilles, a wise man gave two pieces of advice to the magistracy of that town.—‘Consider every sudden death as suspicious—Despise the squabbles of physicians.’ The magistrates despised his advice, and fifty thousand of the inhabitants perished before the doctors admitted that the disease was contagious. At Messina the same course was followed. No precaution was adopted. All at once the pest was found raging, and the populace rose in the frenzy of wrath and despair, and glutted themselves with murder.

As to individuals, in our humble opinion, the manly discipline of mind for impending danger, is to contemplate its coming, calculate its effects, and prepare; and we warn our rulers that if they neglect those preparations which they alone can make, the responsibility they incur is solemn. The question of contagiousness or non-contagiousness, having in prudence established the quarantine, they may safely leave to the physicians: the fact of the mortality of cholera, when it once reaches any country, is that which ought now to occupy their minds and direct their measures. This pest destroys here a sixth, there a fourth, and in a third town a half of the population. When such things *are* going on in a great town, what business is it that must not stop? What art can hinder thousands from being plunged into absolute want? or who will pause to ask whether the poison hovers in the air, or is transmitted from person to person? The instinct is to avoid the place—and it is all but uncontrollable. Nothing will induce any man to remain, who has it in his power to remove, except the knowledge that the government has done its duty—that all precautions have been adopted, and all pre-arrangements made. The more rigorous the laws, and the more strictly they are enforced, the more certainly will the government be pronounced a merciful one, at the time by the intelligent, in the sequel by all.

ART. IX.—*Letter to the Lords.* By a Member of the House of Commons. Sept. 22, 1831. London. 8vo.

THE House of Lords has, as we anticipated, done its duty. It has vindicated its own constitutional rights, and has, for a season at least, arrested the progress of revolution. It always seemed to us one of the strangest, and indeed one of the most alarming signs of the times, of the unconstitutional spirit and illegal designs which are afloat, that any doubt should have been entertained as to what the Lords would do; yet certainly, up even to the last moment, ministers affected to believe, and very solemnly asserted, that the result would be different. We at first attributed such absurd rumours to mere ignorance, but we now believe them to have been the offspring of an artful design to inflame the public mind, and aggravate, by such fallacious expectations, the ultimate disappointment of the populace. We are the rather induced to notice this device, because we see that a similar delusion will be, or rather already is, attempted for a similar purpose. Every 'blind Tiresias' of the administration who, ten days ago, so confidently predicted that the Lords would pass *the Bill*, is, notwithstanding the affront which his sagacity has just received, equally loud and confident in now assuring us that, in about six weeks' time, or even less, their lordships will *have passed another bill*, quite as efficient as the former. We flatter ourselves that our prophecies would appear better entitled to confidence than those whose fallacies have been so lately exposed; but until we see this other—*different* but *equally efficient*—something, we put so little trust in either the integrity or the common sense of the Ministers, and can so little guess what they may choose to think or call '*equally efficient*,' that we shall not waste our readers' time in casting the horoscope of the unborn bill. Suffice it for the present that the two *first-born* of the union between the monarch and the mob *are no more*, and that from such an unnatural conjunction there seems, every hour, less probability of any other progeny than mis-shapen embryos or short-lived monsters.

If vexation and rage are proofs of sincerity, the ministerialists are certainly sincerely disappointed by the majority in the Lords:—they are surprised at its numbers,—they are mortified by its respectability,—they are confounded by its talents,—and they are dismayed at its spirit;—but, instead of reading the lesson they have received according to the old constitutional rule and to their own recent pledges of '*standing or falling by the bill*,' they have determined to *stand by their own salaries*; and every engine of popular excitement has been employed to procure the sanction of the people to this liberal adherence to office,—this patriotic pertinacity of place! The first point to be established for this purpose was to persuade the public that the

the defeat of the bill was only a temporary check, and that the ministers, if they could be induced to remain in power, would make short work with the majority of the Lords, and take effective measures for securing the passage of the new bill through that house. And *short work* to be sure it will be, if the atrocious provocations of the ministerial press and the murderous menaces of the ministerial mobs are to be carried into effect. We shall very soon be relieved not only from the majority in the Peers, but from the entire House of Peers; and the engine with which Lord Grey and his noble colleagues only proposed to turn a few votes, is much more likely to abrogate the noble Earl's '*Order*,' and restore him to the simpler title in which, if we mistake not, he gloried about forty years ago,—of *Citizen Grey*.

The constitutional duties and utility of the House of Lords have been so admirably explained by Paley, and his views have been so well illustrated by the recent conduct of that House, that we cannot put either the theory or the practice of this part of the constitution into a stronger light than by quoting the exordium of his luminous disquisition.\*

'The proper use and design of the House of Lords are the following: First, to enable the king, by his right of bestowing the peerage, to reward the servants of the public, in a manner most grateful to them, and at a small expense to the nation: secondly, to fortify the power and to secure the stability of regal government, by an order of men naturally allied to its interests: and, thirdly, to answer a purpose, which, though of superior importance to the other two, does not occur so readily to our observation; namely, to stem the progress of popular fury. Large bodies of men are subject to sudden phrensies. Opinions are sometimes circulated amongst a multitude without proof or examination, acquiring confidence and reputation merely by being repeated from one to another; and passions founded upon these opinions, diffusing themselves with a rapidity which can neither be accounted for nor resisted, may agitate a country with the most violent commotions. Now the only way to stop the fermentation is to divide the mass; that is, to erect different orders in the community, with separate prejudices and interests. And this may occasionally become the use of an hereditary nobility, invested with a share of legislation. Averse to those prejudices which actuate the minds of the vulgar; accustomed to condemn the clamour of the populace; disdaining to receive laws and opinions from their inferiors in rank; they will oppose resolutions which are founded in the folly and violence of the lower part of the community. Were the voice of the people always dictated by reflection; did every man, or even one man in a hundred think for himself, or actually consider the measure he was about to approve or censure; or even were the common people tolerably steadfast in the judgment which they formed, I should hold the inter-

\* The whole chapter is a most masterly treatise on Parliamentary Reform, well worthy attention.

ference of a superior order not only superfluous but wrong: for when every thing is allowed to difference of rank and education, which the actual state of these advantages deserves, that, after all, is most likely to be right and expedient, which appears to be so to the separate judgment and decision of a great majority of the nation; at least, that, in general, is right *for them*, which is agreeable to their fixed opinions and desires. But when we observe what is urged as the public opinion, to be, in truth, the opinion only, or perhaps the feigned profession, of a few crafty leaders; that the numbers who join in the cry, serve only to swell and multiply the sound, without any accession of judgment, or exercise of understanding; and that oftentimes the wisest counsels have been thus overborne by tumult and uproar;—we may conceive occasions to arise, in which the commonwealth may be saved by the reluctance of the nobility to adopt the caprices, or to yield to the vehemence, of the common people. In expecting this advantage from an order of nobles, we do not suppose the nobility to be more unprejudiced than others; we only suppose that their prejudices will be different from, and may occasionally counteract, those of others.’—*Mor. and Pol. Philosophy*, b. vi., c. 7.

The whole of this passage is so wonderfully apposite to our present circumstances, that there is not one word of it which is not important and decisive. And in exposing, as we shall have but too many occasions to do, the attacks made on the House of Lords by the Ministers and their *followers*, we entreat our readers to bear in mind, and to apply to the cases as they arise, the doctrines of the constitution thus prepared, as it were, for our special use by the prophetic sagacity of Paley.

The first object selected for the vituperation of the press and the fury of the mob has been the Bench of Bishops. The Bishop of Exeter directly charged Lord Grey with having given the signal for this attack by the manner in which he addressed the spiritual Lords in the debate. Lord Grey indignantly denied the charge, (saying, that, on the contrary, he had never spoken of the heads of the Church except with ‘delicacy and respect,’) but unluckily challenged the Bishop to prove his assertion. We extract the Bishop’s reply, which appears to us, as it seems also to have done to Lord Grey, unanswerable.

‘The Bishop of Exeter said he had not alluded to the Noble Lord personally, nor had he accused his Majesty’s Ministers of the intention to incite to outrage. That he solemnly declared. But the Noble Lord called upon him for proofs of what he had advanced, and he was not unwilling to produce them. It would be recollected that the Noble Earl, on the first night of the debate, called upon the Bench of Bishops well to consider what would be their position in the country if the measure should be rejected by them, or by them with the aid of a small majority of lay Lords. He thus implied that they ought to be led by this consideration, and that if they did not vote for the Bill they would become the  
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just objects of popular odium. This language had the tendency—he did not say that such was the Noble Earl's intention, but his language had the evident tendency—to inflame the passions of the populace, and to incite and encourage outrage and violence. The Noble Earl repeated more than once the words, that he implored them to reflect upon the state to which they would be reduced, if, with a narrow majority, they ventured to withstand the country and the government. Nay, he assumed the character of a prophet, and said, "*Set your house in order*;" and although the Noble Earl did not complete the quotation, it was impossible for any man who had read that part of Scripture from which it was borrowed not to regard it as a menace of destruction. The Noble Earl went even further than this. He spoke of certain questions which were then in agitation, and the decision of which might be favourable or unfavourable to the Church, according to their conduct on that occasion. But where were these dangerous questions in agitation? In the high councils of the Sovereign, where the Noble Earl had the lead, or ought to have the lead, for it was to be hoped that he did not delegate his important duties to inferior minds. But wherever such schemes of confiscation were agitated, the Noble Earl could scarcely suppose that they would have any influence over the body to which he belonged. On them it could have no influence, but over the mob such language, proceeding from the first Minister of the Crown, might and naturally would have much. He said, therefore, and he should repeat, that this language, whatever might have been its intention, had the tendency to excite popular odium against the church and the bench of Bishops. It was in substance the same language as they heard in the public streets and read in the public journals, and it fully conveyed the same menaces and threats. They were even told they were bound to support the government. Did not Noble Lords know that, at the period of the Revolution, the Bishops were at once the most zealous and the most effective opponents of the ministers of the crown? They now, for the first time during a long succession of years, were again, upon a particular measure, opposed to the government. And why? Simply because they had now the same rights to exercise and the same duty to fulfil as at the period he had mentioned, to aid in the preservation of the British constitution.'

Our readers will recollect the context of the passage which Lord Grey selected 'as full of delicacy and respect for the bishops,'—'Thus saith the Lord, *Set thine house in order*, FOR THOU SHALT DIE AND NOT LIVE.' 2 Kings, xx. 1; Isaiah, xxxviii. 1.

We will make no odious comparisons as to those who are supposed to quote Scripture for sinister purposes, but we ask Lord Grey, as a man of honour, what he meant by the application of that Scripture phrase, *if* he did not mean what the phrase means in Scripture—a denunciation of destruction? What he said was either nonsense, or a menace; and it has been so understood, not by the bishops alone, but by Lord Grey's friends and auxilia-  
ries,

ries, the *Press and the Mob*. 'Set your house in order' has been a kind of watch-word against the clergy; and even while we are writing, we find, in one of the best-written and by no means the most violent of the ministerial newspapers, Lord Grey's ominous quotation applied in its true and proper sense, of threatening the downfall of the Church—a catastrophe which the print in question has for years been openly labouring to accomplish. 'It is high time,' says the *Morning Chronicle* of this day (the 25th October), 'that the Church should be compelled to set their house in order.' Lord Grey did not intend, we are willing to believe, to raise a persecution against the bishops, but he has done it. It is the misfortune of men of warm tempers and narrow intellects to be the cause of mischief which they do not foresee, and which they afterwards regret, and, in this case, we hope and believe that the rashness of the rhetorician outran the designs and wishes of the minister!

The result, however, is, that in every public meeting, in all the daily and weekly papers, and in placards upon every wall, we hear and see re-echoed, and reproduced in a thousand shapes, every calumny that ever has been vented or invented against the episcopal bench; and hangings and burnings of their effigies have forcibly repeated the *delicate and respectful* admonition of Lord Grey, 'to set their houses in order.'

It is, therefore, not at all surprising that, in attempting to diminish and depreciate the majority in the House of Lords, the ministerial press, even the most moderate part of it, should reject the votes of the bishops altogether, and thus strike off, at one blow, half the majority.

It would be now beside our purpose, and beyond our limits, to enter into an exposition of the injustice—the invasion of all rights—the treason to the constitution—which are involved in the principle of excluding the Bishops from the House of Lords—we shall confine ourselves at present to a few hints of its folly and inconsistency. Is it not strange that those who insist on a restoration of ancient rights, should begin by abrogating one of the most ancient rights of the constitution—that those who stickle for wider representation, should deprive a body so numerous, so wealthy, and so intelligent as the church, of its direct and natural representatives—that those who would pull down the aristocracy, should also attempt to destroy a class of which the greater proportion has always sprung from the people, and has been raised into eminence from humble beginnings, by the talents, learning, and piety of the individuals—that those who for years have clamoured against the subserviency of bishops, should now complain of their independence—and finally, that those who profess such a reverence for the Revolution of 1688, and the

the general cause of civil and religious liberty, should choose at this moment to forget, that to the bishops—first and foremost in the ranks of moral courage, political independence, and constitutional principles—we have been mainly indebted for those blessings?

The votes of the bishops being thus summarily disposed of, we are next told by the ministerial anatomists of the majority, that the votes of *twenty-seven* lay Peers possessing borough influence should be also thrown aside. That, to be sure, would reduce the *majority* to a *minority*, Q. E. D.; but before this be done, it would be necessary to prove that borough influence is of so engrossing and overwhelming a nature, that the man who is so unfortunate as to possess it, is incapable of the exercise of a right judgment, or of any honest and independent feeling. Now, granting the correctness of the published lists, is it not a little curious, that *on the other side* there should have been *twenty-six* Peers who are possessed of the same kind of borough interest as the *twenty-seven* of the majority? And it appears, also, that one or two of the same class did not vote at all, so that the class is as nearly as possible equally divided in opinion. Is not this curious fact an irrefragable proof, that there is nothing in the mere circumstance of possessing borough influence, which must *inevitably and of necessity* bias the mind in one exclusive direction? *A priori*, we confess we should have thought that this species of property could not have failed to operate very forcibly on the opinions of its possessors, but certainly when we see that these persons are equally divided, and that they appear on this occasion to have adhered to the general principles which have guided their political life, and voted according to their *party*, rather than their *property*, it is surprising how little influence that species of property seems to have had.

But this admission must not be pushed too far. The ministerial advocates, though manifestly wrong in attributing to borough-property such a paramount and exclusive command over the minds of all its possessors, would have been correct enough in supposing that, quite apart from anything like base and selfish motives, men would look with more complacency to privileges which they had been accustomed to enjoy, and would naturally, in a case of doubt, incline to think *that* system best for the country, which should also be the most agreeable or convenient to themselves: admitting therefore, for the argument, that there are twenty-seven anti-reform Peers in these circumstances, let us see whether there is not, on the other side, an influence of the same kind, but infinitely more powerful in effect. It does so happen, that by drawing the lines of 2000 and 4000 inhabitants, and by departing from these lines in some special cases, and transferring from

Schedule

Schedule A to Schedule B, and from Schedule B back again to Schedule A,—in short, by the mechanism and *manipulation* (if we may use the expression) of the Bill, the result is, that the elective franchise was preserved to places in which no less than TWENTY of the Peers of the ministerial party are interested—Calne, Tavistock, Malton, Horsham, Morpeth, Richmond, and many others which have made less noise, but which are equally preserved; the present members of which are nominated by *twenty* noble friends of the Reform Bill! We know that when Mr. Baring and Mr. Croker made a similar observation in the debates of the House of Commons, the Ministers, though they could not deny the fact, repelled the inference by asserting, that the new right of franchise, and the new limits to be assigned to the boroughs thus preserved, would effectually overturn the existing interests. But there are some cases in which, avowedly, that would not have been the case,—Malton and Tavistock, for instance; and we think that, considering the political complexion of the proposed *Commission* which was to have parcelled out and distributed the franchise, coupled with the *admission*, made by the First Lord of the Admiralty, that, in one case, the Ministry had deviated from all their rules, *for the express purpose of weakening the influence of Tory property* in a particular borough,—we think, we say, that under all these circumstances, it is not too much to suppose, that those whose boroughs had been preserved from disfranchisement under such auspices, might also expect, that, under the same auspices, their existing interests might find favour in the eyes of the *impartial* Commissioners; and if *any* nomination or half a nomination be preserved, it must be recollected, that as Mr. Baring and Mr. Croker so victoriously proved, its value will be an hundred fold greater than it was. The *twenty-seven* Whig nominators have now twenty-seven Tory competitors, and the parties in the state are thus fairly balanced, and no man or set of men can dictate to the existing government; but sweep away the mass of nomination seats, and leave fifteen or twenty only in the hands of one set of men—*one little knot of oligarchs*—the result must be, that these fifteen or twenty seats will exert an enormous influence,—they will afford the only practical means of forming ministries, and of facilitating political arrangements; and the King, instead of looking, as he now might do, to the character and talents of the persons to be summoned to his councils, must consider whether the Duke of Bedford, or Lord Fitzwilliam, or Lord Carlisle will consent to bring the proposed ministers into parliament for Malton, Tavistock, and Morpeth. From all this it follows, that if borough influence be objected to twenty-seven of the majority, there is also a borough influence of infinitely greater value, and involving infinitely stronger

stronger claims on the gratitude of the intended possessors, which must be imputed to the minority, to the amount of *twenty* at least. But this is not all. If we are not much deceived, there were several boroughs which, by the operation of the Bill, would have changed hands; and we could name two noble Whigs in the minority who would have been endowed with nominations at the expense of a couple of defrauded Tories. When Lord John Russell was grasping, with so greedy a hand, all the boroughs in Schedule A, yet carefully exempting Tavistock from the operations of the Bill, Sir George Warrender very justly and forcibly said, that his Lordship was but half a Catiline, for that, though *alieni appetens*, he certainly was not *sui profusus*.

We have thus, we flatter ourselves, restored the majority to its full effect, even according to the principles and calculations of those who would reckon borough influence, either in possession or prospect, as an incapacity from voting on the late question.

But these calculators have chosen, with characteristic fairness, to omit altogether from their reckoning some other ingredients which contributed no inconsiderable strength to the minority.

Let it be recollected that Lord Grey, in his ten months' administration, has added *twenty-five* to the peerage, not selected, as by former ministers, from general considerations of birth, wealth, talents, services, or even of general political conduct, but with an exclusive regard to *this one* question. It has been asked whether all ministers do not select their political friends for the honour of the peerage? and we have seen statements of the number of peers created by former administrations, as if such assertion and such calculations could have any effect, except upon the most thoughtless or the most ignorant. We, in reply, will venture to assert, that, except in that flagrant, and, until this hour, unparalleled outrage on the constitution, in the reign of Queen Anne, there *NEVER has before been a creation of peers for a special and exclusive purpose!*

This position we shall make more clear, by one or two examples. For the last thirty years, the great object which divided and engrossed the parties in the state was the Catholic Question. On that several administrations, and every individual minister, had staked their political existence; and we are still flagrant with the marks of the heats and animosities with which that contest was maintained. Yet was there ever, whether the ministry was hostile or favourable to the Catholic claims, any creation of peers in which a pledge on that point was made a *sine qua non*? The nearest approach to anything of the kind was in the former Whig administration in 1806: it *happened*, that of a dozen peers created by them, all were, we believe, in favour of emancipation; but we will do them the justice to admit, that this uniformity was probably the result

result of general political connexion, and that no pledge was either asked or received from any of the Peers, then created, as to their future votes. It will be said that the division of opinion in former cabinets prevented exclusive favour to either side: this was generally true; but there were moments in which the cabinet was all but unanimous on that subject; for instance, under Lord Liverpool at the coronation of George IV., and under Mr. Canning during his short administration; but in neither case did it ever enter into the head of the premier to attempt to influence the state of that question by creation, still less would either of those premiers have dreamed of attempting to *carry* the question by such means. But there is a case still more important and almost in point:—it is now known, that in 1828 the Duke of Wellington was meditating the project of Catholic emancipation, and well knew that his greatest difficulty would be in the House of Lords; yet so far was his Grace from attempting anything like what the present Ministers have already perpetrated by wholesale, that of the Peers created in 1828, there was, we believe, a majority of persons opposed to Catholic concession. The conduct, therefore, of the present Ministers, which no precedent could have justified, has not only no colour from any precedent (except the black one of Queen Anne), but is contradicted and reprobated by the practice of all other administrations, as distinctly as by the principles of the constitution.

The result of this violation of decency is, that twenty-five new Peers have been created, so notoriously pledged to the Reform Bill, that some of them had actually voted for it in the Commons, and had thus the—*honour*, shall we call it?—of voting in both Houses; and we have heard of two or three others, whose private opinions were originally adverse to reform, who, nevertheless, were *persuaded* to vote in the ministerial minority. It must further be observed, that in addition to these *twenty-five* new peerages, there have been *six* promotions in the peerage. There are also to be found in the minority the names of *thirty-five* peers who hold cabinet, household, or diplomatic offices. *Three* or *four* have had extra ribbons created for them contemporaneously with their votes,—an unlucky coincidence, it must be confessed, if there was no other connexion between the votes and the ribbons. We think it would be unfair to look beyond what appears publicly on the face of the Court Calendar or the Gazette; and we therefore set no store by the rumours of *promises* of future favours, which have been confidently quoted; nor do we think it would be just to endeavour to trace influence through the collateral channels of family connexions, though even these, no doubt, may have some effect. But we think we may fairly add to the list of the peers likely to be influenced in favour of the Bill by considerations distinct from its  
intrinsic

intrinsic merits, the noble parents of three Cabinet Ministers, and of the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests.

These several classes amount to—

Peers whose borough influence is preserved	20
New Peers	25
Peers promoted	6
Office bearers	35
Extra ribbons	3
Grandfather and fathers of Ministers	4

93

We beg our readers to observe that we offer these views not offensively, but defensively. Lists have been published, *falsely* attributing to the majority personal views and official obligations; we, as a *set-off*, reply, that if such influences and obligations are to be reckoned at all, truth requires that they should be attributed to the *minority*;—but more of this by and by; at present we will only add, that when to this great number of the minority, who appear to be thus *directly* interested in the success of the ministerial measure, we add the numbers in whose opinion ‘the King’s name is a tower of strength,’ it will, we think, be admitted, that the majority was as considerable by its numbers, as it is respected for its talents, and honoured for its integrity.

Indeed, one very important advantage has accrued to the House of Peers out of these debates,—even the Radical writers themselves have been struck with the ability, we may say, the superior ability, with which the question has been treated by their lordships. The vulgar and so long exploded error of imputing to the hereditary house an inferiority in talents or acquirements, had begun to manifest itself again, and some wiseacres had gravely asked us, with a sneer at *hereditary legislators*, what we should think of *hereditary professors* in colleges, or *hereditary physicians* in cities? All such sneers the Lords have again triumphantly refuted. Even Mr. Cobbett, whom we quote as an evidence rather than an authority, distinctly says:—

‘The debate was throughout distinguished by infinitely greater talent than had been displayed upon the same subject in the other house. Everything that could be said against the bill was said against it by the opposing Lords; on the part of the Ministers the debate was conducted in a very laudable and able manner.’—*Pol. Reg.*, 15th Oct.

In fact, the whole course of these debates in both Houses leads to very important considerations as to the comparative value of elections merely popular, and those in which, as under our present system, there is a due mixture of other ingredients, such as birth, rank, riches, education, intelligence. The present House



House of Commons is the most popular that was ever elected, yet, even in the opinion of the reformers themselves, it has shown itself at least not superior in vigour of intellect—the quality which it might have been expected more especially to possess—to the House of Lords; and even within its own walls, that class, *against* which the Reform Bill seemed substantially directed, is undeniably that which, *on both sides of the question*, has distinguished itself by the greatest abilities. The sons and grandsons of peers, and the members for the nomination, or alleged nomination, boroughs of Aldborough, Boroughbridge, Calne, Okehampton, Sudbury, Tamworth, Thetford, Weymouth, &c., have infinitely surpassed, in every intellectual qualification and merit, the crowd of members whom the late ebullition of popular feeling had raised—not into eminence indeed—but to the opportunity of obtaining eminence, had they been equal to the crisis in which they were placed. Upon this consideration we will not dilate, as it might lead to mere personal comparisons, which we are willing to avoid; but we believe that it has not been lost on the public, and that the people of the empire at large are, at this hour, better satisfied with those that have been called only their *virtual representatives* in the House of Commons, and those who may justly be called their *hereditary representatives* in the House of Lords, than with those who have been sent into public life by the more immediate and direct exercise of the popular choice.

While the debate in the House of Lords was going on, a meeting was held at Birmingham—we know not whether it professed itself to be the Birmingham Political Union or not, but its chairman, at least, is the chairman of the Birmingham Union, and we believe it is the same body: this meeting voted an address to Lords Althorp and John Russell, expressing the approbation of the assembly, consisting of 150,000 persons, of their conduct on the Reform Bill; and adding some violent resolutions as to the *non-payment of taxes* if the Bill should be lost. To this address Lord Althorp made an answer, much more civil than we think such menacing resolutions were entitled to,—yet still in a certain tone of moderation, unaccompanied by any insult to the House of Lords, or any countenance of the anarchical resolutions: but his answer, which in other times would have been justly censured as deficient in the dignity and reserve with which a person in his situation should receive even the complimentary part of such an address, looks like a model of propriety and moderation by the side of what Lord John Russell thought proper to say. We give it as we find it in the public papers:—

‘Lord

*Lord John Russell to Mr. Thomas Attwood, Birmingham.*

'I beg to acknowledge, with heartfelt gratitude, the undeserved honour done me by one hundred and fifty thousand of my countrymen. Our prospects are now obscured for a moment, and I trust only for a moment. *It is impossible that the whisper of a FACTION should prevail against the voice of a nation.*'

That the King's Minister should not, even while returning thanks for a personal compliment—of which Lord John may be so short-sighted as not to detect the worthlessness—that he should not have expressed some dissent from the illegal and treasonable doctrines with which the compliment was accompanied, is sufficiently surprising; but *that*, though a serious dereliction of duty, is venial when compared with his characterizing the exercise of the undoubted and constitutional right of the second branch of the legislature as *the whisper of a 'FACTION';*—the phrase in itself is as awkward and poor as its meaning seems to us indecent and dangerous. The opposition to the Reform Bill, forsooth, has been a '*whisper*'—a pretty audible whisper—expressed in one parliament so distinctly as to induce the Ministers to dissolve it: and in the new House of Commons we should have thought that, from the beginning of June to the end of September, on every day in every week, and every hour in every day, they had heard something more than a '*whisper*'—the *whispers*, indeed, of Sir Charles Wetherell, of Mr. Croker, of Sir Robert Peel!—the *whispers* of Lords Carnarvon and Harrowby, and the Duke of Wellington! The whisper, too, of a '*Faction!*' We should be glad to have explained to us the tenets and objects of the *faction* which unites in one house Sir Robert Peel with Sir Charles Wetherell; Mr. Baring with Mr. Croker; Lord Chandos with Lord Porchester; and in the other, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon; Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Tenterden; Lord Carnarvon and Lord Harrowby. Except a conscientious and disinterested opposition to a revolutionary reform, is there any motive—any hope—any object which can be suspected of having pervaded all these gentlemen? and by what political dictionary is the concurrence in a speculative opinion of persons who never before concurred, who probably never may concur again, and who certainly never expected to reap any personal advantage from their concurrence, to be defined a *faction*? A '*whispering faction*,' composed of men who probably never met to discuss the subject except in their respective houses of parliament; and who there spoke, trumpet-tongued, their unconcerted and hardly-accordant sentiments on this single object:—'*a whispering faction!*'—why, the '*thundering legion*' would have been an infinitely more appropriate term! But, awkward and puerile as the antithesis may be, the meaning seemed but too clear; namely, that the majority of one of the  
estates

estates of the realm is a faction, and their decision the result of a mean and selfish intrigue. However, Lord John Russell, when arraigned in his place in Parliament for so high an offence as this seemed to all mankind to be, tells all mankind that they are mistaken, and do not understand the English tongue. We extract this extraordinary defence from the least suspicious authority—the *Times* newspaper:—

‘ Lord John Russell said, that as so pointed a call had been made upon him to explain in what sense he applied the expression which had given the honourable gentleman so much uneasiness, *he did not hesitate to state that he had not contemplated the majority of the Lords in the phrase so often referred to.* The other House had undoubtedly as good a right to reject the Bill as they themselves had to agree to it, and he was far from disputing that they were perfectly entitled to vote which way they thought proper. But there might be factions in Parliament notwithstanding, which looked to their own interests and promoted their own ends by opposing the Reform Bill; and he would also add, that the conduct of certain gentlemen in opposition on General Gascoyne’s motion, fully illustrated the truth of the assertion. Honourable and learned gentlemen had likewise talked pretty often of the wicked and profligate designs of Ministers in introducing this late measure of reform; and it appeared to him that he might, with equal fairness, make use of a word so common in the English language as faction.

Now, really, without having any great respect for Lord John Russell’s understanding, we could not have expected such poor subterfuge and word-catching as is here attributed to him. ‘ He did not mean the majority of the House of Lords,’—‘ but there might be factions in Parliament;’ and ‘ General Gascoyne’s motion illustrated the truth of the assertion!’ Not mean the House of Lords!—Look when the letter was written—on Saturday, the 8th October, the very day on the morning of which the Lords divided. Not mean the House of Lords!—Look at the contemporaneous letter of his colleague, Lord Althorp—he manfully, at least, and plainly says, ‘ The *large majority* by which the Bill has been lost in the *House of Lords* is, I fear, a serious calamity. It can only, however, *postpone the success of our cause.*’ Lord John Russell, writing at the same hour to the same person, on the same subject, and with the same feelings, says, ‘ *Our prospects are now obscured for a moment, and I trust only for a moment.* It is impossible that the whisper of a faction can prevail against the voice of a nation.’ And yet the reporter of the *Times* is not ashamed to put into the mouth of a British Minister—of an *English Gentleman*, a solemn *denial* that he alluded to ‘ *the majority in the House of Lords,*’ although that Minister’s noble colleague, writing at the same hour, to the same person, on the same subject, and with the

the same feelings, had expressly mentioned that majority as the cause of the disappointment.

But the 'majority of the House of Commons on General Gascoyne's motion justified the assertion.' Ah! *that* poor House!—it was safe to calumniate it—it was dissolved—dead! But we tell the reporter of the 'Times,' that Lord John Russell did not and could not have alluded, by the words 'whisper of a faction,' to General Gascoyne's motion—nor to any motion or any party in the *House of Commons*—because he introduces the topic, by saying, 'our prospects are now obscured for a moment.' General Gascoyne's motion took place six months before, in a *former* Parliament, on a *different* bill. It, therefore, did not *now*, and for the *present* moment, obscure. The existing House of Commons too had passed the Bill, by overwhelming majorities, and Lord John Russell had himself carried it up to the House of Lords, with triumphant parade, and deposited the confident hopes of the *nation* in the fostering hands of the Lord High Chancellor. The Opposition in the House of Commons, however ingenious and victorious in argument, was too inferior in numbers to stop its progress, and had, in fact, done its worst with the Bill, ten days before: how then could the House of Commons have been alluded to on Saturday, the 8th of October, as having *now*, and for that *present* moment, *obscured* the prospect of passing a Bill which it had already passed? Away with such pretences; if Lord John Russell did *not* mean the House of Lords, we say—as we said of Lord Grey—he meant nothing; if he did—we must leave the affair to be settled between his Lordship and the 'Times,'—between the accuracy of the reporter and the veracity of the Minister.\* For what may be uttered in the warmth of debate, some allowance is readily made, and neither the expression nor the exact import should be too narrowly

\* While we write, another awkward contradiction of a parliamentary assertion of Lord John Russell's has surprised the public. Lord John Russell, in reply to a question, relative to the dismissal of Lord Howe, put to him in the House of Commons on the 13th of October, is stated in the 'Times' to have answered,—'That the Noble Lord had tendered his resignation, and that it had been accepted.' This statement—which was considered so important and conclusive, that the papers tell us it was received with "*loud cheers from the Ministerial benches*,"—this statement has produced a letter from Lord Howe, which was read in the House on Tuesday the 18th instant, in which his Lordship says,—'If the answer Lord John Russell is reported to have given in the "Times," is the one he really made, I must say his Lordship made a statement at *direct variance* with the real facts of the case.'

Lord John Russell might, when the question was first propounded, have said, that the affair was not in his department, and that he could not therefore speak with certainty about it; or he might have declared the question to be one which ought not to be answered; but as he thought proper to make a statement, it should at least have been one not '*at direct variance* with the facts of the case.' Here, therefore, is another delicate point—to be settled between the noble paymaster, and his friends of the gallery.

criticised;

criticised ; but here there is no such excuse—here is a letter,—a deliberate composition, communicating to *one hundred and fifty thousand* persons, already in a state of great excitement—already threatening illegal, nay treasonable violence,—the very event which, of all others, was most likely to increase that excitement, and exasperate that violence. This composition, which, to say the best of it, seems

‘ ————— spargere voces

In vulgum ambiguas’—

is written by a cabinet minister. The *King's Paymaster* becomes the appropriate organ for complimenting a meeting which had come to a resolution *not to pay the King's taxes* ; and the Minister to whose discretion and judgment the chief share in the conduct of the momentous measure of Reform was confided, is the channel by which the decision of the House of Lords is announced to an infuriated populace as, in some unexplained mode, connected with the *whisper of a faction*.

We shall be very much surprised if Lord John Russell ever meets parliament again as a cabinet minister. Nothing but the singular weakness of the ministerial bench in the House of Commons could have justified the calling of the Paymaster of the Forces into the cabinet. It was not originally intended to do so—Lord John Russell had been selected to introduce, and had introduced, the Reform Bill, in his subordinate capacity, but the inefficiency of the cabinet ministers became so obvious, that his talents were thought indispensable to the cabinet, and he was called up accordingly.

The expedient has not been successful—the talents have certainly not justified the special exception. The administration, by losing Lord John Russell, will lose little in parliament and less in council ; but if he were of ten times greater value than he is, it seems to us impossible, that after this extraordinary letter, in which all men must recognize either the height of audacity, or the depth of idiotcy, he can again appear as one of the responsible advisers of the Crown. If he should be so venturous, it is hardly to be doubted that the House of Lords, on its reassembling, will take notice of this—the precursor and harbinger of that series of assaults, insults, and calumnies with which they have been individually and collectively assailed.

As Lord Grey's *delicate* and *respectful* hint to the bishops was probably the main cause of the attack upon them, so this phrase of another cabinet minister has been, if not the signal, at least the forerunner, of an explosion of calumnious libels and menaces against the House of Lords in general, of which there has been hitherto in the annals of turbulence no example. The first and most remarkable of these is a placard or handbill, entitled the

‘ Black

'Black List,' which has been circulated with extraordinary profusion, purporting to give the names of the majority, with 'the annual amount of their PICKINGS' from the public purse. This paper is as ludicrous for its astonishing absurdity as it is odious for its falsehood and malignity. To the name of every peer is annexed some office or other designation, implying that he is in the receipt of public money, with a sum purporting to be the annual amount of such public 'salary,' 'stipend,' 'pension,' or 'pickings.' There is, we believe, *not one* item in the whole account correct, and nine-tenths of them are the most extravagant mixtures of ignorance, falsehood, and malevolence that ever were compounded, worse indeed than anything which we remember to have seen from the Jacobin press during the wildest fury of the French revolution. To extract any items of this flagitious account for peculiar observation might seem to give some countenance to others not specially contradicted; and as there really is not one more infamous than the rest, we had determined not to distinguish any—but, on consideration, and with this preliminary observation, we are desirous, really as matter for future history, to give a few specimens of the kind of information which the friends of the Reform Bill address to that intelligent and influential class for whose use and advantage the said bill was introduced.

NAME.	OFFICE.	SUM.
Duke of Dorset .	Not known,—supposed . . .	£40,000
Marquis of Exeter,	Almoner to the King . . .	2,500
Earl of Falmouth .	Son-in-law of Mr. Bankes . . .	3,570
Earl of Wilton .	Son of Earl Grosvenor . . .	4,479
<i>(Just created Marquis of Westminster, a zealous reformer.)</i>		
Earl of Winchilsea,	Late Comptroller of the Windsor Estab- lishment . . .	6,000
<i>(The Windsor establishment has ceased twelve years ago; and neither Lord Winchilsea nor his father ever held any such office.)</i>		
Earl of Lauderdale,	A retired Ambassador . . .	36,600
Viscount Exmouth,	Lord Lieutenant of Rutlandshire . .	10,450
Lord Feversham .	A new Peer of the Wellington batch.— Pension not known.	
<i>(Created by Lord Liverpool.)</i>		
Lord Arden .	One of General-Fast Percival's breed .	47,974
Lord Delamere .	A new Peer;—a pot-companion of George IV. . . . .	10,000
Lord Rivers .	Was a Lord of the Bedchamber . .	750
<i>(Only a few weeks of age; and neither he nor even his father ever held any office.)</i>		
Lord Sydney .	Ranger of St. James's Park . . .	11,426
<i>(The Lord who was Ranger has been some time dead; and</i>		

*the office is now held by a zealous reformer, the Duke of Sussex.)*

Lord Colville . . . A Captain in the Navy . . . 4,600

But even the falsehood, folly, and malignity of this list are surpassed by its effrontery; for it attributes to the *majority*, as motives for their votes, all the *offices and salaries* which are now actually distributed amongst the *minority*, and many of their Lordships are denounced as still influenced by places which they abandoned rather than vote against their honour and their conscience.

Another list, called '*the Lords delineated*,' gives both the majority and minority, '*with an estimate of the sums received by them or their families from the PUBLIC REVENUE!*' of which we need give no other specimen, than that it states the public income of Lord Brougham and Vaux and his family at 6000*l.*, and that of Lord Grey and his family at 8000*l.*; while Lord Eldon is rated at 59,000*l.*, and Lord Bute at 65,821*l.*—Lord Bute, as was stated in the House of Commons, not being in the receipt of *one farthing*.

The natural consequences of such publications are exhibited in the attacks on the persons and property of the peers. Lord Londonderry is dangerously wounded;—Nottingham Castle is burned to the ground,—the '*Black List*' of the FACTION is reprinted and distributed at Coventry;—Lord Aylesford, a country gentleman, little mixed in politics, and, in private life, one of the most amiable of men, happens to drive into the town; what avail his private virtues or his public honour?—his name is in the '*Black List*' as a Groom of the Bedchamber and Colonel of a regiment, with *pickings* of 7750*l.* a-year, and he is immediately assaulted by the mob—the '*Black List*' in hand—and with some difficulty escapes from their blind and brutal violence. Well; his Lordship is not a Groom of the Bedchamber, nor has he a regiment, nor has he *pickings* to the amount of 7750*l.* (how precise the sum!)—he has no place, no commission, nor even seven pence per annum from the public. In the same way the Earl of Tankerville is way-laid in Darlington. We know not whether that mob carried as their banner, the '*Black List*' in which his lordship's relations are denounced as sinecurists for 2455*l.*, but, at least, the populace were apprized that he was one of the FACTION which *whispered* away the rights of the people.

We have seen similar outrages in London;—we have heard of them in all parts of the country. Lord Grey told the House of Lords, on the 12th of October, that the Ministry had taken every precaution for the protection of the persons and properties of their lordships. Will any one do us the favour of naming a *single instance* in which the perpetrators of any of these outrages have been



been brought to justice by the intervention of his Majesty's Ministers? Lord Londonderry was assaulted, and almost murdered, under the windows of the *Home Office*;—Nottingham Castle was burned by the constituents of his Majesty's Attorney-General;—Has any rioter or incendiary been yet punished for these atrocities? Has any libeller been prosecuted? Has any preacher of sedition been silenced? The Attorney-General and the other subordinate agents of the government might well ask 'where are we to begin?' should a criminal information be filed against the Prime Minister for quoting the Second Book of Kings, c. xx. v. 1. with the intent of procuring the Lord Bishop of Winchester to be burnt in effigy? or should an indictment be preferred against John Russell, Esq. commonly called Lord John Russell, for that he, &c. had called the House of Lords a faction,—by reason whereof the Earl of Aylesford was dragged out of his carriage, and the Marquis of Londonderry beaten from his horse?

These difficulties and dangers (for such we have no doubt the Ministers begin to feel them), and others still more serious, arise from the unnatural alliance which has been made between them and the Radicals—between the King's government and those who have hitherto been the enemies of all kings and of all governments. We will not now discuss questions that have been mooted elsewhere, whether the Ministers have excited, or only connived at, or only failed to prevent, the attempts of the mob to usurp the government—whether they are the masters or the victims of this new power in the state—or whether, which is still more probable, they are, in a certain degree, both, having evoked a spirit which they cannot lay, and having, as Sir Robert Peel pictured it, created a Frankenstein-monster, which has become the object of their disgust and their terror. Be all this as it may, the result is clear—the country is not governed by the King or his Ministers; there now really exists, what was formerly a political fiction, '*something behind the throne greater than the throne itself*'—the PRESS and the POPULACE! *Behind the throne*—did we say?—No—the feeble expression breaks down under the fact—they are *on* it—they are *above* it. Need we give instances?—they are flagrant at every corner of our streets, in every placard that inflames the lower orders, in every journal which perverts the upper—in meetings, processions, riots, burnings, plunder, and even murder; but there is one instance so curious and characteristic of the men and measures of the day, that we think it worth preserving beyond the ephemeral existence of the newspapers.

On Wednesday, October 12th, the Prime Minister, on returning home about eleven o'clock at night, found in his house, uninvited and unexpected, sixteen persons, calling themselves a deputation from the parishes of Westminster, of whom the only names

that have reached us are those of Mr. Carpué, a medical man, but of which class of the profession we know not, and Mr. Place, a tailor.

Most readers will think that Lord Grey's personal and official station, as well as his public duty, required that he should have at once and explicitly rejected all communication on subjects of the highest and most vital national importance with any persons under such circumstances, and with such persons under any circumstances. His Lordship, however, was taken by surprise, if not by assault, and he may, perhaps, under the suddenness of the invasion, be excused for having submitted to the required interview. But mark the inconvenience of taking the apothecary and the tailor, and the other fifteen parish deputies, into the cabinet, and intrusting them with views of state policy—mark also the further inconvenience of the Prime Minister being obliged to submit to these conferences (however *constitutional* and *proper* they might otherwise be), at midnight, and, to discuss, single-handed, without a colleague, or even a secretary to bear witness as to what might pass, these high national topics with Mr. Carpué and Mr. Place.

These persons naturally communicated the result to their constituents, and it was thought expedient to let the following account of the interview appear in the 'Courier' of Thursday the 13th.

'A deputation from several of the parishes of the metropolis waited upon Earl Grey last night, at a late hour, at the Treasury, with a memorial praying his Lordship to recommend to the king not to prorogue the parliament for a longer period than seven days. His Lordship received the deputation with great urbanity.'

Great urbanity!—We beg our readers to mark this.

'and conversed with them for a considerable time on the subject of their visit, observing, however, that he hoped the government, after the efforts they had made to fulfil the wishes of the people, would be considered entitled to a greater degree of confidence than such a request would seem to imply, if his Lordship were not fully aware of the intense excitement which had induced the parishes to make this recommendation to his Majesty. His Lordship said, that, if the people would continue only a short time their confidence in the Ministers,—for which he and his colleagues felt very grateful,—he had not the slightest doubt of being able to bring in and carry a Reform Bill *quite as efficient* as that which had just been rejected by the House of Lords.

'The gentlemen of the deputation appeared to be sensibly impressed with the importance and propriety of his Lordship's observations, and a *mutual confidence* seemed to be the result.'

Mutual confidence between the Prime Minister and a tailor!—but we shall see how short-lived was the confidence.

'Previously to their departure, some of the deputation conversed with

with Earl Grey on the subject of the different public meetings, and related instances of strenuous exertion, on the part of particular individuals, for the preservation of the public peace. His Lordship appeared to be *highly gratified*'

Highly gratified—mark that.

'with these accounts, and exhorted the deputation to use their influence in their respective parishes to enforce respect for the laws, and instil confidence in the paternal and patriotic intentions of his Majesty. The noble Earl said that it would be indeed lamentable if any violence were to be attempted on the part of the *people*, the government being resolved to do their duty, and, if necessary, to maintain the laws by force. In answer to this observation, his Lordship was assured that, whilst the people had just confidence in the king and his ministers, the public tranquillity could not be disturbed.'—*Courier*, Oct. 13. (The leading article of the paper, and the italics of *quite as efficient* are its own.)

This *protocol*, which seems to have been produced in that hot-bed of protocols, Downing Street, did not, it appears, quite tally with the recollection of the other party to the *Conference*; and, accordingly, in the 'Morning Chronicle' of Saturday the 15th, the public was gratified with the following counter-statement:—

'Wednesday night, at about a quarter to eleven, a deputation of seventeen *gentlemen* from the different parishes, headed by Dr. Carpue, waited on Earl Grey on the subject of the memorial. The result of their interview was the ascertaining that Parliament would be prorogued till after Christmas, that no more Peers would be made, that a conciliatory Bill would, in the interval, be prepared, of a nature to obtain the suffrages of a majority of Lords. The deputies, we understand, assured his Lordship that the people would be content with Lord John Russell's Bill. His Lordship answered, that it would be absurd to think of again proposing Lord John Russell's Bill; that Ministers would not think of bringing in a Bill which they knew would not be carried; that, however, the people might rest assured they would support no Bill which would not secure to the people their constitutional rights. As to a prorogation for seven days, his Lordship said it was quite impossible to be prepared with the Bill in time; that the framing of the Bill would require much attention, and occupy much time. This is, we understand, the substance of what passed at the interview.'

The imputation, thus cast by the 'Morning Chronicle' on the protocol of the 'Courier,' awakened the jealous spirit of the latter, which, in vindication of its own ministerial accuracy, lost no time in issuing a rejoinder, 'as if'—says the 'Times' in quoting it—'*from authority*.'

'If our readers will take the trouble to refer to the *Courier* of Thursday, they will find a material variation between the *Chronicle* account

account and our own. In the first place, every part of the conversation at the interview respecting the well-founded complaint?—

We can find nothing like a *complaint*; we have seen that there was ‘urbanity,’ ‘mutual confidence,’ ‘high gratification,’ but not a word about *complaint* or *dictation*.

‘of Earl Grey at the attempted dictation of the memorialists—and with reference to the importance of maintaining public order—is omitted; and on the subject of the prorogation and the Reform Bill, Earl Grey is represented to have said that the parliament would be prorogued until after Christmas, and that no new peers would be created. We beg to assure the *Chronicle* that Earl Grey did not so express himself, and that its informant *could only have inferred* what he has stated from the *general tenour of Lord Grey’s observations*—an inference with which some other members of the deputation may not agree.’

Here we must pause again to notice an important admission which seems to be here made *from authority*,—namely, that Earl Grey did discourse with this deputation on matters of *state policy*, and that ‘the general tenour of his observations,’ if not entirely explicit on the views of the king’s government, were at least such as led the ‘*deputies*’ to draw ‘*inferences*’ on subjects which were, up to that hour and for some days after, a profound secret from the public at large, from both houses of parliament, and, we believe, we may add from several of his Majesty’s confidential advisers. The *Courier* then proceeds,—

‘Earl Grey could not have said that the parliament would be prorogued until after Christmas, because at that time, *although anxious for a long prorogation*,’—

Note this: ‘although anxious for a **LONG** prorogation.’

‘in order to effect with greater ease the plan proposed for the success of the new bill, ministers had not agreed as to the time; and we are informed that his Lordship merely spoke of the impropriety of so short a prorogation as that recommended by the memorialists, without alluding to any particular period for the recess of Parliament.

‘In the account which we gave of the interview, we made no comment on the abruptness of the intrusion,—for an intrusion it certainly was, no announcement of the intended visit having been made,—but, as a version of the meeting, unfavourable to Earl Grey, has appeared, we think it right now to state, that his Lordship was placed in a situation which might have very well excused any reserve on his part. On his return from the house of a friend, at nearly eleven o’clock at night, he found his hall filled with strangers demanding an interview. Not one of these gentlemen was personally known to him. They might, for aught he knew to the contrary, except as to their external appearance, have been a *deputation from the Rotunda revolutionists*, or the *delegates of a republican convention*; and reserve, or even rudeness, on the part of the noble Earl, would hardly have warranted surprise.’

We really do not see in what this deputation differed from those

those others to which the 'Courier' thinks Lord Grey might justifiably have employed '*rudeness*;' but every rational man, every friend to good order and public tranquillity—which are essentially interested in the maintenance of some degree of dignity in the King's ministers—must feel that the defence of Lord Grey's imputed *reserve* was quite unnecessary; and that the 'Courier' would have done better, if it could have excused the absence of all reserve, the want of even decent caution, '*the urbanity*,' '*the mutual confidence*,' '*the high gratification*,' which, according to its own original protocol, characterized the communications of that night.

The 'Courier' then proceeds:

'The deputation, however, were admitted, in *less than two minutes* after the arrival of the Premier at his house, to an interview, of which the "Courier" of Thursday gave an account. To that we now refer our readers; but we now think proper to add a fact of which we have been since apprized. Earl Grey heard with astonishment that part of the memorial which recommends, or rather dictates, a prorogation for only seven days; and asked if the gentlemen wished to drive him from his Majesty's councils, by requiring him to do what was completely out of reason and against his own conviction of the duty which he owed to the country at large?

'There is another part of the "Chronicle" statement which requires explanation. Earl Grey certainly did say, that a new bill must be prepared; but he observed, that if the people would repose confidence in him, and not embarrass him by requiring what was impracticable, he had no doubt of being able to carry a bill quite as efficient as the last. We are assured that the words "*quite as efficient*" were used.'

It will be observed, that this statement is not only that of the semi-official organ of government, '*as if by authority*,' but that it refers to Earl Grey's private feelings, in a way which no one but Earl Grey himself could do, and it may lead therefore to an inference that the foregoing statement was written by his lordship, or at least with his sanction. It was, we think, degradation enough to the Prime Minister to be obliged to suffer such an intrusion, without having also to enter into a newspaper war and bandy anonymous paragraphs with the political tailor. But there was still more in reserve for him!—The newspaper defence was, it seems, unsatisfactory, for we find, that on Monday the 17th instant, in the midst of a long and important speech, in which the Noble Earl gave to the House of Lords a summary of his policy on the great subjects of reform, finance, and foreign affairs, he felt himself compelled (nothing, we presume, but irresistible compulsion could have induced him to do so) to bring before that august assembly, and the English public and the European world, which were all watching with anxiety the

the political exposition of the Prime Minister on such high and weighty topics,—to bring forward, we say, on such an occasion, his midnight colloquy with the apothecary and the tailor.

‘This leads me,’ observed his lordship, ‘to attempt to obviate the effects of a misapprehension which has gone abroad with respect to what fell from me in a recent conversation with some persons who waited on me to learn the course likely to be pursued by the government. Expressions have been attributed to me which are not correctly stated by those who have made them public. The object of the deputation from the metropolitan parishes, with whom the conversation took place, was to advise the government not to prorogue the parliament for a longer period than seven days.’

Modest advice! Let us see how it was received—

‘I stated to them, of course, that their proposition was totally inadmissible, but that the question had not yet been considered by the government, who would retain to themselves the right of determining, according to their sense of the necessities of the public services, the duration of the recess.’—

Admirable discretion!

‘I stated, indeed, as it was my duty to do,’—

His *duty* to make them *any* statement!

‘that I could not consent to hold my office under any dictation of that kind from any quarter;’—

Noble spirit!

‘that I felt myself at full liberty to give advice on that subject according to my sense of the exigencies of the public service, and to use my judgment with respect to the course which might be most likely to advance the object which we wished to accomplish. I said nothing, however, of any period of adjournment. I said nothing of a prorogation of parliament to the end of January. I said nothing of time. I reserved to myself’—

Statesman-like prudence!

‘the power to exercise my discretion on the advice I should give on that subject; and I think I have a right to claim from the public, for my colleagues and myself, whether that time form a long or a short one,—whether it prove of the usual length or less—that we have taken that course which we think most conducive to the accomplishment of that object which we, as well as the public, most anxiously desire. With respect to the Reform measure itself, I said,’—

Amiable *urbanity*!

‘there could be no question that some alterations were necessary,—that it would be our duty to consider what those alterations were to be; but I repeated what I said before, that I never would be a party to the recommendation of any measure not founded on the same principles as that which had been rejected, and as effectual for the accomplishment

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plishment of the objects which it was declared to have in view. These were the expressions I used ; except that when the deputies intimated in strong terms their fears for the continuance of the public tranquillity, I told them'—

Well-chosen confidants !

' that the government expected that they and every one should use their utmost *efforts* to repress disturbance and enforce obedience to the laws ; and that I trusted their exertions would be effectual, and that the government would not be driven to the painful necessity of using the *powers* with which they were entrusted to preserve the tranquillity by *force*.'

What ! did his Lordship venture to talk about '*efforts*,' and '*powers*,' and '*force*?' What ! contemplate resistance to the will of the people ? Why, we shall have him caricatured as Mrs. Partington, celebrated by the *Reverend* Sydney Smith for attempting to repel the Atlantic with her mop !—though there is one essential difference in the cases ; poor Mrs. Partington had not herself excited the storm against which she brandished the *force* of her mop-stick ! \*

' These were the sentiments I uttered.'

The sentiments which he uttered !—*Sentiments* forsooth, and uttered to Mr. Place and Mr. Carpue, and their fifteen nameless associates, whose intrusion on his Lordship, as the article in the '*Courier*' informs us, would have been more deservedly treated

\* At a meeting at Taunton, the Rev. Sydney Smith gave the following illustration of the fruitlessness of the resistance of the Lords :—' I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of Reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town, the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up, but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—he quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.'

We accept the reverend jester's illustration. The sea (which he somewhat ungeographically calls the *Atlantic Ocean*) did not 'beat Mrs. Partington.' It burst indeed into her house, damaged her furniture, and broke her windows—just like a reform mob—but after a few hours' fury it subsided again into its natural limits. A little paper and paint, and a few squares of glass, repaired Mrs. Partington's losses, and the good dame may be still seen trundling her mop and telling her story of the 'great storm of 1824,' as we now talk of the queen's mobs in 1820, or as, in half-a-dozen years, we shall talk of the reform riots of 1831. The power that sets bounds to the fury of the sea will also limit the violence of man. He is the ruler of the *moral* as well as of the *physical* world :

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots  
Sait aussi des méchants arrêter les complots ;  
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,  
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

by



by *rudeness* than even by *reserve*, but who were not met, as we have seen, even with *reserve*, but with a deprecatory and apologetical explanation, made, as it were, 'upon his bended knees,' which is the favourite attitude of the present high-minded and high-bred Ministers of the Crown.

When the foreign courts, whose envoys no doubt have taken care to report so important a speech, arrive at this magnificent peroration, there will be, we suspect, but one government in Europe which will comprehend what it means. At the Palais Royal it will be understood and approved—

'Solamen miseris, socios habuisse dolorum.'

Louis Philippe and Casimir Perier will be delighted to find themselves *au niveau* of England; and the French Revolutionists, having endeavoured in vain for forty years to raise themselves to our level, will be delighted to find that we have lowered ourselves down to theirs.

But this episode is not yet concluded—as soon as Lord Grey dropped the *mask* of the 'Courier,' Mr. Place laid aside the *domino* of the 'Chronicle,' and in reply to the Prime Minister's speech, has published a letter with his own name, in which he avows and defends his former statements, and, *proh pudor!* plainly tells Lord Grey, that his assertions in the House of Lords were not correct,—that every unbiassed man must come to a conclusion the very reverse of his Lordship's declaration,—that what his Lordship did state was:—1. That it was contemplated to prorogue parliament till after Christmas. 2. That ministers did not intend to recommend a creation of new peers. 3. That the bill which had passed the Commons, and had been rejected by the Lords, was not to be again presented to the Commons—And, finally, having thus fastened on Lord Grey all that Lord Grey had in his own place and person denied, the tailor concludes with calling the statement in the 'Courier,' which was either written by Lord Grey or by his authority, 'false quotations and scandalous imputations!'

We have given more attention to this topic, than at first sight such an instance of vulgar presumption and ministerial imbecility might seem to deserve—but, 'hæ nugæ seria ducunt in mala:' this whole transaction—the intrusion—the reception—the conversation—the publication—the contradiction—the re-assertion—the explanation in the House of Lords, and finally, Mr. Place's charge, that Lord Grey's explanation in the House of Lords was incorrect, and that the statements in the 'Courier' were false and scandalous—all contribute to show into what hands the government of this country is fallen—upon what principles it is administered; and above all, the story reads us this salutary lesson, that when bullied by the populace and belied by the press, the

the Earl Grey, like the Anti-reformers, can find no refuge from the violence and the slander, but in the protection of the House of Lords! and yet the noble Premier, who, when pressed upon by personal misrepresentation, flies to that sacred altar for refuge, denies to the constitution the same asylum, and suffers one of his underlings to denounce the voice to which he himself appeals for justification, as the *whisper of a faction*. Lord Grey should at least be consistent, and when he pours his own private wrongs into the bosom of the peers, he should not revile and denounce the opponents of the Reform Bill for having done exactly the same.

Another very curious instance of the mode in which the Government is dictated to, and the class of persons who are now the chief authorities in the state, is presented to us in the *Times* of the 18th of October. It happens ludicrously, but instructively, that a letter of remonstrance from Alderman Waltham against a certain Mr. Stevens, of Bishopsgate, and an account of a political conference between the said Stevens and the Noble Chancellor of the Exchequer, occupy two adjoining columns of that journal. We shall present our readers with a view of that portion of the paper.

‘*City Election.*

‘*To the Editor of the Times.*

‘Amongst those who have taken a freedom with my name on this occasion is Mr. Stevens of Bishopsgate. *This person* is reported to have said, &c. . . .

‘How this Mr. Stevens has dared to show his face to the Livery of London is a matter of amazement to all who recollect his conduct, and the exposition I made of his *unprincipled conduct*. I thought I had demolished him; but it appears that I had only scotched the *snake*, not killed it.

‘Let him, however, beware how he meddles with my reputation. Let him look after his own, *if it be worth looking after.*

Signed, ‘ROBERT WALTHAM.’

‘*Presentation of the Bishopsgate Petition to his Majesty.*

‘On Friday, fourteen gentlemen of the first respectability waited, as a deputation, on Lord Althorp, on the subject of the Reform Bill, &c.

‘His Lordship received the deputation with the *most marked kindness and attention.*

‘Mr. Stevens, the chairman of the deputation, stated, that in the King’s confidence in his present Ministry rested the only hope of *deliverance* from the *iron rod* of the boroughmongers and the bench of bishops.

Lord Althorp said he *felt great pride*, &c. . . . The deputation retired, after a *most satisfactory conversation* with the Chancellor of the Exchequer!’

‘The deputation retired after a *most satisfactory conversation* with the Chancellor of the Exchequer’—a *conversation* about ‘*deliverance*’ from ‘the iron rod of the bench of Bishops!’ But let that pass.

pass.—So here is my Lord Althorp receiving with *marked kindness*, and *feeling great pride* in communicating with, a man whom Alderman Waithman asserts to be '*unprincipled*,' characterises as '*a snake*,' and insinuates pretty plainly to be a fellow of very doubtful reputation. And then admire the sly pleasantry of the *Times*, which contrives to place these two articles in such ludicrous juxtaposition! In truth, my Lord Althorp does not seem to have fared much better with his Mr. Stevens than Lord Grey with his Mr. Place; and we cannot but notice, as another very remarkable sign of the times, and of the character of the Cabinet, that two such untoward adventures should, within two days, have happened to his Majesty's two principal Ministers—the leader of the House of Lords and the leader of the House of Commons—the one abused by Place, the other praised by Stevens: which is the more to be pitied?

We shall not attempt to pursue in detail the series of outrages against the House of Lords which have followed the signal of Lord John Russell's penny trumpet,—the meetings convoked by every artifice, yet everywhere failing in numbers and respectability—the addresses carried to the foot of the throne, to undermine the very foundation on which the throne rests—the resolutions voted by mobs who neither heard nor understood them, and reiterated in the newspapers with all that bluster and rhodomontade with which falsehood endeavours to conceal failure! We say failure, absolute failure! for the *country* has taken no part with the knots of demagogues who have stimulated these proceedings; many even of those who were friendly to Reform, have withdrawn all countenance from the anarchical agitators, and the whole strength of the bill and the ministry may be summed up in two words—the PRESS and the POPULACE! The brutal assaults on persons, and the felonious destruction of houses, have at last awakened the people at large to a sense of the danger to which life, and property, and private safety, and public order,—in fine, our laws, our religion, and our liberties, are exposed by the principles of the Radical Reformers. That portion of the public which has been called *liberal*, begin to suspect that the liberality which makes free with other men's goods is somewhat questionable; and even the working classes are in the painful progress of learning a very wholesome lesson of statistics,—that where *property* is not secure, there can be no *industry*—that where *wealth* becomes alarmed, *work* will fail—and when *rents* are not paid, *wages* must be lowered. The tradesmen of London have, for many months past, discovered these truths, and so have the starving workmen whom they have been obliged to dismiss; and they all feel that the *Reform Bill*, by throwing doubts on the permanency of our present system of society, has been the *real cause* of

of the uneasiness which agitates the public mind, and of the want of confidence and security which paralyzes the sinews of industry.

The rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Lords has, no doubt, done something towards tranquillizing the anxiety of the *real* public, because although, so long as the King and the government stand pledged to that measure, there can be no permanent repose for the country, yet the very fact of having weathered one gale, accompanied by the avowal of the Ministers, that they intend to propose another measure, which, though '*quite as efficient*,' may not be equally obnoxious, authorizes some degree of hope, that the revolution is for a season, at least, adjourned. But that which is *hope* to the friends of the constitution, is *alarm* to its enemies; and thence has proceeded the burst of violence, the system of terror, with which the revolutionists have endeavoured to defeat the effect of the decision in the Lords—to keep alive the flagging passions of the populace, and to instigate the Ministry itself to some violent measures from which there might be no retreat. For our own parts our greatest consolation is this very violence. If the revolutionists did not doubt—and *they* are the best authority on such a point—the resolution of the King, and the determination of the Cabinet, and the perseverance even of the Populace, *they* would not have made such extraordinary and extravagant efforts—*they* would not have spent such sums, nor such pains, nor so much time in menacing the Bishops, in insulting the Peers, and in bullying the Ministers. *They* feel that an interval of leisure, a moment of calm, a sabbath, as it were, interposed among the working days of the revolution and dedicated to consideration and thought, would quiet men's passions and fortify their judgments. *They* know that the best, if not the only hope of accomplishing the work which they have in hand, is to keep alive, by fresh provocatives, the fatal intoxication of the mob.

But they will fail—they have failed; the majority of the House of Peers required no stimulus but their duty, and expected no reward but the approval of their own conscience; but they cannot have received, without satisfaction, the applause of their talents from all parties, and the approbation of their principles, which have been so unequivocally expressed by every man and body of men who are interested by property, or influenced by intelligence, in the maintenance of our social system—this approbation is an ample counterbalance to all the clamours and libels on which we have animadverted. But even the Ministers themselves seem alarmed at the audacity of their Radical allies; they have not, indeed, strength of mind wholly to despise them, but they, or the King, are evidently disgusted and alarmed at the despotic dictation which has been attempted against them, and they have so far vindicated their independence that they have not

limited the prorogation to *seven days*, the proposal of one set of plebeian viceroys, nor to *three weeks*, that of another; but neither had they the spirit to follow altogether either their own wishes or the usual practice of the constitution, and instead of the usual prorogation of *forty days*, they have proclaimed one of *thirty*! The press demanded one of only *twenty*—the precedents of parliament required one of *forty*—they would not quite truckle to the mob, they would not quite adhere to the ancient rule, and so they magnanimously *split the difference*, and fixed on the intermediate number of *thirty*. We quarrel not with this exercise of the royal prerogative, and, glad to hail even so small a deviation from the dictates of Mr. Place, we receive, with dutiful respect, his Majesty's determination,—trusting that as he has seen reason to disregard the advice of Mr. Place, and his other self-elected councillors, on this point, he may be induced to exhibit a similar spirit on future and more important occasions; and we flatter ourselves that we can perceive in the terms of the speech with which his Majesty prorogued Parliament, some indications of moderation and prudence, which form a singular contrast with, and a stinging rebuke of, the intemperate and silly language which one of his Cabinet Ministers addressed to the tax-denying Union at Birmingham.

Indeed we are convinced that there are several members, perhaps a majority of the Cabinet, who never cordially assented to the whole extent of the proposed Reform, and who submitted to its being proposed in the expectation that the good sense of the House of Commons would have rejected it at once, and that an intermediate, and of course less sweeping measure, might be accepted by way of compromise. This supposition is strongly supported by the avowal which escaped Lord Althorp, in the debate on Lord Ebrington's motion, when he stated, that if the Opposition had chosen to divide on the first introduction of the Bill, it would have been '*rejected by an immense majority*;' and we gather from the explanations with which his Lordship accompanied this most important admission, that the Ministers were driven to pledge themselves and their friends to the '*Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill*,' by the fury with which the people adopted it out of doors, after that opportunity of throwing it out had been unfortunately lost.

If there be any ground for this hypothesis—if there be any amongst the ministers who were deceived or alarmed by the idea that the people were unanimous and irresistible in their enthusiasm for the Bill, the delays in the House of Commons, and the decision of the Lords, must be to them causes of conscientious congratulation, for they have afforded time and opportunity for proving that the supposed enthusiasm was never so  
general

general as it appeared, and that even of what existed, a most considerable portion has evaporated—nay, as we have already shown, from the involuntary admission of the Radicals themselves, that a great and most important change of public opinion has already taken place, and is still rapidly proceeding.

The public were, on the Reform Bill, divided into three great classes of opinion—the radical reformers, the moderate reformers, and the anti-reformers.

1. The first class consisted of the ultra-whigs, the dissenters, the republicans, and all that party which derives its origin from the reign of Charles I., and which, on every occasion that has since successively offered, has shown itself hostile to the monarchical and ecclesiastical parts of the constitution. These men were enthusiasts for the Bill, as they were enthusiasts for American Independence—for the former and the late (*not last*) French Revolutions. On them no change has been made, nor can be expected; they never will be satisfied with any thing short of expelling *once more* the bishops, the lords, and the monarch. Amongst them no reaction has taken place, and they are the main body and chief force of the army of reformers. That the lamentable abuse which has been made of the King's name, and the selfish folly of the Government, has swelled their ranks very considerably—very alarmingly—we do not deny; but still they are but a minority—a small minority—of the country. They are loud, active, zealous; one of them makes as much noise as fifty sounder judgments; the daily and weekly press is for the most part in their hands, and the populace, always the dupes of such noisy patriots, swell, for a time, their ranks, and make formidable their machinations; but if there were a strong and able government, armed with the King's confidence, and willing to maintain and exercise all its constitutional authorities, the press would cool, the populace would tire, and the *republican* party would soon cease to be more formidable than it was from the innocuous motions of Mr. Grey in 1792, to the disastrous administration of Lord Grey in 1831.

2. The moderate reformers are composed of many subdivisions. As a body, they are friends to the existing constitution, and would (if they could have foreseen all that has lately happened) have been well contented to *leave things as they are*, convinced that although there are anomalies in the construction of the system, the general result was the best form and *practice* of government that had ever blessed any nation: but in this general sentiment there were, and are, as we have said, considerable shades of difference. All were favourable to the enfranchisement of a few great towns; but some were also inclined to disfranchise some nomination boroughs; and these, again, were divided as to the *extent* of disfranchisement, and the *process* by which it was to be operated.

rated. Though none of these would originally have supported any thing like the revolutionary principles of *the Bill*; yet both they, and the still larger class—who were influenced by the contagion or the panic created by the King's name, the ministers' authority, and the violence of the radicals,—fell readily into the snare of admitting, as an unquestionable proposition, that *SOMETHING must be done*; and as, in times of popular excitement and encroachment, *something* soon grows to mean *everything*, this whole class were led, cajoled, dragged, and terrified into a support of *the Bill*, more or less reluctant, according to the warmth of temper or strength of mind of individuals. It is in this class that the reaction has taken place—not by any real change of sentiment or disposition, because their sentiments and dispositions were never cordially with the *Bill*—but by seeing that they have been carried much further than they intended to go, and by feeling that the necessity for passing the *Bill*, or anything like the *Bill*, is not so urgent, nor, indeed, its advantage so unquestionable, as it appeared a few months since;—the sober-minded begin to be alarmed at the precipice to the brink of which they had advanced, and the weak, who had joined the rout in the first hurry of fear, begin to suspect that there is rather more danger in going forward than in holding back.

3. The Anti-Reformers, though all zealous and determined against *the Bill*,—or any other *general* and *sweeping* system of reform,—were, like the moderate Reformers, distinguished among themselves by different shades of opinion. There was not, we believe, any one who pushed his aversion to reform so far as not to wish that the great towns should be represented. No man ever opposed the giving members to Leeds and Manchester, but from the fear of that step leading to such jobs as have been attempted for Walsal and Gateshead, and to such injustice as has been denounced against Guilford and Dorchester. Many were reluctant to commence even a beneficial change, the principle of which was pregnant with distant consequences, much more important than the immediate object, and therefore full, as they thought, of future difficulty and eventual danger. Others, not seeing the probable risk in so serious a light, or thinking that the balance of peril rather inclined the other way, would gladly have concurred in an enfranchisement, if a plan could be devised that, limited in its principle, would yet be satisfactory in its effect. But all the Anti-Reformers agreed in this, that, as in practice, the present system had, even with its anomalies, proved itself to be the best which ever had stood the test of experience, and as the nation had attained, and was enjoying under it, the highest degree of glory, prosperity, wealth, and liberty, which it had ever possessed, the correction of minor abuses and the removal of particular anomalies ought to be gradually and cautiously attempted; and that we should not have  
chosen



chosen for repairing the old edifice the very hour of a tempest which it would require all the original strength and all the time-cemented solidity of the building to withstand.

The wisdom of the original views of the Anti-Reformers, and the reluctance even of those who were the most anxious for the representation of the great towns, to enter upon a *system* of change, have been vindicated by their antagonists in a very remarkable manner; for his Majesty's Ministers have expressly declared that *they* have not now contented themselves with proposing representation for the great towns, or any of the other mitigated plans to which they had formerly limited their views of reform, because they are aware that the *first* step would involve all the rest,—that any enfranchisement founded on a principle of population must lead to the most extensive consequences, and would be, at last, found incompatible with the maintenance, not merely of nomination boroughs, but of any corporate rights or proprietary influence. 'When I see,' said Lord John Russell,—

'my opponents leave the ground of practice and prescription on which they have planted the banner of the Constitution, and make any movement towards Reform, I am inclined to exclaim, as Cromwell did when he saw the Scotch army leave their strong position on the heights of Dunbar, "*The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!*"'

This decorous testimony to the soundness of the policy of the anti-reformers ought never to be forgotten; and if the principles of his Majesty's ministers be just,—if *any* change involves *every* change,—if *creating* a new franchise is, in fact, the *destruction* of all existing rights,—if we can do *nothing* without pledging ourselves to do *everything*;—or, in other words, if *any* reform, however limited, must eventually lead to the application of the general arithmetical rule of population,—then, in spite of its anomalies, its deficiencies, and even its abuses, we, for our own parts, would abide by what exists—

And rather bear the ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Neither the minority in the Commons nor the majority in the Lords, nor the moderate reformers, nor the sound portion of the country at large, can be prepared to embark in a voyage to which the masters of the ship tell us that they see no end, and on an ocean which they confess has, to their knowledge, no port, nor even shore!

But it is now become clear even to the ministry,—it has been long since urged upon them by the Opposition,—that their difficulties are only commencing:—they have been overtaken rather earlier than they expected by their Frankenstein-Monster,—they are shocked by his insolence and disgusted and alarmed by his audacity. He will not permit them to pause; he forces them to run the whole career they have been so mad as to open; he insists

on their drinking, even unto intoxication and death, the poison they have broached. The meetings by which they were so *highly gratified* have turned into mutinies,—the addresses for which they *felt so proud* have changed to accusations,—the press, whose libels were so amusing when only directed against the persons and properties of Tories, now teems with denunciations against the ministers and every incentive to sedition. Our limits will not allow us to extract the piles of revolutionary menaces which cover our table, and which, numerous as they are, are but a very small proportion of those that inundate every part of the country. Our readers will have seen in the newspapers the debates (if such unilateral speechifying can be called by that name) at the public meetings, but they may not be aware that the newspaper press, which is generally in the hands of the higher order of radicals, is apt to convey very imperfectly the most poignant and emphatic portions of the transactions,—viz. the sentiments of the *lower order* of the radicals, for there is, to borrow a most appropriate allusion,

— ‘ In the lowest deep—  
A lower still.’ —

As an instance of the spirit which actuates these assemblies, we shall state some particulars of a recent meeting at Manchester. One of the orators proposing to address the king to create new peers, the multitude interfered with ‘*No more peers—we have had enough of them.*’ Another saying that ‘50,000 men (the supposed number of the assembly) were better able to advise the king than twenty-one bishops,’ was interrupted with the exclamation, from these 50,000 proposed advisers of the crown, of ‘*Down with the bishops—the bloody bench of bishops!*’ Then resolutions were proposed and received with loud applause, that, instead of creating peers, his Majesty should institute an inquiry into ‘the extent of the powers of the House of Lords,’ and should ‘*degrade the Bench of Bishops.*’

But it is not the peers and the bishops only that are in danger from these Manchester reformers. Mr. Richardson informed the meeting that his opinion of the bill was changed; and ‘that they must tell *the king and his ministers* that they would have reform, but that it should be a reform founded on annual parliaments and universal suffrage.’ Mr. Broadhurst, *an operative*, went a step further;—‘he just begged to say that the *present ministry* were a set of HYPOCRITICAL RASCALS—the peers were an aristocratical set, and deserved to be upset—(*Down with them!*)—the country would not be satisfied unless they put down these—what should he call them?—public robbers; nor until they had *annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and vote by ballot.*’ A great deal more in the same strain was added, ‘during an alarming uproar, with cries and shouts of an inflammatory nature, such as *Down with the peers!—No bishops—We’ll have a REPUBLIC!*’

At

And these are the persons on whom Schedule C, and the 101. Clause, of the Reform Bill, would confer the choice of the representatives of the second town in England.

At a similar meeting held at Glasgow on Tuesday the 25th, Mr. D. Walker said—

‘The King ought to have created Peers before this. The people had a right, if they found it necessary, to abolish the House of Peers altogether (*cheers*); but he hoped the King would have sense enough to prevent their exercising that prerogative by a timely creation of Peers. His Majesty must know that he has an enlightened but a determined people to do with (*cheers*). Charles X. offered to give up his tyrannical edict against the liberties of the people—but he was forty-eight hours too late; and if William IV. refused to create Peers, He might perhaps find that he will offer to do so when it is too late (*immense cheering*). It was wonderful that the nation, when the Bill was thrown out, did not at one leap assail the House of Peers, and annihilate it for ever. They must have the Bill—the Bill or the Bar-ricades! (*great applause*).’

‘Here, also, a resolution was carried,—“that the House of Commons, having virtually declared itself unconstitutionally formed, can no longer grant supplies to Government, or impose taxes on the nation” (*great applause*).’—*Morning Herald*, October 28. And these are the people whom the Lord Advocate Jeffrey aspires to render omnipotent in the most populous city of Scotland.

An inflammatory handbill, which we have received from Coventry, with its edition of the *Black List*, may serve as a specimen of the thousands which are disseminated through every town in the kingdom.

‘What will the oppressed and insulted people of England do? is now the all-important question; now that their prayers and petitions are treated with scorn and disregard; now that one hundred and ninety-nine spiritual and temporal tyrants, the proud, the pampered, and insolent aristocrats, have decreed that the people are their abject slaves, and have stamped the mark of vassalage on every man’s forehead. \* \* \* Alas! the Ministry has truckled. No addition is to be made to the peerage, but a new and modified measure of reform is to be introduced after Christmas, such as the LORDS and BISHOPS will agree to: opposing dukes shake hands; Wharcliffe and Lansdowne drive off in a carriage together; and the people are sold! Cursed is man that trusteth in man! \* \* \*

‘WHAT WILL THE PEOPLE DO? MEN OF COVENTRY, what will you do? Will you continue to pay TAXES to pamper a tyrannical aristocracy? Will you continue to pay TITHES and CHURCH-RATES to support an extravagant, proud, and anti-Christian clergy, and thus continue to prop up that monstrous system of misrule you have so long groaned beneath, and which is now endeavouring to withhold from you just government and national rights?

‘Englishmen, be united, be firm, be decisive, or you WILL BE LOST! Remember the House of Commons have declared that they do not represent

represent the people; therefore, according to the constitution, every tax they have laid upon you is illegal. Obtain your RIGHTS, and THEN pay the TAXES.'

And yet this very town of Coventry is already in the possession of one of the most extensive constituencies, and of a wider right of franchise than the new bill would give it. In the same way, Nottingham, whose populace has been foremost in plunder and arson, is one of the most popular constituencies in England, and returns, as we have already stated, that zealous reformer, his Majesty's Attorney-General, whose influence, we are sorry to say, was not sufficient to prevent these most atrocious crimes: it remains to be seen whether his official power is strong enough to punish them.

Let us not be told that these excesses are the consequence of the defeat of the Bill:—no, they are the consequences of the preceding *success* of the Bill; they are the completion, and no more, of the principles of the Ministry—they are the *responses* to the *call* that the government has made; no doubt, the answers have been a little more violent than the government wished or contemplated, but they are not more so than the government was warned to expect. When the Ministers, in their speeches on the introduction of the first bill, grounded it on the wishes of the people, and on the principle of satisfying popular claims, they were even thus early, on the 4th of March, warned by Mr. Croker of the futility of such an argument, and the danger of such a principle.

'Do those who lay such stress on the petitions of the people mean to concede all these points? Are all taxes to be abrogated, and is the Church to be despoiled of its property? This, indeed, will satisfy the petitioners—nothing else, if we are to take their own words, will; and so far will this bill be from quieting the people, that I am convinced it will create nothing but an increase of demands, and an increase of disappointment.'—*Speech 4th, March, p. 6.*

'When the noble lord and the House flatter the people that such petitions ought to be, and will be attended to, have they considered what the result may be, when on the contrary they shall be obliged to tell the excited and deluded multitude that *compliance is impossible*?'—p. 8.

'The design of the Noble Lord may be honest and moderate; but human nature and circumstances will be too strong for him; and when he has once set this mighty globe in motion—down the declivity of what he calls *Reform*, but what I know to be *Revolution*—it will descend with increasing force and rapidity, and all that it may meet in its progress will be involved in the wide and irreparable ruin!'—p. 20.

This opinion was not only repeated in other words by all the leaders of the Opposition throughout that early debate, but Mr. Hunt, the member for Preston, who certainly is an authority on such a point as this, has fallen into much disrepute with the other reformers in the House, chiefly, if not solely,

solely, because he endangered, as they say, *the Bill*, by reiterating, in every stage and on every occasion, that it was not *this* Bill which the people wanted or wished, and that the Ministry, whether they carried this Bill or not, would be soon taught that it was but a step, and a short step, towards the reform that the people of England desired, and would never rest till they had obtained. What the Ministry now intend to do we do not presume to guess; we very much doubt whether they themselves know; but we will unhesitatingly assert, that if their new bill should be framed on the principles of the former, its injustice, partiality, and absurdity, will render the opposition of the anti-reformers still more zealous, while, on the other hand, the dissatisfaction of the radicals will be increased, perhaps, to frenzy.

For our parts, we despair of the Ministry's being able to extricate itself from the difficulties into which it has blindly and obstinately run. We do not believe that they have the moral courage to confess their error, and throw themselves back on the good sense and firmness of the sound and sober part of the country for refuge and for help. Still less, we fear, have they either the fortitude or the force to resist—to repel—to subdue the popular storm which they have created. By the first course we might be saved: of the success of any other, in their hands, we are almost hopeless. The issues of life and death are in the hand of God, and with reverent reliance on that providence which has so often rescued, and so long protected, our happy country, we cannot despair; but it is our firm opinion, that if the Ministers, contrary to their own acknowledged wishes and judgment, should, in obedience to Mr. Place and Co., reassemble parliament in the present ferment, and should persist in passing any bill *equally efficient*—that is, equally outrageous to the feelings of one part of the people, and equally inadequate to the inflamed demands of the other—anarchy is at hand, and that they themselves will be, *not the last*, victims of a convulsion which their own blindness has prepared, and their own folly precipitated.

But why talk of the ministers as proroguing or assembling parliament? The ministers appear to have much less real share in such decisions than Mr. Place, Mr. Carpué, and Mr. Stevens. We have Lord Grey's own avowal (*Courier*, 17th Oct.), that he *was*, previous to the midnight intrusion of Place and Co., 'ANXIOUS for a long prorogation,'—and yet, within three days of that avowal, the King was brought down *in person* to announce one of the *SHORTEST prorogations* ever known! Who are our governors—the ministers or the mob? What evidence have we that there is a Government? Where is the Irish Arms' Bill?—where is the English Spring-gun Bill?—where is the arrangement of the Civil List? Where, in short, is any parliamentary measure of any kind to which any popular meeting of any kind has thought proper to object?

object? Lord Brougham's bankrupt job was, indeed, passed, but reluctantly even by his brother ministers, and rather through lassitude than love; but as his Lordship had declared that parliament should not be dissolved till it had passed, and as Mr. Place and Mr. Stevens had no objection to the continuance of the sittings of parliament, there was no help for it,—the bill must be passed; except, however, the royal assent given to this bill, can there be shewn any other exercise of the royal authority, for the last six months, but the creating peers and dubbing knights? 'The king,' as Burns says,—

'The king can make a belted knight,

A marquis, duke, and a' that,—

but it would be equally unconstitutional, insulting, and false, to consider his Majesty as having had the least personal concern in any of the pitiable measures, which, for the last year, his ministers have called the government of his empire. The plain truth is, that, except on the single question of reform, the ministers are wholly powerless. On any other subject, they have no command of either house of parliament, nor any support in any part of the country. How did they survive the Budget?—By Reform. What saved them from dissolution on the Sugar Bill?—Reform. What has enabled them to go on after the failure of the Scotch Exchequer Bill?—Reform: and what at last passed the Bankrupt Bill?—Fatigue and Reform. As long as they can keep that top spinning, they may stand—when that whirl shall be exhausted, down they go! They are not ministers, but the effigies of ministers—the puppets of a show, moved by dirty hands behind the curtain—a stage senate, whose pompous insignificance and decorated nothingness serve only to set off the vigour and spirit of the conspirators on whom the real interest turns. The spectators are much more curious about Mr. Place as *Pierre*, and Mr. Stevens as *Jaffier*, than they are how Lord Grey looks the Doge, and how Sir James Graham and the Duke of Richmond *robe* the Senators! But even a tragedy has at last an end—the audience begin to yawn—the curtain must drop—and the Doge and the senators must slink out of their robes and chairs of state to their common garb and their ordinary avocations: the spectator, who meets them next day in the street, nudges his neighbour's elbow and says, 'Is not that the fellow who played the Doge last night?—how small he looks! Pray see the senator of yesterday,—what a poor figure he cuts this morning!' Are these the bigoted opinions of us Tories and anti-Reformers alone?—Ask any man, Whig, Liberal, or Radical, in the Lords, in the Commons, or in the country—who is not immediately connected with the ministry—ask him what he thinks of the vigour, talent, and respectability of the government? You will receive no reply:—if you name Lord Althorp, he shakes his head—if Lord John Russell, he groans



groans—if Lord Grey, he shrugs his shoulders—if the Lord High Chancellor, he laughs in your face. But it is, to be sure, the most entertaining Chancellor that ever rattled the seals or straddled on the woolsack; everything he does is forcible, everything he says is clever, but, somehow, all is ludicrous. In the House is he great? ‘No, but so amusing!’ On the bench is he awful? ‘Bless your heart, he’s drollier than Liston.’ Declaiming—jesting—judging *against time*—an Encyclopædia interleaved with Joe Miller—the object of abundant wonder, but of scanty respect; with great talents, little character—and a combination of qualities, high and low, which leave one in doubt whether their possessor is really a minister or only a mummer!

He reminds us of another politician who was called to the woolsack by the intrigues of a faction, knowing little of the law which he was to administer, never having appeared in the court of Chancery until he surprised its usual inmates by his apparition as Chancellor. Of the faults and the merits of that Judge he has a large share—and of him we are content to say, (with some reservation, however,) as Dryden did of his predecessor—

‘Of these the false Achitophel was first—  
A name to all succeeding ages curst;  
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,  
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;  
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,  
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace. . . .  
But praise deserved no enemy can grudge;  
The Statesman we abhor, but not the Judge.  
In Israel’s courts ne’er sat an Abethdin  
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean—  
Unbribed, unbought, the wretched to redress,  
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access;  
O had he been content to serve the crown  
With virtues only proper to the gown,  
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed  
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed—  
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,  
And heaven had wanted one immortal song!  
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
And Fortune’s ice prefers to Virtue’s land;  
Disdains the golden fruit to gather free,  
And lends the crowd his arm to shake the tree.’

But all the multifarious talents of the mercurial Chancellor cannot redeem—nay, they enhance—the monotonous and mischievous imbecility of the majority of his colleagues. The Places, and Stevensens, and Carpues, never venture to approach *him*; they, like true Dogberries, ‘bestow their tediousness’ on the ‘urbanity’ of Lord Grey, the ‘kindness and attention’ of Lord Althorp, and the ‘heartfelt gratitude’ of Lord John Russell! The days of such a Cabinet are numbered—they may, and probably will fall



fall before their Reform Bill (its failure has hitherto kept them alive); they certainly would not survive its success a month. Where are their friends—their support—their allies? The rank—the property—the education—the intelligence—the literature—the commerce of the country?—No, no; these are all their inveterate enemies. Their friends are the *populace* and the *press*—the *press* and the *populace*—ring the changes as you will—this is the sum of their support. They have, as John Wilkes had before them, the press and the populace; they have, as Colonel Wardell had, the press and the populace; they have, as Queen Caroline had, the press and the populace; and, like Wilkes, and Wardell, and Caroline, the populace and the press will desert or forget them; good sense will resume its authority—deliberation will weigh experience against theory and certainty against chances, and the ministry is gone!

Already the real opinion of the public begins to speak in a manner not to be misunderstood. What proof have the ministers that it is still in their favour? where are their facts? We appeal to the elections; will they instance the riots? When we produce the returns for Weymouth, and Grimsby, and Dublin, for Carmarthen, and Forfar, and Pembroke, and Dorsetshire,\* will they venture to reply with the tumults of Nottingham, Coventry, and Derby—with Mr. Carpue's intrusive deputation—and Mr. Joseph Hume's window-breaking procession?

The radicals are well aware of the real state of the public mind, and they are urging the ministers, their tools, to press on the bill—to strike while the iron is hot! and the ministers will probably obey. If they do, they will be met with a higher spirit of resistance in both Houses of Parliament, and by an increasing opposition in the country. Common sense, common candour, common prudence warn us to take a breathing time; to allow heats to cool and passions to subside; to inquire into the facts of the case, and ascertain the sober wishes of the people. If the fact should turn out to be, that the King and the people *are*, and *continue*, unanimous for reform, what can prevent it?—and what possible evil can arise from living for a *few weeks* longer under a system which has made us great and happy for *centuries*? If, as we are so confidently told, a change is inevitable, at least let us be permitted to set about it with enlightened caution and prepense diligence; if amendments of the ancient system be necessary, let them, at least, be such as may, on inquiry and deliberation, prove to be expedient and promise to be safe—such as, while they conciliate existing feelings, may exhibit some respect for the institutions of our ancestors, and some regard for the welfare of our posterity.

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\* We might add Liverpool; for Lord Sandon, though a reformer, is a moderate one, and he beat the *bill* candidate hollow.

# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I. — *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes; ou Souvenirs historiques sur Napoléon, la Révolution, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.* 8vo. 4 vols. Paris, 1831.

THE flood of memoirs which for ten years past has inundated France, and which, amidst the general withering of literary enterprise consequent on the weak blunders, mean crimes, and blind brutalities of July, 1830, still continues to swell, must be regarded as, in many points of view, worthy of our own attention. This unexampled outburst of anecdote cannot, in the first place, be considered, without forcing on every mind a lively notion of the slavery under which the French press must have groaned throughout the long series of years from the institution of the reign of terror to the restoration of Louis XVIII. Five-tenths, we venture to say, of whatever deserves to be called authentic in these thousands of pages, are occupied with *new* stories, which, had there existed anything like a free press under the government of the 'five Sires,' of the three consuls of the republic one and indivisible, or of his imperial and royal Majesty the 'founder of the fourth dynasty,' must have, in one shape or other, found their way to the public eye soon after the facts to which they refer took place; stories, in short, which, in a country like England, would infallibly have been told in every newspaper of the day. Probably three-fifths more are given to the contradiction, by eye and ear witnesses, silent perforce at the time, of such versions of stories that could not be entirely suppressed, as were put forth by the authority of the revolutionary governments. There remains a comparatively small space for such details, more or less malicious, of the interior of the ruling circles, as might have been unlikely, under any circumstances, to ooze out in contemporary publications; and we may add, a very considerable proportion of which would never, in all probability, have been even committed to writing, unless the fourth dynasty had been crushed at Waterloo.

The narratives of that period can hardly, now that we have them, be perused without suggesting reflections of a yet graver order. Many, no doubt, will say with Shakspeare,—

'There is a history in these men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceased,  
The which observed, a man may prophecy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life.'

The interest of the authentic materials of all sorts comprehended in these recent memoirs is, however, sorely diminished, in consequence of their notorious commixture with others of a far different description. It is no secret, indeed the fact stares every ordinarily intelligent reader in the face, that these works, with hardly an exception, have been got up for the press by professional book-makers, furnished, more or less plentifully as the case might be, with the oral information, MSS. memoranda, private letters, &c. &c. of the persons whose names appear in the title-pages. It is clear enough that even the volumes published under the name of M. de Bourrienne, a person of education and talents, and a practised penman, have undergone this kind of process,—the bookseller, we presume, fancying it his interest to display ten diluted rather than five genuine octavos on his counter. At all events, on any other hypothesis, the veracity of the ex-secretary will admit of no defence. The *Memoirs* of Savary are at least as largely interpolated—those of Fouché much more so; to such an extent, indeed, that many have doubted whether the firm of *rédacteurs* had had, in that case, any authentic materials at all before them. The confidential ‘Page’ may be placed alongside of ‘M. le Duc de Rovigo;’ the *Memoirs* of ‘S. M. l’Impératrice Josephine’ even lower than those of ‘M. le Duc d’Otranto.’

We are inclined to consider the performance now before us as less adulterated—it is more amusing—than any other of the series. It is but too true that no modern memoirs of the French school can be regarded with the pure faith we have been used to bestow on the composition of those pieces which first won for this sort of writing a high rank in the national literature. They are at best imitations of the style and manner of authors long since canonized with European celebrity; their *naïvetés* are often artificial—their very slovenlinesses elaborate; and the Parisian booksellers have been able to engage in their manufactory professed men of letters, so skilful in their trade, that they have contrived, by the cleverness of their lying, to throw suspicion even on the most apparently genuine traits of simplicity that occur in any new production of this order. Nevertheless we are disposed to pronounce this book substantially the work of Madame Junot. She may have been assisted—her language may have been corrected; but throughout the whole strain of the narrative we think no reader can help feeling he has before him one and the same mind. If it be otherwise—if the work be to any considerable extent a forgery, it does credit to the dramatic talent of the author. He has succeeded in sustaining the character of the nominal narrator throughout with happy effect. From beginning to end there does not occur a page which

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one could fancy to have been written by any pen but that of a *Frenchwoman*, and a Frenchwoman exactly of this particular class and time—the vain, prying, tattling, and indelicate, but shrewd and clever flirt of *the period of transition*.

Like most creatures of the Revolution, Madame Junot betrays wonderful anxiety to connect herself with those pomps and vanities which the Revolution overthrew. She spends whole chapters on the alleged descent of her mother from the imperial house of the Comneni—a story at which Napoleon always laughed, although these *soi-disants* Comneni of Corsica were very eager to have made out the Buonapartes to be a branch of their tree—but which certainly appears to have found favour with the heralds of Louis XVI., since this lady's uncle was, on the strength of its accuracy, admitted, in 1784, to the privilege of *les carrosses du roi*. We know enough of heralds' colleges to put slender faith in any of their judgments at any time; but the proverbially unprincipled conduct of the French establishments of this kind during the reigns of Louis XV. and his successor, their open and shameless venality, might, if that were otherwise, serve as our apology for adopting on this particular occasion the Pyrrhonism of Napoleon. Leaving that weighty point, therefore, *in dubio*, until the proofs which Madame Junot talks of shall have been made public, or at least examined by some person of real learning and unimpeached character, we shall only observe, that granting all the Duchess says to be true, her high-born mother was the wife of a Sieur Permon, who made no pretension to any sort of noblesse; he was an adventurer, employed, at the time of his marriage, in the commissariat of the French troops in Ajaccio—served afterwards in a similar capacity in North America—and at length obtained some post in the Finance, which, as our authoress speaks of it, seems by no means to account for even the moderate style of expense in which the family are described as living when the Revolution broke out. M. Permon, in short, was a mere *roturier*; and whether his wife was or was not allied to the blood of the old emperors of Trebisonde, would have signified but little in the opinion of those circles of Paris and Versailles among which his daughter would fain persuade us her natural position, in the absence of revolution, must have been. In fact, she in one passage lets out the truth as to this matter very distinctly: the mother, she says, found herself so treated in society, in consequence of her marriage, that, in spite of all her imperial blood, she became a fervent revolutionist; while, 'oddly enough,' (we use the Duchess's own expression,) M. Permon himself remained a royalist. Whatever else may be 'odd enough,' Madame Junot should consider that her father, who appears to have been neither a bad nor a bright man, could not exactly have foreseen that the

storm about to ravage his country would, on its subsidence, exhibit the daughter of an obscure underling in one of the public offices of Paris as a Madame la Maréchale d'Abrantes, admiring the 'delicious little hands' of an Emperor of the French and King of Italy,—'ces mains dont la plus coquette des femmes se serait enorgueillie, et dont la peau blanche et douce recouvrait des muscles d'acier, des os de diamant,'—yet which, peradventure, would have found fewer admirers, but for their connexion with unfigurative steel, and gems still more brilliant than those of rhetoric.

Mademoiselle Permon was a mere child when the Revolution began; she was, however, a clever child, in a lively, talkative family, that suffered severely in consequence of the father's loyalty during the early part of the tempest; and her report not only of what she heard, but, young as she was, saw of its terrors, is full of interest. Perhaps, indeed, these little detached scenes and incidents, impressed on the imagination of an infant, give a clearer conception of the interior workings of the national poison, than could be gathered from the more systematic descriptions of many maturer observers. These, being more capable of understanding the influences in operation, and watching, consequently, their wider effects, have dwelt but little on those minutiae which were all in all to her. They give broad sketches of horror—she deals in foregrounds, where every touch is sharp, every rueful detail in relief.

'Yes,' she says, 'I was very young in those days, and yet everything has graven itself ineffaceably on my memory. The solemn character of events on which the fate of a great nation depended, influenced, perhaps, the eyes with which I observed them. I think, indeed, that in this respect it was the same with all the females of my standing: we have had neither childhood nor youth. For me, I recall none of those joys of very early youth—that careless spring which strikes sorrow itself with lethargy—all that gives to that period of life a colour which, no doubt, soon vanishes no more to reappear, but never without leaving imperishable impressions behind. Scarcely had my young intelligence awoke, ere I had to learn the lesson of watching habitually a word, a gesture. Even in our games, that second life of childhood, this feeling was with us: I shall never forget that a domiciliary visit took place in the house to which we had retreated at Toulouse—that my father was all but arrested, because in playing at *La Tour, prend garde!* I had said to an infant of five years, "*Toi, tu seras Monsieur le Dauphin.*"—vol. i. p. 6.

Among other incidents of a like kind we may quote her account of a domiciliary visit in their house at Paris. About the beginning of the revolution, a working-man, by name *Thirion*, had established himself in a little stall near them, where he carried on his business as a mender of carpets. He called one morning to ask

M. Permon's

M. Permon's custom, but was civilly told that the family had long employed a tradesman of his class, and could not change for a stranger: the man took the refusal so insolently, that he was at last turned out of doors, vowing revenge. M. Permon, the ports being still open, makes a run over to London to place some money in our funds. Meantime 'the Sections are organized,' and Thirion becomes 'Secrétaire, Greffier, Président, je ne sçai quoi, de la notre.' The morning after his return to Paris, M. Permon had just risen, when footsteps were heard loud on the staircase, and in burst Citizen Thirion, two other patriots of the Sectional Committee, and the carpetman's shopboy.

'My father was shaving himself. Naturally quick tempered, his impatience was extreme when he recognised the individual, and he was imprudent enough to make a menacing gesture the moment they broke into his dressing-room. "I am here to see the law enforced," cries Thirion, on seeing my father advance with the razor in his hand. "Well, what law is it that chooses so worthy an organ?"—"I am here to learn your age, your pursuits, and to interrogate you as to your journey to Coblenz." My father, who had from the first word felt the most violent disposition to toss the man down stairs, shivered with rage; but, at last, he composed himself, wiped his chin, laid down his razor, and, crossing his arms, placed himself full in front of Thirion: then, measuring him from the utmost height of his tall and elegant person, he said, "You wish to know my age?"—"Yes, such are my orders." "Where is the order?" said my father, extending his hand. "It is enough for you to know that I am sent hither by the committee of my section: my orders are sufficiently proved by my presence."—"Ah! you think so; I am of a different opinion. Your presence here is nothing but an insult, unless you have a judiciary order to justify it; show it me, and I shall forget the name of the man, to see only the public functionary." Thirion raised his voice as my father lowered his—"What is your age?—What was the object of your going to Coblenz?" . . . . . My father seizes a large bamboo, and makes it whistle over Thirion's head—at that moment my mother rushes in, and succeeds in dragging him into another room, and restoring him to something like calmness. I remember she placed me in his arms, whispering to me to entreat him to think of me. Meantime, Thirion had drawn up his *procès verbal*, and withdrawn:—he left me weeping without knowing why I wept, but I saw that my mother and my sister were in tears too. My father sat pale, trembling with anger,—everything about us had a desolate aspect.'—vol. i. p. 187.

The family escape from Paris—and it was time. Violent alternations of fear, anger, sorrow, terror, and disgust, with frequent disguises, flights, and all sorts of changes of residence, at length wear out the health and spirits of M. Permon—a man, apparently, who united dull enough intellect with all the vivacity of a Frenchman's  
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mere temperament; and he dies in obscurity long before anything like order is re-established. We need not dwell on the particular fortunes of a not very interesting set of people; but may quote one or two more specimens of the sort of scenes which fill the greater part of the first of these volumes. Our authoress and her sister are at one time separated from their parents, and placed in an obscure *pension* in the Faubourg (no longer *St.*) Antoine. Their brother, a very young man, has also remained in Paris, and frequently visits them in their retreat.

'We could not but observe, that for some days he had been very melancholy, and that he was getting more and more so. We asked the reason, and he told us at last that the Section had denounced my father in a very alarming style. We fell a-crying, my sister and I. Albert consoled us as well as he could, but it was easy to see that the denunciation was not all—that some immediate danger fixed his fears. We knew afterwards, in effect, that a report had been spread of the arrest of my parents at Limoges—happily a false one. The horizon meanwhile was taking a bloody tint. Judge of my brother's anxiety! he came every day in a cabriolet, which my father had had built just before these late events; it was an elegant one, very lofty, of the kind called *wiski*. Already he had been all but insulted by the populace in driving through the faubourg; but liveries had not yet altogether disappeared, and nothing would persuade him to listen to our remonstrances, and make the domestic put off his. Thus it was on the 31st of August, when he came to see us as usual.

'There was about the boarding-house a man charged with all the rough work, by name Jaquemart, a fellow that could do everything—but the most atrocious of countenances. "The sight of that man makes me sick," said Albert; "I am sure he will end in something tragic."

'One day, shortly after we went to the *pension*, Jaquemart was bringing in a load of wood, when my brother drove at the speed of his horse into the entrance. He saw the man had a burden that would hardly allow him to get out of the way in time—cried '*Gare!*'—perceived that his efforts were in vain—and pulled back his horse so sharply as to run much risk of wounding the animal, and, indeed, of being thrown out himself, owing to the extraordinary elevation of the *wiski*. Jaquemart, however, escaped by this means with a scratch on the leg; his eyes were good, he saw what Albert had done to master his horse, and vowed gratitude.

'The 31st of August the man had nothing to do about the house, yet he kept lounging at the gate, or in the court, all day long. It was late ere Albert came—he had been waiting for him, and whispered, as he alighted, "Stay here to-night to take care of your sisters—don't go home." Albert looked at him with astonishment; he had, indeed, perceived symptoms of some commotion, but fancied, as most of Paris did, that it would be directed against the Temple. "What is your meaning?" said he. "I entreat you to stay here—you will  
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be near your sisters ; and if there be need for another hand, mine shall not be far off—very well!—we shall be there.” Albert pressed him with questions, but could extract nothing ; and after giving the man some money, persisted in returning home as usual.

‘ All know the frightful story of the day after this. Albert’s anxiety for us makes him brave every danger, and he comes to us again. The first person he sees at our door is Jaquemart, in the costume of the most atrocious of bandits ; our ladies had not dared to bid him go away, but his appearance made them tremble. “ I did not desire you to come hither, but to stay here,” he said ; “ why have I not been obeyed ? ” “ Why do you speak so—was this house particularly menaced ? ” “ I know nothing of that—at such a moment one should fear everything.”

‘ We heard groans, weeping ; all Paris had not been at *the massacre*. It was late. They pressed Albert to stay, but he would not. He promised, however, to come back next morning . . . . That day he was obliged to stay at home till about three o’clock, arranging and burning papers. He then came out to visit us, and found himself in the midst of crowds of men, drunken and bloody ; many were naked to the waist, their breasts covered with blood. They carried fragments of clothing on their pikes and sabres—their faces were inflamed, their eyes haggard, the whole scene hideous. These groups became more and more frequent and numerous as he advanced. In mortal anxiety for us, he determined to push through everything, and, urging his horse to its speed, reached at length the front of the *Hôtel Beaumarchais*. There he was stopped by an immense crowd—always the same figures, naked and bloodstained, but here their looks were those of enraged fiends. They shout, they scream, they sing, they dance—the saturnalia of hell. On seeing Albert’s cabriolet, they redoubled their cries—“ An aristocrat ! give it him, give it him ! ” In a moment the cabriolet is surrounded, and from the midst of the crowd an object rises and moves towards him. His agitation perplexes his view—he perceives long fair tresses dabbled with blood—a countenance beautiful even yet. It approaches—it is thrust upon his face ; he recognises the features—it is the head of Madame de Lamballe !

‘ The domestic whips the horse with all the strength of his arm. The generous animal, with the instinctive horror of his race for dead bodies, springs with redoubled speed from the spectacle of horror. The frightful trophy, and the cannibals that bore it, had been overturned in the mud—screams and imprecations pursued Albert, stretched senseless at the bottom of the cabriolet. The servant had kept the reins, and whipped the more fiercely, because he could perceive, from the motion of the carriage, that some one had got up behind it, and hoped that the rapidity of its progress would shake him off.

‘ In a few minutes Albert reached our door—judge of our alarm !—pale, still quite senseless, not breathing. The moment the cabriolet stopped, the man behind jumped down, took my brother in his arms, as if he had been a child, and carried him into the house. It was Jaquemart.

mart. "The monsters," said he, "the monsters! the poor young man, they have killed him too." What could Jaquemart have been doing in such a garb, and among such a troop of ruffians?—Vol. i. p. 205.

The following is a little sketch from the 'glorious days' of Lyons:—

'I can never express what I felt on seeing Couthon carried in his rich arm chair with human legs about the Place Bellecour. He was wretchedly deformed (*cul-de-jatte*), but, like his patron Robespierre, always gaily dressed, his hair highly curled and powdered, and perfumed to excess: there he was, with four men to carry him, and a little silver hammer, which his fingers kept playing with as he moved along. His bearers approached one of the handsomest houses in the square—one of those beautiful mansions that now exist only in the recollection of the Lyonnese: he gave three little knocks on the door with his silver hammer, and then, after coughing a little behind a very large handkerchief of scented muslin, he said with a soft voice, and almost smiling, "I strike thee once, twice, thrice, in the name of the French Republic One and Indivisible." The proconsul was then moved a few paces further to repeat his signal of destruction at the door of the asylum of a respectable matron, whose husband had the day before met the revolutionary axe.'—*Ibid.* p. 269.

'At this time the south of France was altogether in a horrid state. From the top of the Château de Tarascon they had tossed women, old men, and children, by dozens, into the stream: As we were sailing down the river, we saw, a little above Beaucaire, two dead bodies of women, whose breasts had been cut off. They had been carried by the current among some rocks, and could not get out—every now and then there came a gust of wind that made one sick.'—Vol. ii. p. 4.

'Madame de Montmorency was ninety years old, and so doubled up with age, that the executioner was obliged to bend, or rather to *break* her, before her neck could be placed under the axe. She was quite blind, and so deaf that she could hear nothing without her trumpet, which they had taken from her, so that Fouquier-Tinville was obliged to cry very loud. But she understood nothing of what was said; and when, placed in the fatal car, she felt the air on her face, she began singing, in an under tone, her *Salve Regina*. The unfortunate old woman fancied she was delivered.'—Vol. iv. p. 137.

To relieve or enliven these shocking details, Madame Junot favours us at every turn with minute descriptions of millinery and upholstery. We should make sad work were we to attempt translating such passages; but no doubt our readers will have recourse to the book itself for the important information how Madame Permon and her daughters were *coiffées* on the 10th of August, and how prettily they arranged their *salons* and *cabinets de toilette*, wherever it was their fortune to be placed, in the course of those wanderings in which they visited the château of Tarascon, and sailed among the charming *paysages* in the neighbourhood of Beaucaire.

Beaucaire. It is, to be sure, all over a woman's book. She babbles enough, in conscience, about characters and motives, but it is easy to see in what she is really interested. We suppose, in the course of these four volumes, at least twenty pages are spent on Buonaparte's hands and feet; and at least half as many on Josephine's bad teeth. We have more about Pauline's method of *draping* a shawl, than even her loves and marriages; and of a certain *lit nuptial*, we are not spared even the pattern of the *inner* curtains. These sentences follow each other within a few lines, in this writer's 'Souvenirs historiques sur la Révolution.'

'Quelques jours après ma mère me fit donner un grand déjeûné. Adèle de Gorsgeline y venait avec une robe de gros de Naples, ou plutôt de gros de Tours, bleu-de-ciel, faite en fourreau lacé, avec les manches demi-courtes, en sabot, avec des petites manchettes de dentelles, et un fichu croisé très richement garni, puis ensuite un bonnet monté avec des barbes.' . . . .

'L'armée d'Italie surprenait chaque jour par les prodiges qu'annonçaient ses bulletins.'—Vol. ii. p. 105.

In like fashion, the reception of Buonaparte in Paris, after his first Italian campaigns, is thus recorded:

'Whatever might have been his vanity, it must have been satisfied, for all classes united to welcome his return. The people cried 'Vive le vainqueur d'Italie!' The *bourgeoisie*, "God preserve him for our glory, and deliver us from the Directors." La haute classe, qui était debaillonnée et desembastillée, courait avec enthousiasme au devant du jeune homme qui, &c. &c. Toutes les autorités lui donnèrent des fêtes magnifiques: le Directoire se montra dans toute sa pompe burlesque, de manteaux, de chapeaux plumés; mais l'une des plus belles fêtes fut celle que donna M. de Talleyrand. Ma mère voulait absolument y aller. Elle était un peu souffrante, mais lorsqu'elle était habillée, qu'elle eut mis un peu de rouge, elle était ravissante. Nous étions mises de même. Une robe de crêpe blanc garnie avec deux larges rubans d'argent dont le bord était lui-même bordé avec un bouillon gros comme la pousse, en gaze lamée d'argent, et sur la tête une guirlande de feuilles de chêne dont les glands étaient en argent. Ma mère avait des diamans et moi des perles. C'était la seule différence qu'il y eut.'—Vol. ii. p. 125.

But perhaps the most amusing *mélange* in the whole book occurs at an earlier page, where the authoress paints, with great and powerful effect certainly, a scene in which she herself, then a very young girl, and her mother's maid, were involved among the *dames des halles*—those frightful viragos whose passions flamed in the foreground of every brutal and bloody act of the revolutionary drama. They escaped on this terrible day (the famous 12th Germinal), because, as it happened, the wife of the hackney-coachman that drove them was one of the chief leaders of the ferocious crew; but one naturally asks, why a young lady had been sent into the streets

streets without any escort but that of a single female servant, at a moment when Paris was convulsed every day and every hour by the violence of the rabble, or, in her own words, 'des scènes tragiques déshonoraient chaque jour la majesté nationale.' The answer is simple. The story thus begins:—

'J'étois sortie avec Mariette, pour aller rue St. Denis, chercher des rubans, des gazes, des fleurs artificielles pour ma mère, &c.'—Vol. i., p. 285.

The whole of this very curious passage, by the way, though it occupies six pages, is omitted in the English translation of these memoirs, which is put into our hands as we write. This is one way of compressing, no doubt. Judging from a hasty glance, we suspect the translator's orders had been to squeeze four French into two English volumes by the simple process of leaving out whatever did not seem to relate immediately to Buonaparte. If this was the plan, it was ingenious; for, in truth, except the important fact, that Buonaparte's face, and even hands, were not handsome until he had approached middle life and begun to grow fat, and full and particular accounts of *some* of his *amours*, and abundance of hints and insinuations that his jealousy of Josephine was well founded—except these, and some matters of similar calibre, Madame Junot has not *as yet* told us anything of the Emperor which had not been long before the public. She makes a wonderful blazon, indeed, of the early intimacy of 'les Comnène' and the Buonapartes, and even says that *nobody* possessed means of understanding the history and character of the Emperor himself equal to her own; but unless the sequel of the book be far different from this specimen, the world will be much at a loss to comprehend how even a very vain person could have harboured such a delusion. Her forte, she may rely on it, is in the region of her 'rubans, gazes, fleurs artificielles.' Even of her own husband she gives us a far less lively notion than of her *corbeille* and *trousseau*. But we do not complain of this. It is interesting to have the movements, sufferings, hopes, fears, and pleasures and *diversions* of a single household in the middle rank of life, all through such a period of convulsion, detailed in this gossiping fulness; and if we rise from the perusal with mixed feelings of horror and ridicule, the same may be said of the gravest record that ever has been, or could be written of the French delirium,

'In which sportive poissardes with light footsteps were seen  
To dance in a ring round the gay guillotine.'\*

Madame Permon loses her husband, under circumstances, as has been seen, of the most disastrous calamity: what follows? she hurries forthwith to Paris, where, now that he is dead, it is sup-

\* The guillotine at Arras was painted *couteur de rose*.

posed she may appear without danger ; but ' son deuil est profond,' her spirits sink—

———— “ To persevere

In obstinate lamenting is a course

Of impious stubbornness ;”——

and her physician immediately assures her, that the only remedy is to have a private box at the theatre, ' where she may receive every night a few friends in a quiet manner.' This is the picture in little of the whole (Parisian) nation. The disgraceful apathy or timidity of the upper and middle classes had allowed the rabble of the metropolis to be the instigators and almost sole instruments of a sweeping revolution. Confounded and amazed with the sanguinary results, in which almost every family above the mob lost something, in which so many lost all that was or ought to have been dear to them, they never rallied in cordial union so as to make any effort for regaining what themselves had been robbed of, or restoring the tranquillity of the public existence ; but, whenever a breathing pause was vouchsafed, spent it in rickety efforts to re-establish the brilliancy of their old sensual tricks for getting rid of time, until another eruption of the volcano came to bury everything once more beneath its bloody crust. So soon, therefore, as the army had lost—as every revolutionary army is sure to do very speedily—its sympathy with the population from which it had sprung, and become a really organized body with feelings of its own, the old catastrophe, so often repeated and so clearly announced, was once more enacted ; and it was found that, as in Greece, in Rome, and in England before, ' an usurping populace is its own dupe ; a mere underworker,' as Swift expressed it a hundred years ago, ' and purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power they advance to their own ruin, with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.'\* The

\* See ' Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome ;' Scott's edition, vol. iii. p. 301 ; and compare the Dean with Mr. Jefferson, in his triumphant eulogy on his own countrymen :—' We may advantageously reserve to ourselves a control over public affairs, and a degree of freedom which, in the hands of the *canaille* of the cities of Europe, would be instantly perverted to the demolition and destruction of everything public and private. The history of the French revolution proves this. It failed, because the mobs of cities, the instruments used for its accomplishment, debased by ignorance, poverty, and vice, could not be restrained.'—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Jefferson*, vol. iv. p. 234.

The essay of Swift to which we have referred is, we observe as this sheet is passing through the press, largely quoted in that answer to Lord Brougham's speech of Oct. 7, 1831, which report ascribes to Mr. Escott, and than which perhaps no abler performance has been called forth by recent events. By the way, Sir Walter Scott almost apologizes for including the Dean's tract in his edition. ' The subject,' he says, ' has not in the present day retained its interest. We have little reason in modern times to apprehend that danger will arise to our constitution from a difference between

The 'superior beings,' for whose benefit the French mob had plied so diligently what they fondly called the *petit fenêtre* and *la rasoire nationale*, do not appear to much advantage, it must be owned, even in this lady's not impartial delineation. In the midst of her eulogistic characters and parallels, we come every now and then upon some coarse, callous trait, some savage rudeness, some bloody buffoonery, which betrays in what school they had been bred, and how completely they wanted what she so anxiously vindicates for them—the feelings of gentlemen. But we shall not dwell on this small matter—her chosen heroes were the brother-officers, friends, and companions of Marshal Ney. It is time to return to the lady's own history.

Among the nightly visitors of that *loge grillée*, in which the disconsolate widow of M. Permon was advised to seek 'a momentary distraction of her griefs,' was Napoleon Buonaparte, then an undistinguished subaltern, whom the lady had known when a child in Corsica, she having been, it seems, in those early days, a great friend and constant companion of the Signora Letitia. Madame Permon liked the Lieutenant's conversation, but abhorred his boots, which our Duchess says were then 'clumsily made, ill cleaned, and creaked horribly when he walked.' Napoleon, she proceeds, observed this, and was so anxious to please Madame Permon, that, when visiting her at her own house, he made interest with the maid-servant to brush up the boots a little before he entered the *salon*! In short, he fell in love with his mother's old school-fellow, and tendered his hand to the widow, who had sense enough to perceive the absurdity of such an alliance, and gave him a good humoured, but decided refusal; a step which we may be pardoned for suspecting Madame Permon somewhat regretted at a later period, when Buonaparte's boots were better polished than in the days of '*son deuil profond*.' The rejected lover continued, however, to live on a friendly footing with the family, and often danced with *Loulou* (the nursery name of our fair authoress) to the sound of her sister's harpsichord. Suddenly came Toulon—the Day of the Sections followed—Buonaparte shot up into a great man, and Madame Permon, asking him to do something for a relative of hers, which he could not or would not do, took that opportunity to break with him in a scene of pert and abrupt violence, which it would not have been quite so easy to account for, had it not occurred just about the time of his marriage with the Citoyenne Beauharnais. Thus things rested until the revolution of Brumaire had established the 'Bastard Cæsar' in the Tuilleries, and Junot, his first aide-de-camp, in the post

between the popular and aristocratic branches of the legislature.' So wrote Sir W. Scott in 1813!—but, indeed, both Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell talked and wrote to the same purpose down to rather a later period.

of

of commandant of Paris. This fortunate soldier, the son of a petty country shopkeeper in the south of France, had attracted Napoleon's notice at the siege of Toulon, when in the rank of sergeant; and, having attended him in Italy and in Egypt, was now, that is, within about six years, a general officer, filling what was virtually one of the most important places in the government of a great country. It occurred to him that he ought to have a wife to complete the furniture of his *hôtel*, and Loulou was the happy person on whom his choice fell. Buonaparte, at St. Helena, seems to have quizzed *Junot* unmercifully for this marriage—according to him the mounting ex-sergeant addressed Mademoiselle Permon merely in consequence of his absurd belief that she was a princess of the house of the Comneni; the Duchess of Abrantes herself treats this suggestion with warm indignation, and gives us to understand that her personal attractions at the age of sixteen would have been quite enough to account for the preference, even of a more distinguished character than *Junot*.—The commandant thus opens his siege.

'Ten days passed from the 21st of September, when *Junot* first presented himself at my mother's, and regularly every night he had repeated his visit. He never spoke to me, but placed himself beside my mother's sofa, chatted with her or with any of his acquaintances who happened to be present, but never approached the group to which I belonged; and if at this epoch he had ceased to come to our house, I might have affirmed that I scarcely knew him.

'But however undistinguished I had been by any attention on his part, the society in which we moved had already decided that I was his destined bride; the report was brought to me by my friend Laura de Caseux, and with great indignation I repeated it to my mother and brother; they *partook of my feelings upon the subject*, and having received a summons to attend my drawing-master, I left them in my mother's bed-room, still discussing the steps to be pursued, for it was yet but noon, and on account of the weak state of her health she did not rise before that time. Such was the situation of the parties in our interior, when a carriage drove up to the door, and a waiting-maid came in to inquire if General *Junot* could be admitted. "Yes, yes, let him come up," said my mother; "but, good God! what can bring him here at this hour?"—*Junot* had scarcely entered the chamber before he asked permission to close the door, and seating himself by the bed-side, said to my mother as he took her hand, that he was come to present a request, adding with a smile, "and it must be granted." "*If it is possible, it is done*," said my mother. "That depends upon you and him," replied the General turning to Albert. He stopped a moment, and then continued in the tone of a person recovering from a violent embarrassment, "I am come to ask the hand of your daughter, will you grant it me? I give you my word,"—and he proceeded in a tone of more assurance—"and it is that of a man of honour, that I will make her happy. I can offer her an establishment



establishment worthy of her and of her family. Come, Madame, answer me with the frankness with which I put my request, yes, or no."

What says the lady whose indignation has just been described?

"My dear General," said my mother, "I shall answer with all the frankness you have claimed, and which you know to belong to my character; and I will tell you that a few minutes before your arrival I was saying to Albert that you were the man whom of all others I should choose for my son-in-law." "Indeed!" exclaimed Junot joyfully. "Yes; but that says nothing for your request. First, you must understand that she has no fortune; her portion is too small to be of any value to you. Then I am very ill, and I am not sure that my daughter will be willing to quit me at present. Besides, she is still very young. Reflect well upon all this, and add to it that my daughter has been educated amidst a society and in habits which it is very possible may displease you. Reflect for eight or ten days, and then come to me, and we will enter further into your projects."

"I will not wait twenty-four hours," said Junot, firmly. "Listen, Madame; I have not taken my present step without having fully made up my mind. Will you grant me your daughter? Will you, Permon, give me your sister? I love her, and I again swear to you to make her as happy as a woman can be."

Albert approached General Junot, and, taking his hand, said in a voice of emotion, "My dear Junot, I give you my sister with joy; and believe me, the day when I shall call you brother, will be one of the happiest of my life." "And I," said my mother, extending her arms to him, "am happy beyond description in calling you my son." Junot, dissolving into tears, threw himself into her arms. "Well," said he, "and what will you think of me now?—that I am very childish and weak, I fear;" and turning to my brother, he embraced him several times in a delirium of joy. "But now," said he, after a few moments, "I have still another favour to ask, one upon which I set a high value; for it is most interesting to me." "What is it?" asked my mother. "I desire, extraordinary as it may appear to you, to be myself permitted to present my petition to your daughter." My mother exclaimed against this demand; such a thing had never been heard of, it was absolutely folly. "That may be," said Junot, in a firm but respectful tone, "but I have determined upon it; and since you have received me, since I am now your son, why would you refuse me this favour? Besides it is in your presence and her brother's that I would speak to her. Ah, that makes a difference," said my mother; "but why this whim?" "It is not a whim—it is, on the contrary, so very reasonable an idea, that I should never have believed myself capable of it. Do you consent?" My mother answered "Yes;" and a messenger was despatched to my study, where I was drawing with M. Vigliani, to summon me to my mother, an order which I obeyed immediately with the greatest tranquillity, for I supposed General Junot to be long since gone.

'It is impossible to describe my sensations when, on opening the chamber

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chamber door, I perceived General Junot seated by my mother's bedside, holding one of her hands, and conversing in an animated manner with her. My brother was standing, leaning against the bedpost, and all three were laughing; but on my appearance a profound silence ensued. The General rose, offered me his place, and took a seat beside me, then, having looked towards my mother, said to me in the most serious tone :—

“Mademoiselle, I am happy enough to have obtained the consent of your mother and brother to my solicitation for your hand; but I have to assure you that this consent, otherwise so valuable to me, will become null, unless, at this moment, you can declare here in my presence that you willingly acquiesce in it. The step I am at this moment taking is not perhaps altogether consistent with established forms—I am aware it is not; but you will pardon me, if you reflect that I am a soldier, frank even to roughness, and desirous of ascertaining that in the most important act of my life I am not deceiving myself. Will you then condescend to tell me *whether you will become my wife*; and, above all, *whether you can do so without any repugnance*?”

‘Since I had been seated in the chair in which General Junot had placed me, I felt as if in one of those extraordinary dreams in which a delusive similitude fatigues and perplexes the mind. I heard distinctly, and I understood what was said, but no part of it seemed to attach itself to my situation; and yet it was necessary to give an immediate answer in one word, upon which the fate of my whole life was to depend.

‘The most perfect silence reigned in the apartment. Neither my mother nor my brother could with propriety interfere, and the General could only wait my answer. However, at the expiration of about ten minutes, seeing that my eyes still continued fixed on the ground, and that I said nothing, General Junot thought himself obliged to construe my silence into a refusal; and always impetuous, still more so perhaps in his sentiments than in his will, he insisted upon knowing his fate that very instant.

“I see,” said he, with an accent of bitterness, “that Madame was right when she told me that her consent was nothing in this affair. Only, Mademoiselle, I entreat you to give me an answer, be it *yes* or *no*.”

‘My brother, who saw the change in Junot's manners, inclined towards me, and whispered in my ear, “Take courage, love; speak the truth, he will not be offended, even if you refuse him.”

“Come, come, my child! you must answer the General,” said my mother. “If you will not speak to him, give me your answer, and I will repeat it to him.”

‘I was sensible that *my situation began to be ridiculous*, and that I ought to speak. But all the power upon earth could not have made me articulate a word, nor raise my eyes from the carpet. From my first entrance into the room my emotion had been so violent, that the palpitation of my heart threatened to burst my corset. The blood now mounted to my head with such violence, that I heard nothing but a sharp singing in my ears, and saw nothing but a moving rainbow. I felt

felt a violent pain, and raising my hand to my forehead, stood up, and made my escape so suddenly, that my brother had not time to detain me. He ran after me, but could nowhere find me. The fact was, that, as if started by an invisible power, I had mounted the stairs with such rapidity, that in two seconds I had reached the top of the house, and on recovering my recollection, found myself in the hay-loft. I came down again, and going to take refuge in my brother's apartments, met him returning from a search for me. He scolded me for being so unreasonable, I wept, and reproached him bitterly for the scene which had just taken place. He excused himself, embraced me, and drew me into a conversation which calmed my spirits; but he could by no means persuade me to return to my mother's room. I was resolute not to appear there again till General Junot was gone."

This reserve is charming—but indeed the whole scene is ready-made for M. Scribe.

"My brother, on his return, addressed the General, whom he found still much agitated. "I was," said he, "my dear General, for a moment of your opinion, and permitted my sister to be brought here. But I now see that we have acted in this matter like children, and she, young as she is, has convinced me of it."

"Where is my poor Loulou then?" said my mother. "I told you, my dear Junot, that such a step was absurd. Where is she?" "In my room," said Albert, "where I have promised her that she shall not be molested." "And my answer?" said Junot, with a gloomy air. "*Your answer, my friend, is as favourable as you can desire. My sister will be proud to bear your name—I repeat her own words; for any other sentiment you cannot yet ask it of her without disrespect.*"

"I am satisfied," exclaimed Junot, embracing my brother. "She will be proud to bear my name, and I am content."

"The conversation now became more calm."

This truly French romance now moves rapidly. The acquaintance began, we have seen, on the 1st of September.

The preparations for my marriage were in active progress during the month of October. Junot looked in upon us every morning, and then came to dinner, having his coach or his cabriolet always filled with drawings, songs, and a heap of trifles from the Magazine of Sikes, or the Petit Dunkerque, for my mother and me; and not forgetting the bouquet, which from the day of our engagement to that of our marriage he never once failed to present me with. It was Madame Bernard, the famous *bouquetiere* to the Opera, who arranged these nosegays with such admirable art; *she has had successors, it is true, but the honour of first introducing them is all her own.*

We pass on to the night before the wedding:—

"On entering the saloon, though it was large, I found myself much in the situation of Noah's dove, without a place of rest for my foot. From an immense basket, or rather portmanteau, of rose-coloured gros-de-Naples, embroidered with black chenille, made in the shape of a sarcophagus, and bearing my cypher, an innumerable quantity of small packets, tied with pink or blue favours, strewed the room; these

these contained full-trimmed chemises with embroidered sleeves; pocket-handkerchiefs, petticoats, morning-gowns, dressing-gowns of India muslin, night-dresses, nightcaps, morning-caps of all colours and all forms; the whole of these articles were embroidered, and trimmed with Mechlin lace, or English point. Another portmanteau, of equal size, of green silk embroidered in orange chenille, contained my numerous dresses, all worthy, in fashion and taste, to vie with the habiliments already described. This was an hour of magic for a girl of sixteen. Time passes away; mature years have already arrived; old age will follow; but never can the remembrance of this moment, of my mother as she then appeared, be effaced from my mind. How eagerly did she watch my eyes, and when the peculiar elegance and good taste of any article of her own choice elicited my admiring exclamations, how did her fine black eyes sparkle, and her smiling rosy lips display the pearls they enclosed! *Who can describe a mother's joy on such an occasion, or the effect it produces on the heart of an affectionate daughter!*—*Translation*, vol. ii. p. 156.

The great, the important day at length dawns on Mademoiselle Permon.

'At nine o'clock in the morning my toilette was commenced, for the half dress in which I was to appear before the mayor. I wore an Indian muslin gown, with a train, high body, and long sleeves, then called amadis; the body, sleeves, and skirt, embroidered in feathers and points, the fashion of the day, and trimmed with magnificent point lace. My cap, made by Mademoiselle Despaux, was of Brussels point, crowned with a wreath of orange flowers, from which descended to my feet a veil of fine English point, large enough to envelop my person. This costume, then adopted by all young brides, differing only according to the degree of wealth of the wearer, was, in my opinion, much much elegant than the present bridal fashion. I do not think that it is prejudice for the past which makes me prefer my own wedding-dress—that profusion of rich lace, so fine, and so delicate, that it resembled a vapoury net-work shading my countenance, and playing with the curls of my hair—those undulating folds of the robe, which fell round my person with the inimitable grace and supple ease of the superb tissues of India—that long veil, which draped the figure without concealing it—to the robe of tulle of our modern brides, made in the fashion of a ball-dress, the shoulders and bosom uncovered, and the petticoat short enough to permit every one to judge not only of the delicacy of the little foot, but of the shape of the ankle and leg. Then the head, also dressed as for a ball, and, as well as the shoulders and bosom, scarcely covered by a veil of stiff and massy tulle, of which the folds, or rather the pipes, fall without ease or grace around the lengthened waist and shortened petticoat of the young bride. No, this is not elegance! . . .

'At eleven o'clock the General arrived, and at one by the clock of the Legislative Body, I entered the Hôtel de Montesquieu, to the sound of the most harmonious music.'—*Ibid.* p. 172.

The day after this wedding General Junot expressed his wish to give a dinner to some of his military companions. Madame Permon, however, 'ever anxious to lead him to adopt refined habits,' objected that this 'would be a defiance of etiquette, and resemble the conduct of some journeyman carpenter giving his friends a treat on his wedding holiday.' How fearful a resemblance for the *cidevant* sergeant! The hero, however, yields; it being settled, by way of compromise, that Madame Permon shall give the dinner, and he invite the company. The dinner takes place accordingly; and we are introduced to various most interesting personages, all of whom are described in our chronicler's best manner: for example—

'Lannes was then twenty-eight years of age, five feet five or six inches high, slender and elegant, his feet, legs, and hands being remarkable for their symmetry. His face was not handsome, but it was expressive: . . . . He was, besides, amiable, faithful in friendship, and a good patriot; possessing a heart truly French, and of the best days of the glorious Republic. One curious trait in his character was, the obstinacy with which he refused to part with his pigtail. In vain the First Consul begged, entreated him to cut it off; he still retained a short and thick cue, well powdered and pomatumed.'

'Bessières, who was about the same age, was a larger man than Lannes; like him, he was from the South, as the accent of both sufficiently testified, and like him he had a mania for powder, but with a striking difference in the cut of his hair; a small lock at each side projected like little dog's ears, and his long and thin Prussian cue supplied the place of the *Cadogan* of Lannes. He had good teeth, a slight cast in the eye, but not to a disagreeable extent; and a rather prepossessing address.'

'Berthier was small and ill-shaped, without being actually deformed; his head was too large for his body; his hair, neither light nor dark, was rather frizzed than curled; his forehead, eyes, nose, and chin, each in its proper place, were, however, by no means handsome in the aggregate. His hands, naturally ugly, had become frightful through his habit of biting his nails, to an extent that made his fingers almost always bloody; and his feet were no better, except that he left the nails alone. Add to this, that he stammered much in speaking, and that, if he did not make grimaces, the agitations of his features were so rapid as to occasion some amusement to those who did not take a *direct interest in his dignity*.

'M. de Lavalette was no bad representation of Bacchus; a lady might have been proud of his pretty little white hand, and red, well-turned nails; his legs and feet, also small and well formed, supported a protruding person; his two little eyes, and immoderately little nose, placed in the midst of a very fat pair of cheeks, gave to his countenance a truly comic expression, in aid of which came the extraordinary arrangement of his head; not the locks

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only, but the very individual hairs might be counted, and they received distinguishing names from the wits of the staff—as the invincible, the redoubtable, the courageous; and one in particular, which defied all discipline of comb or hand, and pertinaciously stood upright, they called the indomptable. . . . . He married, a few days before his departure for Egypt, Mademoiselle Emilie de Beauharnais, a young lady of extreme beauty, very gentle, and, thanks to Madame Bonaparte, her aunt, very well educated. Her father, the Marquis de Beauharnais, obtained a divorce from his wife, *that the one might marry a negro, and the other a German canoness.*\*

General Santerre was not at this meeting; but the reader will find a graphic description of him at vol. iv. p. 228.

The evening after this dinner party, the Citoyenne Junot is carried to the Tuilleries, to be presented to the First Consul and Josephine, by both of whom she is very graciously received.

'M. de Beauharnais gave me his arm, and we entered the large saloon together. This fine apartment was then furnished with yellow, and was so obscure, that at first entering I saw no one in it; for it was lighted only by two chandeliers placed on the mantelpiece, and surrounded with gauze to soften the glare. I was much agitated on entering; but an observation from Eugene de Beauharnais, contributed wonderfully to restore my composure. "You have nothing to fear," said he; "my mother and sister are so kind." Madame Bonaparte was in the same place which she occupied afterwards as sovereign of the world; simply seated before a tapestry frame, prosecuting a work, three-fourths of which was performed by Mademoiselle Dubuquoy, whose ingenious hint that Marie-Antoinette was fond of such employments, had inspired Josephine's inclination for them. The First Consul was standing before the chimney with his hands behind him, fidgeting as he had already the habit of doing; \* his eyes were fixed upon me, and as soon as I recovered my self-possession I found that he was closely examining me.'

We have next some twenty pages of little negotiations about the ball which Madame Permon gives in honour of her daughter's wedding, and to which she is desirous of inviting, notwithstanding all that happened, her old admirer, the First Consul. Buonaparte is tricked by the pretty bride into a hasty consent, and Madame Permon is gratified with the appearance of all the Consular family in her salon.

'My mother had already refused the requests of above forty men and twelve women for tickets. She was delighted when such requests were made to her. The arrangements for ornamenting the house were perfect; and when at length all the trees, plants, and flowers,

\* Madame de Staël somewhere describes Bonaparte as '*se tatonnant comme les Princes de la Maison de Bourbon.*'



assumed the places her taste appointed them, and innumerable lights shone among them from lamps of every colour, the staircase and hall resembled an enchanted palace.

Madame Bonaparte arrived about nine o'clock, accompanied by her son and daughter, and led by Colonel Rapp. My mother met her in the middle of the dining-room, the other ladies she received at the door of the saloon. She conducted Madame Bonaparte to the arm-chair on the right of the fire-place, and begged her, with the hospitable grace of the South, to make herself perfectly at home. She must have appeared to her a very charming woman. She wore on this evening a dress, made by Madame Germon, of white crape, trimmed with bunches of double jonquils. Her head-dress had a degree of eccentricity in its composition which became her admirably. As she could not, or rather did not choose to appear, on the occasion of my marriage, with her hair wholly uncovered, she had a toque of white crape, made by Leroi, who then lived in the Rue Despetits-Champs, and had already acquired some reputation, through the folds of which her fine black hair appeared, resembling velvet, intermingled with branches of jonquil, like those which trimmed her gown. The flowers were furnished by Madame Roux. I was proud of my mother.

At a few minutes before eleven, the trampling of the First Consul's horse-guards was heard. Very soon afterwards the carriage drove up to the door, and almost immediately he appeared at the entrance of the dining-room, with Albert and Junot, who had received him in the hall. My mother advanced towards him, and saluted him with her most courteous obeisance. To which he replied, with a smile, "Eh! Madame Permon, is it thus you receive an old friend?" and held out his hand. My mother gave him her's, and they entered the ball-room together. The heat was excessive. The First Consul remarked it, but without taking off his grey *surtout*; and was on the point of making the tour of the room, but his eagle eye had already observed that of the many ladies present, some had not risen at his entrance;—he was offended, and passed immediately into the bedroom, still retaining my mother's arm, and appearing to look at her with admiration.

Dancing had been discontinued as soon as he appeared, and Bonaparte soon perceived it, by the stillness of the saloon, from whence issued only the murmuring sounds produced by the observations made upon him in an under tone.

"Pray, Madame Permon," said he, "let the dancing be resumed; young people must be amused, and dancing is their favourite pastime. I am told, by the by, that your daughter's dancing equals Mademoiselle Chameroi's\*. I must see it. And if you will, you and I will dance the monaco, the only one I know."

"I have not danced these thirty years," replied my mother.

\* Mademoiselle Chameroi was the finest dancer at the Opera. At this period Eugene Beauharnais was attached to her.

"Oh!



"Oh! you are jesting. You look to-night like your daughter's sister."

'M. de Talleyrand was of the party. The First Consul, after having spoken to us all in the most agreeable manner, entered into a conversation with him in my mother's bed-room, which lasted without interruption for three-quarters of an hour. Towards midnight he returned to the saloon, and appeared determined to make himself perfectly agreeable, and to every one.'

'When he left my mother's on the ball-night, he promised to come again to see her; but she had preserved so much distance of manner in their conversation, as was likely to prevent all renewal of intimacy. I believe, however, that the definitive rupture must be attributed to a cause, natural perhaps, but which was indelicately made use of.'—*Ibid.* p. 223.

From the time of her marriage, it is easy, however indelicate, to see that Madame Junot occupied more of the First Consul's attention than Madame Permon; and in the fourth of these volumes there occur various *tête-à-têtes* between the authoress and him of 'the delicious little hands,' which will no doubt be considered by many readers as the most interesting passages of the work. We can afford room for but one specimen of this part of Madame Junot's history. Her husband, being commandant of Paris, cannot sleep out of the capital; Josephine has gone to the waters of Plombières; and Madame Junot is invited to spend a week or two with *Hortense* at Malmaison. Madame Junot had hardly been a year married, and was very sorry to be apart from the commandant of Paris; but she could not refuse the invitation of the First Consul and Madame Louis Bonaparte. The time passed gaily: 'On jouait la comédie—on allait beaucoup à la chasse—le soir, on riait, on causait.' The days and the evenings are thus accounted for: now as to the mornings:—

'Je dormais profondément. Tout à coup je suis réveillée par un coup très-violent frappé près de moi, et tout aussitôt j'aperçois le premier consul près de mon lit! Je crus rêver et me frottai les yeux. Il se mit à rire. "C'est bien moi," dit-il; "pourquoi cet air étonné?" Une minute avait suffi pour m'éveiller entièrement. Pour réponse j'étendis en souriant la main vers la fenêtre que la grande chaleur m'avait forcée de laisser ouverte. Le ciel était encore de ce bleu vif qui suit la première heure de l'aube. On voyait au vert sombre des arbres que le soleil était à peine levé. Je pris ma montre: il n'était pas cinq heures. "Vraiment! dit-il quand je la lui montrai; il n'est que cette heure-là? Eh bien! tant mieux, nous allons causer." Et prenant un fauteuil, il le plaça au pied de mon lit, s'y assit, croisa ses jambes, et s'établit là comme il le faisait cinq ans avant dans la bergère de ma mère à l'hôtel de la Tranquillité. Il tenait à la main un énorme paquet de lettres sur lesquelles on voyait en gros caractères:

tères : *Au premier consul ; à lui-même ; à lui seul en personne* : enfin toutes les formules de secret et de sûreté pour le solliciteur étaient employées et avec succès, car le premier consul réservait *pour lui seul* les lettres qui portaient ces mots sur la suscription.....

Il se leva pour aller prendre une plume sur une table ; il fit une sorte de signe, convenu probablement entre Bourrienne et lui, sur une lettre, et revint s'asseoir comme s'il eût été dans son cabinet. Je crois, Dieu me pardonne, qu'il pensait y être en effet.

"Ah ça ! voici une attrappe," dit-il on ôtant une, deux, trois, quatre enveloppes ; sur chacune étaient toujours les mots sacramentels : *Pour lui seul, et en mains propres*. Enfin, impatienté, il dit fort drôlement, et comme si la lettre pouvait l'entendre : "Mais c'est moi !—Et quant à mes mains," et il retournait sa jolie petite main mottelée—"j'espère qu'elles sont propres ?"—

Il était enfin arrivé à la dernière enveloppe. Toutes celles qu'il avait enlevées sentaient l'essence de rose à n'y pas résister. J'avais attrapé une de ces enveloppes, et je regardais l'écriture, qui était assez jolie, lorsque le premier consul se mit à rire. C'était toujours assez extraordinaire chez lui ; aussi, nous qui le connaissions, avions-nous la mesure assez juste de son hilarité, pour attendre une explication d'un accès aussi joyeux.

"C'est une déclaration," dit-il, après avoir jeté encore un ou deux petits éclats ; "non pas de guerre, mais d'amour. C'est une belle dame, qui m'aime, dit-elle, depuis le jour où elle me vit présenter le traité de paix de Campo-Formio au Directoire. Et si je veux la voir, je n'ai qu'à donner des ordres au factionnaire de la grille du côté de Bougival, pour qu'il laisse passer une femme vêtue de blanc, qui dira : *Napoléon !* Et cela..." (Il regarda la date :) "Ma foi ! dès ce soir.

"—Mon Dieu ! m'écriai-je, vous n'irez pas faire une pareille imprudence ?"

Il ne me répondit pas, mais me regarda fixement :

"—Qu'est-ce que cela vous fait, que j'aille à la grille de Bougival ? Que peut-il m'arriver ?

"—Ce que cela me fait ? ce qu'il peut vous arriver ? Mais, général, voilà d'étranges questions. Comment ne voyez-vous pas que cette femme est une misérable gagnée peut-être par vos ennemis ?... mais le piège est lui-même trop grossier. N'importe ! il peut y avoir péril : et vous me demandez après cela ce que peut me faire votre imprudence ?

Napoléon me regarda encore, puis se mit à rire : "Je disais cela pour plaisanter, me dit-il ; croyez-vous donc que je sois assez simple, assez bête pour mordre à un pareil appât ? Imaginez-vous que tous les jours je reçois des lettres de ce genre-là, avec des rendez-vous indiqués tantôt ici, tantôt aux Tuileries, tantôt au Luxembourg ; mais la seule réponse que je fasse à ces belles missives, et la seule qu'elles méritent, c'est celle-ci." Et, allant de nouveau vers la table, il écrivit quelques mots. C'était un renvoi au ministre de la police,

"Diable ! voilà six heures, dit-il en entendant sonner une pendule. Adieu,

Adieu, madame Junot." Et, s'approchant de mon lit, il ramassa tous ses papiers, *me pinça le pied à travers mes couvertures*, et, me souriant avec cette grâce qui éclairait sa figure, il s'en alla en chantant d'une voix fausse et criarde, malgré le bel accent sonore qu'elle avait en parlant :

'Non, non, z'il est impossible  
D'avoir un plus aimable enfant.

Un plus aimable ? Ah ! si vraiment, etc.

'C'était son air favori. . . *Il ne chantait au reste cet air que lorsqu'il était de fort bonne humeur.*

'Je me levai *sans penser autrement à cette visite* du premier consul. Je ne pensai pas davantage, ainsi que lui, à cette foule d'enveloppes laissées par terre dans ma chambre, et *ma femme de chambre n'y songea pas plus que nous deux.* La journée se passa comme toutes les autres.'—vol. iv. pp. 375—380.

This scene is several times repeated, before Madame, beginning to think such interviews might be uncharitably interpreted in the house, desires her maid to lock the door ; but the First Consul carries a *passapartout*, and that precaution avails nothing.

'Je dormais donc profondément lorsque ma porte s'ouvrit avec assez de force, et je vis le premier consul. " Craignez-vous donc que l'on vous assassine ! " me dit-il avec une aigreur assez forte pour m'ôter toute crainte. " Vouz voyez," dit-il, " que votre précaution contre un vieil ami ne l'a pas empêché d'arriver jusqu'à vous. Adieu ! " Et il s'en alla—mais cette fois sans chanter.'—vol. iv. p. 391.

It is extremely mortifying that the fourth volume of these Memoirs breaks off before the First Consul appears to have laid aside his *passapartout* ; but we shall no doubt hear a great deal more of the uses to which he applied it, especially after the master of Malmaison had been crowned at Notre Dame. The French reader, we are told, looks with particular curiosity to the period of General Junot's command in Portugal, at which time his interesting lady must have been left in Paris in a forlorn condition.

As to the present volumes, it is not, we must repeat, for the light they throw on the character of Buonaparte, nor even on the fooleries of his family, and the little intrigues of his *villa*, but on the history of murders and minuets, during the earlier revolutionary epoch, that we chiefly recommend them to attention. Respecting the minor branches of 'the fourth dynasty,' the Duchess's details, indeed, are copious ; but we must think she has vastly overrated the importance of these personages. It is obvious that none of them could ever have been heard of beyond their original, humble, and obscure circle, but for Napoleon's military greatness ; and what can be more disappointing than the impression left on every mind, as respects *them*, by the whole history of the family's rise and downfall ! Somehow they have all of them so contrived it,

it, that the reader of their imperial brother's life, the most picturesque and dazzling episode in the modern annals of mankind, attaches no more importance to *them* than to his boots and shoes—not half so much certainly as to his little cocked hat and grey surt-out. The chattering pretender, Lucien, was the only one of the brothers whom any one ever suspected of more than mediocrity of talents; and the overweening self-conceit, which alone prevented him from playing king for a time like the rest, that extravagant excess of vanity which, and not virtue of any sort, induced him to rebel in *limine* against the absolute predominance of Napoleon, is the only part of his character which will survive, to amuse posterity. The heavy imbecility of Joseph, and the pompous nullity of Louis, will be remembered only for the contrast they present to the restless audacity of their master's genius on the one hand, and the pert *blackguardism* of their fellow-slave Jerome on the other. The sisters seem, no doubt, to have been nearer of kin to Napoleon, in most respects, than any of these. They were all clever, extravagantly ambitious, and, with at most one exception, entirely unprincipled. Setting, however, the deepbrowed usurper himself aside, we venture to say, that it would scarcely have been possible to pick out a family of the same class for such a series of adventures, whose members should have, on dropping the curtain, been dismissed with so little feeling of any sort among the spectators. The only admiration any of them ever commanded in the hour of greatness, was what fell to the ladies in their natural capacity of *coquettes*. Nobody thought of pitying their fall more than a parcel of theatrical kings and queens stripping off their tinsel crowns and plush robes to sup at a *guingette* and sleep in a garret; and if none of them earned the sheer bitterness of contempt, Joseph and Louis may thank their stupidity—Lucien anything but his poetry—and His Westphalian Majesty that mixture of intellectual feebleness with looseness of morals and absurdity of manners, which makes society hesitate between scorn, laughter, and compassion.

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ART. II.—*Der Germanische Ursprung der Lateinischen Sprache und des Römischen Volkes, nachgewiesen von Ernst Jäkel, Professor am Friedrichswerd'schen Gymnasium in Berlin.* Breslaw. 1831. 8vo. pp. 287.

**T**O enter into a full and systematic examination of the subject, one detached portion of which has been concisely treated in this volume, is obviously far beyond the scope and purpose of a periodical

periodical work ; but were this otherwise, we should be reluctant to make the attempt. There is indeed no class of books in which we find more of interest and excitement, than in that to which Professor Jäkel has made an important addition ; but to understand thoroughly, to say nothing of lucidly abridging, and expounding popularly, any one of them, would require the undivided labour of years in the first place, and the unbroken leisure of a cloister in the second. Such scantlings of information as to the archaic dialects of Europe and Asia, as may be picked up in tumbling over the leaves of vocabularies and lexicons, will no longer entitle any man to announce an opinion on questions which have occupied the lifelong toil of such minds as those of Adelung, Grimm, and Schmitthenner. But, not only does the consciousness of the want of such information press on us, as might be supplied by patient study of existing literary monuments : we confess we shrink under a feeling of another kind—our dread of that fascinating but bewildering and exhausting species of mental exertion, which, were all the information we allude to in our hands, would be required in order to turn it to much account. We remember the case of the poor schoolmaster in the *Diable Boiteux*, who had gone mad on the *paulo-post-futurum* ; nor is our alarm diminished when we cast our eyes on the *posthumous* and *unfinished* work of the late amiable and ingenious Dr. Alexander Murray, according to which the whole of the languages spoken between the Himalaya mountains and Ben Nevis, may be traced to nine euphonic primitive *verbs*—namely *ag, bag, dwag, gwag, lag, mag, nag, rag, and swag*—

‘ ———— and that’s as high

As metaphysic wit can fly.’

To be serious—the philological researches of the last and the present age, more especially those of the Germans, have already so entirely revolutionized what before constituted this department of scholarship, and at the same time enlarged its boundaries so enormously, that much time must elapse before the mass of even what may be called accomplished readers can be expected to come, in a tolerable state of preparation, to the analysis of such a work as that now on our table. It is as if a new sense had been conferred on us ; we are still puzzled and dazzled. In this country, in particular, very few minds have grappled effectually with these brilliant novelties—to the general run even of the students in our universities they remain the objects of at best a distrustful wonder.

We shall, after this apology, limit ourselves to a slight, we would fain hope to make it a generally intelligible, specimen of Mr. Jäkel’s ‘ *Essay on the Germanic Early spring of the Latin speech*

*speech and the Roman folk.* As our own tongue and nation have undoubtedly their main sources in the quarters to which he would trace the blood and language of the masters of the ancient world, the subject of the inquiry ought, in the Professor's opinion, to be little if at all less interesting here than among our contemporaries of Berlin and Breslaw. But it may perhaps be as well to give, *in limine*, a rough outline of the theory now all but universally accepted by the learned, as to the population of the European continent.

The nations of Christendom, with the exception of one or two inconsiderable and isolated tribes, appear to be descended from five races, all of which, though originally from the same stock, had ceased to know or acknowledge their affinity at a period beyond the reach of history, viz.

1. The Celts, whom we find at the dawn of history in possession of the western extremity of Europe. Their name is taken from the forests in which they dwelt; *Caillé* signifying, in all the Celtic dialects, *wood*.\* The most ancient and simplest dialect of Celtic is that spoken in Ireland, and in the highlands of Scotland—the population of which is *mainly* of Irish descent, and whose language is by themselves called *Erse*. The tribes using this primeval dialect had yielded, at a very remote period, in Gaul, in Spain, and even Great Britain, to a more powerful and civilized race of Celts, namely the *Cymri*: and in proof of this, it is sufficient to state that the Celtic names of rivers, mountains, chiefs, &c., mentioned in the Roman accounts of these countries during their early intercourse with them, whether peaceful or hostile, are in general referable to the *Cymraic*, or more artificial, species of the *Celtic* genus. These *Cymri*, after expelling the elder Celts from Great Britain, or at least subduing and mingling with them so as to supplant their language, yielded in their turn to the arms of races more advanced than themselves: their descendants are the modern Welsh, and the British colony in Armorica. The *Cymraig* is the connecting link between the ruder Celtic of Ireland and the languages of the Gothic or Teutonic race.

2. These Teutons, in their gradual advance from the East, the Mother of Nations, had occupied Germany, which still bears their name, (*Deutschland*;) and were threatening the Celtic tribes beyond the Rhine, long before the Romans were masters of Italy. When Cæsar began his Gaulish campaigns, they were, under the name

\* From *Caillé* come also, of course, Gallia, Caledonia, and Wales; and Jäkel is probably right in connecting with the same root the German *wald* (wood), whence our *wood*, and *wood* itself. The north of Italy, the *Gallia Cisalpina* of the Romans, is still called by the Germans *Welschland*.

of Belgæ, in possession of one-third of Gaul, and of the eastern coasts of Great Britain. Their subsequent history is well ascertained; their language is still spoken, in various dialects, by much the greater part of the European population, and can be distinctly connected, in essential points, with the Persic and the Sanskrit.

3. The Slavonic race, the parent of the Poles, Bohemians, and Russians. The dialects of this great family have as yet been little studied; but they are undoubtedly separated from the Gothic genus, still more widely than is the Celtic.

4. The Laplanders and Finns; the descendants of a once great people, the primeval occupants of all Scandinavia, who were driven into the recesses which they now hold, by the progress of Gothic tribes, exactly as the Celts of Gaul and Britain were by others of the same family. Their dialects are the rudest and poorest in Europe, but Murray and Jäkel agree in recognising even in them sufficient indications of a remote connection with those of the Teutonic family.

5. The Greeks and the Romans, the latter of whom it was formerly the fashion to consider as *descended* from the former. This theory, however, is no longer maintained: although few doubt that Pelasgic colonists, established in very remote times on the northern shores of Italy, may have mingled their blood with the tribes that formed the main root of the Latin nation, and of course had a share in the *construction* of their language, while it is universally admitted that the intercourse between the Latins and the comparatively polished inhabitants of Magna Græcia, had powerful influence on every stage of its *refinement*.

‘The Latin (says Murray) is not a dialect of the Greek: it possesses many properties of an original and distinct character: it approaches, in a variety of peculiar and remarkable features, to what may be considered as the natural aspect of the Greek, while unmoulded by time into that form which is common to the Ionic, Doric, and Æolic dialects. If the Latins had been, like the Phœcean and many other states, a colony from Greece, the resemblance of language must have been incomparably greater. It may be safely admitted that the Romans were related to the Greeks, and that their language, on that account, is an excellent commentary on the Hellenic dialects; but if the Latin be viewed as a *descendant* of the Greek, which has degenerated from a pure original, the conclusions drawn from that opinion will be ill-founded, and the philological reasonings erected on them fallacious.’

We quote Murray; but he is only abridging the language of Adelung. The Greek and Latin have for some time been considered by all competent scholars as two separate dialects, formed, each in its own peninsula, by a conquering race, of Gothic origin, planting



planting itself, each among a conquered primeval population, and each adopting, of necessity, part of the language originally spoken by that population into the substance of its own. It is thus that the Celtic element, largely visible both in the Greek and the Latin, is accounted for; and one of the most curious branches of the whole of this inquiry is that which tends to confirm the radically separate formation of the two languages of classical antiquity, by showing that, though each has much of Celtic, the Celtic element of the one is not the Celtic element of the other. They have both borrowed, we are told, from the same vocabulary, but, generally speaking, they have not taken the same words. It is much to be wished that this very curious point should be made the subject of a separate and minute investigation; and we confess we should be mortified to see such a problem worked out by any other than a countryman of our own. It is to the scholarship of Wales, surely, or Ireland, or Scotland, that the world ought naturally to look for the ultimate elucidation of the Celtic part of this discussion; and we believe no one who has read Mr. Williams's *Life of Alexander the Great*, and *Essays on the Geography of Central Asia*, will dispute that we have amongst us at least one 'true Briton,' fully competent to such a task.

We must, with these few hints, leave for the present both the Greek and the Celtic parts of the controversy, and devote the little space we have to the proper subject of Mr. Jäkel's Essay,—which is to show that the words expressive of the first and simplest ideas are common, for the most part, to the Latin and the German;—that the mass of vocables, found both in the Latin and in the German languages, appear in simpler and more archaic shapes in the latter than in the former;—that many of them are found *insulated* and detached in the Latin, insomuch that the classical etymologists could never explain them satisfactorily, while in the German the corresponding vocable is part of a whole family of words, the root obvious, and the ramifications disposed in a natural order; and hence arrive at the conclusion that the Latin tongue is mainly and essentially the dialect of a Teutonic race that migrated from Germany into Italy by the way of the Tyrol, at a period vastly more remote than Roman history reaches to.

We do not pretend to care whether Mr. Jäkel shall be thought to have established the precise conclusion at which he arrives; it signifies little, in our opinion, whether we should suppose Italy to have been mainly peopled from her coasts, or from the passes of the Alps. The details on which the professor builds his theory are far more important than the fate of that theory; they cannot be perused without throwing light on many hitherto obscure and unexplored

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unexplored features, both of the Latin language and of our own mother tongue: and if our notice of the book should be the first thing to turn one young mind towards the habit of looking below the skin of lexicographic etymology, our purpose will be sufficiently attained.

The professor devotes his first section to *words signifying man, the parts of the body, the properties of the mind, and such conditions of existence* as must have been among the first things to receive distinct appellations. We shall, wherever it is possible, adhere to that German which is also English.

*Homo.* It is well known that the Latins, in innumerable instances, softened away an essential part of the noun in the nominative case, and retained it in the oblique ones. The elder nominative of *hominis*, for example, must have been *homin*. This, according to Jäkel, is identical with the English *yeoman*, i. e. *good man*: in various old Gothic dialects we have *comman*, *gomo*, *guma*, and *goume*, used exactly as the Latins did *homo*. In modern German, *briuti-goume* is softened to *Brautigam*,—the same word with *bridegroom*.

*Humanus*—one that conducts himself as a *good man*.

*In-humanus*—the reverse.

*Immanis* is accordingly much stronger than *inhumanus*: the one acts unlike a *good man*, the other unlike a *man*. So also in *inhumanitas* and *immanitas*.

*Nemo*—originally *nemin*—no man.

*Fæmina*—the same word with *woman*.\*

*Manes*—is only *man* in the plural.

*Corpus, corporis*: the same as the modern Germ. *körper*, the Swedish *kroff*, the Islandic *kropp*, the Anglo-Sax. *hraew*.

*Caput*, the same word with *head*: the elevated or *heaved* part: Gothic *heafod*, Danish *hoved*, German *haupt*, and also *kopf*.

*Capillus*—hair—that which grows on the *caput*.

*Hirtus, hirsutus*, &c. all connected with our own *hair*.

*Oculus*—German *auge*, Anglo-Saxon *eag*, English *eye*.

*Cæcus*—*ex-æcus*: Germ. *aus-auge*—one deprived of the eye.

*Imago*—that which is *in auge*,—*in the eye*.

*Nasus*—*Nase* in all the German dialects—English *nose*.

*Labium*—lip.

*Lingua.* Victorinus writes '*antiquos dixisse dingnam pro linguâ.*'

The Swedes have *tungan*, the Germans *zünge*, we *tongue*.

\* *W* is pronounced *v* over the greater part of Germany; and among many proofs of the venerable antiquity of that interchange of the sounds of *w* and *v*, which marks the dialect of our Cockneys, we may refer to the very curious old English poem of '*Havelok the Dane*,' recently discovered in the Bodleian, and which, from abundant internal evidence, was written by a monk of Lincoln, early in the reign of Edward I. It has been admirably edited by Mr. Madden, of the British Museum, and printed for the Roxburghe Club.

**Vir**: the same as *Island*. *ver*: Goth. *vair*: Teuton. *bar*,—all signifying *man*: the root is *Teuton*. *wehr* (our *war*): *Quirinus* the professor considers as *Virinus*, and only another form of *Baron*: (*Varon* is the form of *Baron* in Spanish and Portuguese.)

**Barba**—German *barb*: from *bar*, *man*,—that which distinguishes the man, the *beard*.

**Cor**, *cordis*—German *herz*, Swed. *hjärtat*, English *heart*.

**Hepar**—the same word with *liver*, Germ. *leber*.

**Armus**—*arm*. *Manus*—identical with old Germ. *munt*, and Anglo-Saxon *mund* (the *hand*): *palma*—the *palm*; *spitama*, the *span*.

**Genu**. Old Germ. *kniu*: Germ. *knie*—the *knee*. *Geniculus* answers to the German *kniekehle*.

**Pes**, *pedis*, the same with the Persian *padshe*, Gothic *fota*, German *fuss*, English *foot*. *Solea* is *sole*; and *ungula*, which looks so little like *nail*, is connected with it by the German *nagel*.

**Nervus** is *nerve*: but what do both mean? The Anglo-Saxon verb *nearwian*, to connect, to bring near, may enable us to answer.

**Cutis** is the same with the Frankish *kut*, the German *haut*, and our *hide*. *Sudor* and *sweat*: *sputum* and the Swedish *spot* (English *spittle*: German *speichel*); *urina* and the German *harn*: *cruor* and the old German *grau*, English *gore*; *mens* and our *mind*; *sensus* and the German *sinn*; *anima* and the Gothic *ahma*, in German *athem* (breath);—all these are easily identified.

**Mors**, *mortis*, and the German *mord* (murder), are the same word; the active sense, the infliction of death, having prevailed with the latter, the passive in the former language.

**Somnus**—*sleep*—the Swedes have *sömn*.

M. Jäkel next takes words expressing the simplest relations of life.

**Pater**—German *valer*, English *father*, Swedish *fader*, and so in all the Teutonic dialects—the *feeder*.

**Avus**—the grandfather—in Islandish *afe*.

**Mater**—Germ. *mutter*; mother—common to all those dialects—as are also *mamma*, *papa*, and *atta* and *tatta* (atavus).

‘*Mammas atque tatas habet Afra.*’—MARTIAL, i. 101.

**Frater**—German *bruder*, Persic *berader*,—Eng. *brother* (brethren in plural,) he that is of the same breed.

**Soror** is sister—the *r* being changed to *s*, as in honor, honos, &c. &c.

**Puer**—Teuton. *parn*, Swed. *barn*: old English and Scotch *bairn*; from the verb to bear. In Sanscrit *putreh* is son.

**Filius** and *filia* (usually derived from the Greek verb to love) are referred by Jäkel to *fall*: that which drops or is born. The Teutonic *dochter*, daughter, (the object of thought,) is, however, the same in Persian, and is undoubtedly the Greek *θυγατηρ*, and with this analogy, one may hesitate whether *filius* comes from the same root with *φίλειν*, or from *fall*.

Juvenis

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Juvenis—German *junge*, young.

Junior—German *junger*, younger.

Senex—Gothic (Ulphila, St. Luke i. 18), *sinceigs*, old man.

Viduus and vidua: Varro says, 'iduae Etruscâ linguâ dividere est: inde vidua, quia valde divisa est.' Jükel brings the German words in actual use, *witower* (widower), from the verb *weisen*, or *waiten*, to deprive, and *wer*, i. e. *vair*, old German for *man*, and *witwe* (widow) from the same verb, and *weib* (woman—wife).

Nurus (daughter-in-law): the Germans have *schnur*.

Socer (father-in-law), Goth. *suigar*, Germ. Schwieger-vater.

Herus (master), German *herr*. In Latin *herus* and *hera* appear comparatively isolated; the Germans have a whole family of words along with *herr*, and Jükel thinks the etymon is *ehre* (honour).

Species—the Swedes have *spöke*.

Genus—old Germ. *kuni*, Persic *gun*, English *kin* and *kind*. *Gens* is brought by Mr. Jükel from the same root.

*Vulgus*. Germ. *volk*: English *folk*.

Rex-regis—This word is in all the dialects—*Rajah*, &c. &c., and generally terminates the names of Teutonic princes introduced in Roman story, as Boiorix, &c. &c. *Regnum* answers to the German *reich*, (we had *rik*, in composition, in old English).

Lex—*legis*: Anglo-sax. *lage*: English *law*, &c. &c. Jükel interprets *Lucumones* (the presidents of the tribunals in Etruria), *lagamänner* (law-men). The Danish statute-book is *hodie* entitled *Denelage*.

Magistratus is, the professor doubts not, Mächtigste Rath—the mightiest counsellor. We have *rede* for counsel, advice.

'Such mercy he, by his most holy rede,  
Unto us taught.'—SPENSER.

Oratio and ratio, the Swedish *rad* (reason), *Rede* (German and English for advice), &c., are all derived by Jükel from the verb *reden*, to speak; and he reminds us of the curious analogy presented in the Greek *λογος* (reason) from *λεγω*.

We shall quote a few more specimens, without regard to the order in which they occur.

Ordo-inis is *ordnung* (Germ.) the setting of a thing in its *ort*, i. e. *place*.

Voluptas—Germ. *wollust*: *wühl* (well) and *lust* (pleasure).

Basium (a kiss) is *buss*.

Curia (place of assembly): Pers. *chargah*: German *kirche*: (kirk, church). The root is, with Jükel, *kören*, to enclose, with which we should connect *girus*, *γυρος*, &c. We certainly prefer this to the usual derivation of *church* from *Κυριον οίκος*.

Is *kirk* then as near of kin to *circus*, as *vates* to *wit*?

Vadum (ford), the verb to *wade*.

Casa—German *haus*—house.

**Ædes**—Another form of the same, German *hütte*, Danish *hytte*, English *hut*, *cot*, &c. All these are of the same family with *cutis* and *hide*: the radical idea is a *covering*.

**Villa**—a town: the German verb *weilen*, to abide.

**Turba**—(a crowd of men). German *dorf*, old English *thorpe*, (a crowd of dwellings): the Teutonic root *truben*, to confuse.

**Urbs** (a city), from the Teutonic *wurban*, to surround.

**Turris**—German *thurm* (a tower): the idea is *elevation*, and in many of the Gothic dialects *tor* is *rock*.

**Domus**—In Friesland, where, perhaps, the purest of all the Teutonic dialects is spoken, and where the Romans never were, the common word for a dwelling is *dom*—which was universal in the old German also. Jükel thinks the root is in the Low German *timmern*, to build: whence our *timber*: *thum* in German, and *dom* in English *composition*, mark *possession*: i. e. *fürstenthum*—*kingdom*.

**Dominus**—Dom-man—The man of the house.

**Tectum**—German *dach* (roof), English *deck*, the covering of a vessel, from *tego*, in German *decke*.

**Sol**—This is the word for *sun* in Gothic, and in modern Swedish.

**Fenestra** (window), German *fenster*. The Latin word is usually derived from the Greek *φαινω*—but the Greeks themselves had *θυρίς* (a *little door*) for window; and Jükel therefore brings *fenster* and *fenestra* from *finster*, darkness, and quotes Horace's 'jam junctas quatuiunt fenestras.'

**Via**—was anciently, says Varro, *veha*: the German *weg*, our *way*.

**Angulus**—German *winkel* (a corner).

**Templum**. In low German (Platt-Deutch) *tempel* means a chamber; and Jükel thinks it more likely that the humble than the dignified sense should have been the original one.

**Aruspex**. German *Aarspäher*, the eagle-spyer. *Aruspex* is generally derived from *ara* (altar), but we think *the watcher of the air-bird's*, i. e. *the eagle's flight*, was very likely to be the title of the Etrurian high-priest.

**Altare**—The old Gothic dialects have all *alt*, *elt*, *eald*, or the like, for *fire*: the latter part of the word is probably an archaic form of the German *herd*, English *hearth*—the *alt-are* was the *alt-herd*—the *fire-hearth*.

**Mensis**—German *mond* (moon).

**Luna**—Old German *lün* (bright): the family is numerous in both the Latin and the Teutonic. *Lux*—German *licht* (light), and our *look*, &c.

**Cælum**—is usually derived from the Greek *κοιλον* (hollow). The German *höhle*, and our *hollow* itself, are the same word.

**Sidus, sideris**. The Persians have *sitare*, and we *star*: the idea is *fixity*.

**Meridies** is written in the laws of the Ten Tables *medidies*, mid-day.

**Nox, noctis**—German *nacht*, (night).

Ignis

Ignis (fire)—The Sanskrit has *agni* : the Danish *gnist* : we have *ingle*.

Flamma—The word is found in all the Northern dialects.

Gelu }  
Gelid-us } —the German *kälte*—our *cold*.

Frigus—*freeze*.

Tonitru—German *donner*—thunder.

Nix, *nivis*—old German *sneve* (snow is the same word).

Æstas (summer)—German *hitze*—English *heat*.

Udor is the same word with *water*—(Plato talks of *ὕδωρ* as a Phrygian word.) It lingers everywhere in the names of rivers—*e. g.* the Oder, the Eyder; the Duria, now Doria, in Italy; the Adour, in France; and the Douro.

Lacus. German *lache* (*lying* or *laid* water): it was not likely they should borrow a Latin word for this.

Mare. In all the Northern dialects *meer* means lake, and the words *moor*, *morass*, *marsh*, &c. &c., are derivatives. *Zee* also means lake in many of the dialects to this day.

Fluvius, and the German *flüss*; fluctus and our own *flood*; *alvus* and *elf*, which means running water in all the Scandinavian dialects, are obviously from the same roots. *Elf* probably comes from *eilen*, to hasten: we have it in the Alba, and the Albula, according to Jäkel, as well as in the Elbe. *Elf* is originally 'the spirit of the stream.'

In the section of adverbs we have *non* identical with the German *nein*, the Persian *ne*, and our own *no*, &c.; *nunc* with German *nun*, our *now*; *tum* and *tunc* with the Gothic *thunu*, our *then*; *hodie*, with the German *heute* (to-day); *nuper* with the German *neulich* (lately, newly); *quando*, with the Scottish *whan* (when); *alias* with *else*; *aliorum* with *elsewhere*; *foris* with *forth*; *satis* with German *satt*; *nempe* with German *nämlich* (namely); and many more.—Among prepositions we have *ab* alongside of the Scottish *aff* (off); *in* common to all the dialects; *ex* the same as German *aus* (whence, by the familiar substitution of *t* for *s* our *out*); *sub*, Gothic *uf* (Greek *ὑπὸ*); *super*, German *über*, over; *pro*, old German *foro*, *for*; *inter*, German *unter*, &c. &c. Among the conjunctions *ac* answers to the Swedish *ok*, German *auch*, English *eke*; *quum* to *when*; *jam* to the German *schon*; *autem* to the Franconian *odde*, German *oder*; *quod* to *what*.

The part of the essay in which Mr. Jäkel traces the similarity in the *original* flexions of the Latin and Teutonic is full of ingenuity; but we must content ourselves with saying so—to follow him into his details would occupy more room than we have at our disposal. Perhaps what is most remarkable is the number of instances in which the *irregular* vocables of the one

tongue answer, even in their irregularity, to those of the other : for example—

Latin.	Gothic.	Latin.	Gothic.
Ego	Ik	Vobis	Izwis
Mei	Meina	Sui	Seina
Mihi	Mis	Sibi	Sis
Me	Mik	Se	Sik
Nos	Uns	Meus-am	Meins-mein
Nostrum	Unsurā	Mei	Meinis
Nobis	Unsis...uns	Meo	Meinamma
Tu	Thu	Meum	Meins-mein
Tui	Theina	Mea	Meina
Tibi	Thus	Meæ	Meinazos
Te	Thuk	Meæ	Meinai
Vos	Jus	Meam	Meina
Vestrum	Izwara		

In many cases we find the Gothic or Anglo-Saxon flexions complete or nearly so, where much had been dropt in the Latin : thus—

Latin.	Gothic.
Is ea id	Is si ita
Ejus	Is izos is
Ei	Imma izai imma
Eum eam id	Ina ija ita
	Anglo-Saxon.
Hic hæc hoc	He heo hit
Hujus	His hize his
Huic	Him hize him
Hi hæc hæc	Hi heo heo
Horum harum horum	Hiza hiza hiza
	Gothic.
Quis quæ quid	Hwas hwo hwat
Cujus	Hwis hwizos hwis
Cui	Hwamma hwizai hwe

The resemblance between the adjective forms has often been pointed out. Longus—longior, longissimus, are obviously the same with long, longer, longest; but it is surely strange that where the Latin has *magnus*, *major*, *maximus*, the old German should have *mekelo*, *mezro*, *meisto*, (the Scottish *meikle*, *mair*, *maist*).—The varieties of the substantive verb are as follows :

PRESENT.				
Sanscrit.	Persic.	Gothic.	Latin.	Greek.
Asmi	em	im	sum	εσμι
Asi	i	is	es	εσ
Asti	est	ist	est	εστιν.

Smas



Sanscrit.	Persic.	Gothic.	Latin.	Greek.
Smas	im	sijum	sumus	εσμεν
Stha	id	sijud	estis	εστε
Santi	end	sind	sunt	εισιν.

PERFECT.

Abhutam	budem	vas	fui	εφui
Abhus	budi	vast	fuisti	εφus
Abhut	bud	vas	fuit	εφu.
Abhuma	budim	vesum	fuimus	εφυμεν
Abhuta	budid	vesuth	fuistis	εφυτε
Abhuvan	butend	vesunt	fuerunt	εφυσαν.

‘Both German and Latin,’ says Jäkel, ‘are poor in participles: what they have, however, are easily explained. The participle, for instance, which appears in German as *end*, in Gothic as *ands*,’ (in Scottish *and*, and in English *ing*), ‘is in Latin *ens* or *ent*: they all mean *that which* is, a thing (in German *wesen* is *thing*), and are clearly derived from the verb we have been inspecting. It is obvious that the oldest and purest form is that retained in the German. The flexions also were similar:

Latin.	Gothic.
Metens . . . . .	maitands
Metentis . . . . .	maitantins
Metenti . . . . .	maitandiu
Metentem . . . . .	maitandan
Metentes . . . . .	maitandans
Metentum . . . . .	maitandane
Metentibus . . . . .	maitandan.’—pp. 148, 149.

It is strange, but true, that some of the most striking coincidences are between the Latin and the Teutonic dialects of Scandinavia and Friezeland,—regions which Roman foot never touched. Some of these have already been noticed—here are a few more of the Scandinavian ones: *abstergo*, *affstryka*, *abstraho*, *affdruga*, *carus*, *kaer*, *candela*, *kindel*, *clivus*, *kleif* (cliff), &c.—in all these cases the word has disappeared, or at least become unusual, in the German. In Friezeland *hospes* is *osb*, *macula*, *magl*, *rete* is *rhwyd*, *turtur* is *turtur*, &c. In the Franconian dialect *aptus* is *haft*, *pagus*, *bach*, *pauci*, *föhe* (Eng. *few*), *equus*, *hoiz*, *nepos*, *nevo*. *Ver* (spring) appears only in the Swedish *vaar*. M. Jäkel produces many more examples of this class; but there can be no doubt that the most striking feature in his book is the accumulation of instances where, while the Latin has one insulated word from a particular root, the English, perhaps, another, the Swedish a third, and so on—the whole family appear in their natural fulness and connexion in the *High German* alone. The Romans had *ventus* and we have *wind* (each with dependent *participials*), but

the Germans have the verb *wehen* (pronounced *vehen*), to blow, whose participle *wehend* gives in contraction *vind*, *wind*, and *ventus*, and a *sequela*, enough to fill pages in a dictionary, of words derived, not from the participle alone, but from other parts of the verb as well.

The historical dissertation appended to the philological essay of Jäkel would lead us into a world-wide field. The author combats, with great ingenuity, some of Niebuhr's notions as to the origin of the various Italian tribes who were ultimately merged in the Roman state: one, at least, of these he considers to have been of Slavonic race; more than one of Celtic; but the far greater part of them, including the most important, pure Goths. The use he makes of the spelling of names in old inscriptions is particularly curious. Thus, for *Euganei* he finds on an antique vase *ausuganei*, and interprets it *ausgänger*, the outgoers (Scottish, *outgangers*), 'the people of emigrants.' He claims kindred for the modern 'Baier' (Bavarians) with the Boii—and interprets 'the young men—the boys.' The *Volsci* are the *folk*—the people *κατ' εἶδος*. But the *Etruscans* occupy much more space than any of these; *all* the names by which they were known are, he says, purely Gothic. The name by which they generally called themselves was *Rasena*: Livy (Book v. 33) tells us that the *Ræti*, an Alpine people, were, 'haud dubie,' of the same origin, and spoke the same tongue in a ruder form. Jäkel has no doubt, then, that the *Rasena* and the *Ræti* were originally branches of the same people, distinguished by the same name; and he finds their primeval seat in that great district of Germany which bore the name of *Rætia*—that is, the country of hills, the *raised land*. *Tyrrheni*, he proceeds, must have been a later appellation—it signifies the *tower-men*, the dwellers in fortified places. As for *Tusci*, that is nothing but a slight disguise of *Teutsche* (Teutonic): when Tacitus names the founder of the German race as *Tuisco*, he betrays exactly the same fashion of eliding the consonants. The names of the gods, borrowed by Rome from Etruria, confirm, he thinks, the same view: Neptunus being *naff*, lord, and *tunn*, water; Minerva, a compound of *man* (qu. maiden?) and *arf*, arrow; *Mars*, from *mar*, fame; (qu. Mavors—Germ. *machtig-fürst*, i. e. great prince, answering to the Hindoo Maha-Rajah?); Nortia, the Etruscan Fortuna, identical with the *Norne* of the Scandinavians, &c. Many other Etruscan vocables are traced to the same source: *Aruns* is *Ernst*, the serious, the *Earnest*, i. e. the brave, the determined; *Felsina* is the town built on the *rocks* (*felsen*, German): this was the Etruscan name for the city at the foot of the

the Apennines, of which the *Boii* afterwards made their capital, and to which they gave their own name—Bononia—now Bologna. Other Etrurian towns were *Cosa* or *Cossa*, identical with *haus*, dwelling-place; *Comum* (Como), with *heim*, German, our home, ham, hamlet, &c.; *Puteoli*, the town of excavations, *pits*, wells. The river *Auser* is the German *Wasser* (water); Statonia is *stadt* (German for town); and the *Armenia* (supposed to be the Fiore near Montalto) is the river flowing in the country of the *Hermans*—the *war men*.

In the *Oscic*, rocks were called *herna*: in some of the Swiss dialects *fern* still means rock—in others *horn*; as the Schreckhorn (the terrible rock), the Finster-horn (the dark rock), &c. *Petorritum* meant a four-wheeled carriage—from the *Oscic petor* (four), identical with the old German *fedwor*, and *rit*, old German for wheel (the modern *rad*). The *Oscic* termination was usually in *or* and *ur* (as *Tyrrenor*, *Latinur*)—this is the German *er*.

Latium is the flat country, according to Jäkel, and the *Romani* were the *men of ruhm*, i. e., in almost all the German dialects, *fame*. On an Etruscan monument, still visible, we have *Rue-munes* for *Romani*.

We must leave untouched the professor's Teutonic interpretations of the names of the elder institutions, and magistrates, and ceremonies of Rome. We have done enough to direct the attention of those who have really a taste for such studies to his treatise, and we hope furnished the general reader with a little amusement and food for speculation.

ART. III.—1. *Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to consider the Poor Laws.* 1831.

2. *Extracts of Letters from Poor Persons who emigrated last Year to Canada and the United States.* London. 1831.

3. *The Results of Machinery.* Printed under the Superintendence of the Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge. 1831.

OF all themes for the meditation of the philosophical statesman, of all topics which can engage the attention of any reasoning being, the most attractive and deeply interesting beyond comparison, if he possess but the common sympathies of humanity, is the study of the means of ameliorating the condition of the great body of his fellow-men; who, under the existing circumstances of most human societies, lead a life of unceasing toil, rarely remunerated by a sufficiency even of necessities, and often depressed to unalloyed misery. There are some persons

persons who conceive this to be the inevitable lot of the bulk of society. In their opinion the labouring classes are necessarily condemned, not merely to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, but to earn a very scanty supply of it by the severest exertions: and any expectation of being able to elevate the labourer above this dreary level, is, with them, unreasonable and Quixotic, a rebellion against one of the fixed laws of nature, or rather of nature's great Author, whom they consider to have irremediably prescribed this unhappy state of things.

'Bond damns the poor, and leaves them to the Lord.'

We own ourselves of a very different opinion. So gloomy and hope-forbidding a creed is as irreconcilable with our firm conviction of man's capacity for moral, intellectual, and social improvement, as it is repugnant to our notions of the expansive benevolence of his Creator. That the mass of mankind should ever be able to live without labour, is not only not to be expected, but not to be desired. If this were a possible, it would, perhaps, be the worst of all possible contingencies. The man who has no other object in life but to enjoy himself, is rarely any other than a self-tormenting being; and were this same '*far niente*' ever to become the universal occupation, the evil passions of our nature would probably be developed to a degree which would realize hell upon earth. The true Pandemonium we conceive to be a society of idle and well-fed persons, who tear each other to pieces for want of anything else to do.

But though labour will doubtless always continue to be the condition of human existence, and of human enjoyment also, that the quantity of labour necessary to procure for each individual the means of subsistence should indefinitely diminish, and that the quantity, not of necessities merely, but of other useful and agreeable objects likewise, procurable by the labour of each individual, should in the same ratio increase, with the advance of knowledge and civilization, seems to us not merely a defensible proposition, but a self-evident truth. Whilst, as in the state of barbarism, man has nothing but his natural resources to depend on, his existence is necessarily precarious; hunger and misery his occasional, perhaps frequent, visitors. But every step that he makes in knowledge and art, in the improvement of his faculties and the enlargement of his resources, ought to remove him farther and farther from the reach of want. And it would be strange, indeed, if after ages spent in successive victories over matter, and in accumulating the means of yet further conquests—after he has not only compelled whole races of the inferior animals to his service, but succeeded in tasking the very elements to do his bidding with superior docility and far less superintendence—when

when inventions after inventions, one more perfect than the other, have multiplied his powers of production in every branch of industry to a considerable, and in some to an almost incalculable extent, it would be indeed strange if, in spite of all this, he were still unable to escape the grasp of want, still incapacitated from procuring for the larger proportion of his numbers a full sufficiency even of the lowest necessities on which to maintain life.

If such should indeed be the condition of the population of any country which has made a considerable progress in the arts of production, the simplest reflection will force upon us the conviction that gross mismanagement must prevail either in the direction of its resources or the distribution of its produce.

Perhaps the trite but shallow fallacy will here be objected, that the evil is owing to the increase of numbers outstripping that of the resources for employing and maintaining them. This, however, often as the assertion is repeated with an air of oracular wisdom, is, in a general sense, *impossible*. The effect of every improvement in the arts of production is to increase the aggregate means of mankind *in proportion to their numbers*—to increase the average means of every individual man, how many, or how few soever, there may be. To give, therefore, his more or less rapid increase as a reason why the enlarged resources of man have not proportionately improved his condition, is tantamount to declaring, that in a sum of simple multiplication, the increased power of the multiplier has a tendency to diminish the product.

There is, indeed, one circumstance, which, if it had any existence, might account for this anomaly—a deficiency of the natural agents upon which the labour of man is exercised in the gratification of his desires. But are the elements less favourable than heretofore? Is the earth less fruitful? The bright sun less vivifying? Are the seasons more inclement? The genial rains less refreshing? Has the water lost its power of supporting our vessels, or the air of impelling them over its surface? Does fire no longer give forth its usual heat, or are our stores of fuel exhausted? Are the powers of nature, in short, undergoing decay, or is she becoming a niggard of her bounties? On the contrary, every day we are discovering fresh and undreamt of treasures in her yet unexplored recesses. Every hour opens to us new views of her inexhaustible and infinite capacity—new qualities in matter applicable to some purposes of utility. Or is there a deficiency of elbow-room for the increasing numbers of mankind? However we may jostle each other in the Strand or the Toledo, there is clearly space enough and to spare on the pampas and the prairies, in the wilds of Siberia and the deserts—which once were gardens—of Barbary. China of late was believed to be over-peopled to such a degree, in spite of the  
'check

'check direct' of infanticide, that space could not be conceded for roads, and a large part of the population, it was said, are even obliged to live in boats on the surface of her canals and rivers, for want of standing room on their banks! It is now recognized that few countries contain so great an extent of uninhabited wastes.\* We may still then bear a little closer packing on *terra firma*. And were it otherwise, there would yet remain the resource attributed to the Chinese. Venice has long ago proved its practicability. Or, finally, is it that the soils of the whole globe are so fully occupied and cultivated, that all their possible produce is already appropriated, and no means left of raising additional supplies for the increasing number of consumers? How far we are from a deficiency of this nature—in how minutely fractional a degree the fruitful lap of mother earth has been yet drained of its deep, and varied, and widely extended resources for affording nourishment to her children—let those declare who, knowing the numbers that are fed from the native growth of this one island, and the small proportion that its surface bears to that of the lands lying within the temperate regions of the globe, which there is not the least reason for believing inferior to it in average natural fertility—can calculate the millions which the latter might support, were the same labour, and skill, and improved processes, applied to their cultivation as to the former. On another occasion we gave our reasons for presuming that in this way *at least* a thousand times the actual population of the world might maintain themselves with facility. It is not worth while to enter on a detailed calculation in order to verify this supposition. It is enough for our present purpose to assert, what none will deny, that there is as yet nothing like a general deficiency of soils from which to procure an abundance of the food or other raw produce required for our actual numbers.

How then are we to explain the notorious fact, that in several civilized countries, and especially in this, where, beyond all others, invention has prodigiously multiplied the means at our disposal for the satisfaction of our varied wants, the major part of the labouring population have in little or no degree profited by these improvements, but remain in a precarious and deplorable condition, scarcely able to command a sufficiency of mere necessities in requital for their toil, and experiencing a growing deficiency in the demand for their labour, the only commodity they have to offer? We have already said enough to prove, that this position can be owing only to a neglect or misdirection of our resources, certainly in no degree to their deficiency. In what quarter then does the baneful error lie?

\* See Sadler on Population, book ii. p. 598, and his authorities.

The obvious mode by which to arrive at the solution of this important question, will be to ascertain, first, what is the character of the additional powers of production which the inhabitants of this country have acquired ; and, next, what are the objects which they still continue to be in want of, in spite of these augmented resources.

The inventions which have of late years been, in rapid succession, brought to light in this country, and distinguish it so much from every other, have reference almost exclusively to manufactures—to that branch of industry which supplies its population directly or indirectly by foreign exchange, with clothing, and a variety of objects, which, though they have become from habit more or less accessory to our comfort, cannot be reckoned among the necessary means of subsistence. It is the production of these objects that has been advanced by the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, the stocking-frame, and all the wonderful machinery which that wonderful power, the steam-engine, sets in motion. And, accordingly, there exists an abundance of these things—an abundance notoriously complained of as an evil, under the denomination of *glut*.

But the objects of which, in spite of so many improvements, we experience a *deficiency*, are the necessities of subsistence, the product of agricultural, not of manufacturing industry. There is an abundance, nay, there is an acknowledged super-abundance, of cottons, and cloths, and cutlery in the country, but there is a sensible want of good wheaten bread, and cheese, and bacon, and fresh meat. The prices of the former objects have fallen in some cases to one-fourth, in others to one-tenth, of what they were half a century ago ; while the prices of the articles of primary subsistence, of the necessities of life, of *food*, in short (making abstraction of the difference in the general value of money), have very considerably risen during the same period. And as the labouring class cannot live upon calicoes and cutlery, and that the being able to procure clothing and conveniences of better quality than before, is but a poor compensation for an empty stomach, their condition still remains unimproved, but rather, on the contrary, deteriorated, in its essential feature, their command over the means of subsistence. And since, after all, people *must* somehow or other be provided with food, or they will plunder and fight for it ; since too a half-fed labourer is worth little or nothing, and that the price of food, therefore, determines the wages of labour, and that wages enter largely into the cost of all other commodities—the scarcity and dearth of food indirectly, but severely, affect most of the superior classes ; the consumers of other commodities, through their diminished production ; capitalists, through the consequent  
narrowing



narrowing of their market; and society at large, by the burden it must endure of supporting the unemployed hands, and the insecurity of property which results from the near approach to destitution of a large proportion of its members.

But it will be said that agriculture has not been stationary, but has likewise made very considerable advances. No doubt it has, or we should not be able to support, as we do at present, on the agricultural produce of this country alone, nearly double the population that we did fifty years since. But the improvements of agriculture, and through them the means of extracting an increased produce from the soil of the country, have by no means kept pace with the contemporaneous increase of the population. This, indeed, could scarcely be expected, since that soil is of very limited extent and of various degrees of fertility; and all the best soils having been long since fully cultivated, and none but very inferior qualities remaining yet untilled, the increase of agricultural produce can only take place through the expenditure of continually increasing quantities of labour and capital, either on the old soils, or on those which may be newly taken into culture, for the same return—*unless* contemporaneous improvements in agricultural skill were to diminish the labour and capital required for the growth of fixed quantities of produce, in an equal ratio with the increase of demand caused by the growth of the population. But it is far from probable that agricultural skill should ever improve with such rapidity. The comparative rise of prices we have mentioned, attesting an existing relative deficiency of agricultural produce, shows that it has not done so in fact.

Thus, then, whatever saving has been made, through improved manufacturing skill and power, in the cost of supplying the labouring class with clothing and domestic utensils, has been more than counterbalanced by the daily accruing deficiency in the means of providing them with food. And in this circumstance we have a rational and satisfactory explanation of the fact, at first sight so puzzling, that in spite of the innumerable improvements of the arts of production, both agricultural and manufacturing, but chiefly of the latter, the condition of the bulk of the population has not been proportionately, if at all, bettered. The cause of this, as we have said, does not lie in the mere increase of the population, for that ought to have proportionately, or *more than proportionately*, increased the means of supporting them—it lies in the difficulty of procuring increased supplies of food for this increased population, within our own limited territory, by reason of the necessity of having recourse to the outlay of fresh capital or labour, either on the old or on new soils, *with a less proportional return*.

That the population of England has outgrown, and is every day still

still further outgrowing, the capacity of our home soils for supplying it with food, is, indeed, a fact obvious to the least inquiring capacity; evidenced as well by the gradually increasing importations which we have, however reluctantly, been compelled to admit of late years, as by the number of agricultural labourers who cannot obtain work. Why are these not employed by farmers to raise the desirable quantity of food, and save us from the necessity of importing it? only because the present prices of farm produce will not pay for the further employment of labour on the home soils. Why do prices keep below the height which would remunerate the farmer for raising the desirable quantity of food on the home soils? Those agriculturists whose vision does not extend beyond their own rick-yards, or at best the next market-town, will answer, 'because the duty on imported corn is not high enough, because the law does not prohibit importation.'—They think they have only to prevent importation in order to raise prices to any extent, and to be enabled perhaps ultimately to bring all Dartmoor and Salisbury plain under tillage. This is a dangerous mistake. Are they quite sure that people *must* buy of them at whatever price? Are they not aware that when any commodity rises in relative price, its sale diminishes; that those who cannot afford to buy must and do go without it? Aye, even though that commodity were food. They may help themselves to it by force, or they may come upon the parish, and so get it in that way likewise, without any equivalent; but *buy* they cannot, if they have not the *wherewithal*. We, therefore, keeping in view these very obvious considerations, give as the true answer to the question why prices do not rise sufficiently to remunerate the farmer for increasing the supply of food from the home soils,—*because the other classes of consumers, and particularly their chief customers the manufacturing class, cannot afford, out of the prices which they obtain for their goods in the general market of the world, to pay a higher price for food.*

In a country like this, so great a part of whose population are engaged in trade and manufactures, fabricated in great part for exportation, the prices which those manufactures fetch in the foreign market regulate the home prices, and therefore determine the wages of the manufacturing labourers, and, consequently, the sum they can afford to pay for the food they consume, or the quantity and quality of it at the existing prices. No artificial restrictions, no contrivance whatever, can drive the prices of corn, meat, cheese, &c., higher in this country than what the state of the foreign market will allow the manufacturing population to pay. These, if they cannot get the necessaries they require within that price, must be content with a less quantity, or a worse quality;

quality; they must sink to a lower scale of living, they must consume bacon instead of fresh meat, and potatoes instead of bread; or, finally, they must starve, or rob, or *come upon the parish*—while their former employers carry their capital to establish manufactories in other countries;—for that they should give more for their food than the price of their labour will enable them to command, is an evident impossibility; and the attempt to get more from them by preventing importation, or any other contrivance on the part of the agriculturists, must, from the nature of things, not merely prove a signal failure, but just such a failure as that of a certain dog who lost a good bone out of his mouth by catching at the other which he fancied he saw in the water.

This then is the dilemma in which we are placed, and it is essential that it should be well and thoroughly understood. The manufacturing population (whose consumption, owing to their great number, determines the prices of provisions) cannot afford to pay more than the present prices for the food they consume, or to consume a larger quantity at the present prices—*because* they cannot raise the prices of *their* goods and labour beyond the point determined by the increasing competition of the foreign market. The farmers, on their side, can neither increase the quantity of their produce, nor lower its price to suit the diminishing means of the manufacturer,—*because* the soils of this country will not bear any larger quantity without an increased expense, nor the same quantity at a less expense.

Here then we are *at a dead lock*. The hitch is complete and effectual; and as the population, already redundant, is continuing rapidly to increase upon us, (at the rate indeed of above eight hundred *per diem*,) and consequently the competition for labour, and the reduction of wages, and the depression of the labouring class, and finally their demoralization, discontent and disaffection, are all increasing in the same rapid rate of progression,—it is evident that something or other must speedily give way, or the machine of society will go to rack. The great question is, what ought to be made to give way? In what direction is the opening to be safely and wisely broached for our relief from this dangerous state of accumulating pressure?

The opposing barriers which prevent the enlargement of the supply of food to meet the increase of the demand, are, as we have said, but two; the impossibility of raising the prices of the produce of our manufacturers so as to enable them to command more of the produce of our agriculturists; and the impossibility of the agriculturists lowering the price, or increasing the quantity of their produce, so as to enable the manufacturers to consume more. Now the prices of our manufactures in the foreign market are wholly

wholly and absolutely beyond our possible control; they are determined by the comparative skill and resources (which are every day increasing) of the foreign competitors whom we meet there. In this direction therefore relief is *impossible*. Is the other barrier equally insurmountable? Is the difficulty of increasing our supplies of food without raising its price, as those political economists declare who most constantly have it in their mouths, an insuperable one—a cause of decay and declension which must overmatch all the improvements that man can make, and still retain him in the same position, or rather drag him yet lower and lower? Most decidedly we answer *No!* If this difficulty is looked at with an unprejudiced eye, it will be found as capable of removal by wisdom and foresight as any other of the numerous obstacles to his improvement, which, in the progress of civilization, man has encountered and subdued. There are, it is true, no means of increasing the quantity of food *grown in this country* without increasing its price, or of increasing its price without diminishing its consumption and sale, in consequence of the limited extent and fertility of our home soils. *But* are there no *other* soils to which we might have recourse for augmenting the supply of food without any increase of its cost? And if there are, and that they are accessible to us, (as who will venture to deny?) *why*, in the name of common sense, common humanity, and common prudence, should we not avail ourselves of them? Why are we to suppose in theory, or enforce in practice, a limitation for which no necessity exists, and which is so ruinously hurtful in its consequences? If our home soils refuse to afford us additional supplies, except at an increased cost, why not resort—we do not say to foreign soils—though that would be the proper step were there not a preferable alternative—but to the soils, at least, of our colonies, of districts which are an integral portion of the empire, and whose interests are identified with our own? Are those soils in the same predicament? Are they too so fully cultivated, that to raise more food from them will require an increased proportionate outlay of labour and capital? Quite the contrary: their extent is almost boundless; their fertility extraordinary. A very small proportion only of the best quality of the richest vallies has yet been cleared and ploughed at all; and this, though cultivated in a most slovenly and careless manner, is wonderfully productive, and might, by the improved practices which have been adopted in this country, be made to produce, whenever it became necessary, incomparably more than it does at present.

Here then is the obvious remedy for the difficulty experienced by the population of this country in the increasing cost of procuring

curing their supplies of food. Enlarge the field of their industry. Let them carry their labour and their capital to other soils beyond the narrow geographical boundaries of these islands, but which enjoy nearly the same climate, acknowledge the same government, and are peopled, as far as they are peopled, from the same families,—and the difficulty vanishes at once. The same labour and capital which, applied here to the production of additional food, will barely reproduce the lowest rate of subsistence for the labourers, and the lowest rate of profit on the capital employed, will there produce food sufficient to maintain the cultivators in plenty, to afford a high profit to the capitalist, and, besides this, to supply our redundant manufacturers at home with subsistence in return for their labour, at such a price as will enable them to command it. By this one step we should obtain profitable employment for our excess of labour and of capital, both agricultural and manufacturing. *All* our great productive interests would share in the relief at once.

For it is undeniable, that there is as great a redundancy of capital in the country as of labour. Capitalists are as anxiously seeking, and as grievously vexed at not being able to discover, a demand for their capital, as are labourers for a demand for their labour. And to what is this redundancy of capital owing, but to the same cause as the redundancy of labour; the fact, namely, that enough, and more than enough, of manufactures are already produced, or in course of production, for the existing demand—that they encumber the market—and that the employment of capital in supplying the demand for agricultural produce, where alone the deficiency lies, cannot take place with profit in this country, because of the impossibility of increasing the produce of our limited soil without an increased *proportional* expenditure.

The economical position of Britain possesses, indeed, at this moment, a singular and most anomalous character. There exists at the same time an excess of capital, that is, of all the artificial auxiliaries to production, causing anxiety and distress among its owners; and an excess of labour, that is, of the active powers of production, causing the distress of the labourers. Now there are but three sources of production—land, labour, and capital. And, since there cannot be any general excess of the means of production, unless we suppose a general falling off in the desire to consume, which is quite repugnant to the most obvious principles of human nature—it follows, as a necessary consequence of the acknowledged excess in this country of the two last sources of production, labour and capital, that there must be a deficiency of the third, namely, of land—of land, that is, sufficiently fertile to repay the employment of labour and capital upon it—that production

has,

has, for this reason, increased of late in an unequal ratio, the increase being nearly confined to objects of secondary importance, whilst the *primary* product of land, labour, and capital, the food upon which human life is sustained—that *species of capital which is by far the most important of all, since without it none other can be set in activity*—has been comparatively stationary,—has not indeed kept pace with the increase of demand for it, caused by the continually enlarging number of consumers.

In confirmation of this view of the real cause of our present position, let us suppose for an instant that the means of enlarging the supply of food *had* advanced as rapidly as the means of supplying clothing and superfluities, either by reason of extraordinary agricultural improvements, rivalling those which have so stimulated our manufacturing industry—or through a miraculous increase of fertility in our soils—or the rapid accession of a large extent of new and rich land to our coasts. It is evident, that in this case none of the evils of our present economical condition could, by possibility, be in existence. The comparative cheapness of food, consequent on its increased production, without any increase in the cost, would not only afford an abundance of the necessaries of subsistence to our whole working population, but enabling them to spare a far larger proportion of their earnings than they can at present for the purchase of clothing and superfluities, would multiply the demand for such objects, and add greatly to the remuneration of both capital and labour employed in manufactures; while this thriving condition of the manufacturers must in turn ensure an equal remuneration to the agriculturists. All our productive interests would be in a state of sound and permanent prosperity.

Now though improvements in agriculture do not occur fast enough to meet the demand of our growing population from our limited home soils, and it is idle to expect any increase in the fertility of those soils, or any considerable accession of rich land to our coasts,—yet the same beneficial consequences which would flow from these hypothetical circumstances, were they possible, must follow from our cultivation of the rich soils that are separated from Britain by the Atlantic, and fully to the same extent as if these soils were attached to our coast, *but for* the single circumstance of the cost of conveying their raw produce across the Atlantic. *This cost, however, is diminishing daily.* Already, within a few years past, the Atlantic has been practically reduced to one-third its width by the establishment of steam navigation. The cost of conveying flour from Quebec to Liverpool or Manchester is scarcely more now than that of its land carriage, a century back, from a distance of fifty miles. And by further improvements

improvements in communication, which are advancing with greater rapidity than any others, we may reasonably expect our North American colonies to be every year approaching still nearer to our great manufacturing districts, and their supply to be shortly effected from thence with no more difficulty or expense than it could be from a miraculous accession of rich land along the Norfolk and Essex coast; and effected, let it be remembered, through the agency of our own shipping and seamen.

Let but our redundant capital and labour take that direction, and give as free an admission to its produce as if it were really grown in Norfolk or Essex, and the double object will be answered, of increasing our supplies of food at home, and opening new avenues for the profitable employment of our surplus labour and capital, *both agricultural and manufacturing.*

And herein is seen the vast superiority of the trade with a colony over that with an independent country, though most political economists refuse to open their eyes to it. Were corn to be imported freely from Poland or the United States, in exchange for our manufactures, we not only become dependent for the first necessities of life on the caprices of the governments of those countries, which may, at any time, interfere with our supply, but we become dependent also upon the rate at which capital, population, and the agricultural arts may chance to advance among their inhabitants, a rate which we can do nothing to accelerate. Moreover, though our manufacturing industry may be benefited by such a trade, our agriculturists do not profit from it in any degree, since there is no correspondent increase of employment for their labour and capital, but rather a decrease, in case the importation occasion a fall in the prices of their produce. But the system of supply *by colonization*, on the contrary, offers a direct addition to the means of employing our agricultural, as well as manufacturing population, the skill and capital of our farmers, as well as of our manufacturers; and thus gives a double stimulus to the national industry; at the same time that, instead of causing us to depend for our increased supply of food on the slow increase of the capital and population and inventive ingenuity of foreign nations, and on their arbitrary commercial regulations, we at once employ our own people, with all their known and tried resources of skill, genius, and enterprise, in its provision, whilst we ourselves regulate the terms of its admission.

If we would but consider a fertile and favourably situated colony, like the Canadas for example, in the light of an accession to the territory of Great Britain, which is, in truth, its real character, we should recognize at once its prodigious value as a field for the utilization of British agricultural labour and capital, and a  
market



market for British manufactures. The Romans were, in this respect, wiser than the present generation; they valued their colonies in proportion to the supplies they could obtain from them. Africa and Sicily they esteemed beyond all others as their *granaries*, the source of an abundant provision of the first necessary of life, and it was considered an object of first-rate importance to encourage its production there.

The only arguments that can be urged why a colonial province should not be placed, in this respect, completely on the footing of a home country, rest on its unequal contribution to the expenses of the state, and the possibility of a separation.

The first objection is good at all only as far as relates to the amount of taxation required to pay the interest of the debt, for there can be no reason why a colony should not be taxed to the extent necessary to cover the expenses of its local establishments and defence; and, abstracting the debt, no portion of the empire pays, or ought to pay, more. Now, the national debt must certainly be exclusively borne by this country, and will as certainly occasion its agriculturists to compete to a disadvantage with the producers of corn in Canada. And the same may be said of other public burthens, with which the agriculture of this country almost exclusively, and most unfairly, is saddled. But the question is not what are the disadvantages under which the home cultivators labour, as compared to the colonial farmers, but whether they can hope to get higher prices, under any circumstances, than the manufacturers can afford to pay? Whether the existing limitation of the field of agricultural industry is not an evil to our agriculturists themselves? Whether the productive interests of this country, as a whole, would not be better able to support the weight of the debt and local taxation, if they were encouraged to employ their surplus capital and labour, now lying unproductive, in growing the additional supplies of corn required for our increasing numbers, in *Canada and Nova Scotia*, experience having proved, that a physical impossibility is opposed to their growing them in this country, in the deficiency of fertile soil? In short, will our debt, and other *insular* burthens, be more willingly or easily paid by a working population, but half-employed and in want of bread, distressed capitalists, and landlords whose rent is eaten up by paupers, than by a people of labourers fully employed and well-fed, and manufacturing and commercial interests in a state of prosperity, which, from the very nature of things, must be shared in by the agriculturists?

With regard to the second objection, it is clear, that the closer we draw the bonds of union between the parent state and colony, the more completely we identify their interests, and treat the latter

as an integral portion of the general empire, rather than as a mere subject dependency, opening our ports freely to its productions, (as we were wise enough to do to those of Ireland, in the beginning of the century,) placing its inhabitants on the footing of fellow-subjects, instead of foreigners, the less chance is there of any desire arising in the colony for a separation. Under such circumstances, we cannot contemplate its possibility.

But for the advantage which Ireland derives in common with this country, from their commercial connexion, *that union would, in all probability, by this time, have ceased to exist, or would exist only through compulsion, not the voluntary attachment which is founded on a sense of reciprocal benefit.* And why may we not, as our population and resources expand, attach *other* provinces as firmly to us, by the same mutually beneficial bonds? Why should not the same facilities be afforded to the application of our agricultural labour, skill, and capital in *their* cultivation, for the supply of the home market, as in that of the Irish, Welsh, or Scotch soils? Why, above all, are we to stint our population in the prime necessities of life, and keep down the wages of labour and the profits of capital in this country, by confining our redundant capital and labour to the cultivation of our own soils, and our hungry population to their scanty produce, which, through their limited extent and fertility, *cannot* be increased, whilst we have millions of acres of rich soil, courting our ploughs, in our transmarine dependencies; in districts subject to our government, attached to our laws, and asking only to be peopled with the overflow of our population, and to have their vast resources developed for the common advantage, by the profitable application of our redundant capital?

The landowners will not misunderstand our remarks. They proceed from a quarter which has ever distinguished itself by the advocacy of their interests, and which never more strongly supported them than in the line of argument we are now pursuing. Their interest is identified with the general wealth and prosperity of the country; but these must, beyond question, soon give way beneath the pressure of the circumstances we have described; if not by a convulsive explosion, yet, by a rapid, and, when once it has fairly set in, incurable decline. If the extended cultivation of the colonies, and the free introduction of their agricultural produce, were certain to cause a fall of prices and of rents, this would be fully compensated to the landlords by increased security. But a considerable fall of price would, in truth, be compensated to the farmers by the lowering of the poor-rates, consequent on the removal of the surplus population, agricultural as well as manufacturing, which now weighs so heavily upon them, and they would

continue

continue to pay the present rents out of diminished prices. In our opinion, however, prices would not fall materially, since increased production, accompanied by a very slight fall of price, would occasion a proportionately increased consumption. The utmost enlargement that can be contemplated in the produce of our North American colonies, cannot, for a long period to come, do much more than meet the increase of the demand that would follow the enlargement of the market in those countries for our manufactures. But even if rents did fall in consequence, what landlord will venture to say, that it is for the interest of his class that the increasing body of the community shall be reduced to a less and less supply of food—the profits of capital, and the wages of labour continually lessened—the condition, in short, of all the producing classes daily deteriorated, instead of improving, as their numbers, and skill, and productive powers increase? It has been shown in our last number, that the real interests of the proprietors of the soil of any country *cannot* be opposed to, but are indissolubly and completely bound up with those of the rest of the community. He is but a short-sighted politician or political economist, who thinks or says otherwise. The high rents of our landlords, as compared with those of other countries, have grown with, and are wholly dependent on, the success of our manufacturing industry. But our manufacturers cannot continue to thrive, unless they can obtain their supplies of food at a price which the price they obtain for their own products will admit of their paying. They cannot otherwise employ their workmen, who must fall, at once, upon the land for maintenance. The necessary consequence of confining our agricultural industry to our home soils will be the destruction of our manufacturing industry, or rather the migration of our manufacturing capital and machinery to foreign shores, the labouring part of the manufacturing population being left a burden on the estates of the landlords of this country. And this escape of the very blood and sinews of our national wealth is already begun, and whenever the continent is pacified, will continue, with accelerated rapidity, unless measures are, in the meantime, taken to stay the evil.

The root of that evil lies, we think it evident, *in the want of an increase of cultivable territory corresponding to the increase of population and of capital in the United Kingdom*; and the means which we venture to recommend, as fully adequate to its cure, is, that we should carve out that increase from the soil of our most fertile and nearest colonies; that the trade between these dependencies and the mother country should be put upon the footing of the coasting trade; and that an extensive and methodical system of colonization should be organized by government,

ment, having for its object to encourage and facilitate the application of the surplus capital and labour of the British isles in the cultivation of those provinces, as the means of producing food, not only for the plentiful subsistence of the emigrants themselves, but also of that part of our remaining population, which, possessing in their coal and iron mines, skill, machinery, and concentration, superior advantages for many peculiar branches of industry to what are to be met with elsewhere, will be able, by occupying themselves in that manner, and exchanging their produce for food, to obtain, in this *indirect* way, a far greater abundance of it, for the same expenditure of labour and capital, than *directly*, by the cultivation of our inferior soils at home.

This, it will be observed, is a very different proposition from the general freedom of trade in agricultural produce urged by that class of writers who are loudest in their opposition to the corn-law. They boldly assert, that any restrictions on commercial intercourse are impolitic; and, in this respect, they would put a colony and a foreign country on the same footing. It is, on the contrary, because we think a colony is, or may be made, the very opposite, in every respect, to a foreign country—may be incorporated so completely with the parent state, as to form a part of the same in all but its geography—that we are anxious to see our colonial not merely distinguished from our foreign commerce, by a comparative relaxation of duties, but placed on the same footing with our home trade. We need not now enter at large upon the question of the merits or demerits of the protective system. On another occasion, perhaps, we may take it as our theme, and examine the arguments of those, who, on no very stable assumptions, as it appears to us, contend for the unqualified freedom of foreign trade. Our object at present is, to show the advantage of removing entirely from the category of foreign countries, some, at least, of our colonies,—and *thus* obtaining all the advantages derivable from an additional command of fertile land, securing a rise in the *real* wages of our labourers, and in the profits of our capitalists, and rendering the improvements that are, and have for years past been daily occurring in the means of production, agricultural and manufacturing, what they ought to be, and what, but for the mismanagement we have pointed out, they would have always necessarily been, a source of continually increasing improvement in the condition and means of enjoyment of every class of society.

Now, what is actually the condition of the bulk of the population of the British isles, the labouring class, agricultural and manufacturing?—there is no dearth of information on this subject. If little has been yet done to ameliorate their situation, we must

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do our legislators the justice to declare, that no pains have been spared by them to investigate its nature. Within the last twelve or thirteen years, nearly as many parliamentary committees have sat upon subjects closely connected with this great question; the result of their laboured inquiries is contained in as many voluminous reports; and this result, as far as it affects our topic, may be summed up, alas! in few words. In *Ireland*,—but we will not allow ourselves to recur to that heart-rending and painfully exciting subject,—on a former occasion we drew from the Report of the last Committee on the Irish Poor, the picture of their misery, a misery which, since that time, has been aggravated, as far as it was capable of aggravation, by one of those almost periodical visitations of famine to which the neglected population of that noble country are, under their present system of mismanagement, exposed. We exhibited, too, the obvious, easy, and equitable remedy for this misery, the establishment, namely, of a law of relief; the affording to the Irish peasant some security from being starved in the midst of an abundance which his own labour has created, but which *the law* now permits the owner of the soil to appropriate unconditionally, leaving its famishing producers to be maintained upon *English* charity!

It appears from the reports to which we have alluded, that, in *England*, the agricultural labourer receives, in general, in requital for his labour, a sum totally inadequate to maintain his family, if he have one, and consequently his wages are, by a gross perversion of the poor-law, *supplemented*, throughout the greater part of the kingdom, from the parish rates. The *labourer* is thus necessarily, and in spite of all the struggles he may make to avoid it, in spite too of his full employment in an industrious occupation for the benefit of a private individual, forced to become a *pauper*. He is driven to attend at the parish pay-table for the scanty pittance surlily doled out to him there, upon a scale of relief calculated barely to keep him and his children on bread alone. From 2*d.* to 3½*d.* a-day to each individual in a family, is, it appears, the usual allowance in some of the southern counties; and, *for this*, hard labour, and the degradation of pauperism, are *both* to be incurred, and, *out of this*, lodging, clothing, washing, fuel, and medicine, as well as food, are to be provided!

Are the manufacturing labourers in much better circumstances? In some districts, and during temporary spirits of trade, a part of them receive comparatively high wages; but these halcyon days are succeeded by long intervals of depression, and some classes, as the hand-loom weavers, both in cloth and cotton, whose numbers are very large, have, for many years past, experienced no such fits of prosperity, but endure great and permanent distress, their

their wages undergoing continual successive reductions, through the increasing competition of the steam-engine. They, too, are wholly unable to maintain themselves without parochial aid, and are thus brought down to the same forlorn level which we have described as the lot of the agricultural labourers—that level of pauperism which the law humanely provides to stop their descent in the ladder of misery, when it enacts that they shall not absolutely starve.

But the case is not much better with the mechanics. Those, at least, who have seen persons of this description crowding for relief, every winter, to the vestries of country parishes, well know that a large number of this class of labourers likewise are in equal distress and redundancy, and driven equally to compete with one another for a scanty and precarious livelihood.

Now let us turn to the condition in which these individuals may be placed by the expenditure of *five pounds*, at the utmost, per head, in transporting them to North America, and especially to Upper Canada. The extracts from letters received from pauper-emigrants, lately exported from some parishes in the west of England, printed in a volume named at the head of this paper, exhibit the reverse of the sad picture we have just been contemplating, drawn by the hand of untaught simplicity, but with the warmth of real feeling, and the force of unsophisticated truth. In those interesting letters we may trace the immense change effected in the common labourer, who, only a few months back, was maintained in his native country on parish pay, in unwilling idleness, if not in crime, a burden to his neighbours, and in a state of suffering himself, by his removal to the colony, at the trifling expense we have mentioned. We see him, immediately on his landing, eagerly hired by a master, in whose house he lives, and *at whose table* he is boarded, upon ‘beef, mutton, pork, vegetables, pyes, puddings,’ the best, in short, of everything, and from whom he receives, into the bargain, money-wages sufficient to enable him, if he chooses, *at the end of a summer’s work, to purchase and stock a farm of his own!* There, a family of children, instead of a reproach and a burden, is a blessing, a credit, and a source of profit. The expressions scattered through these letters of joy and thankfulness to God, and to those friends who assisted them to emigrate, for so great a change in their condition, are truly affecting; as are also their touching, though homely allusions, to the sufferings from which they have escaped, but which are still endured by their friends and fellow-labourers at home, and their regret that these are not enjoying the same blessed improvement with themselves. But we will let the good folks speak for themselves, premising, that the letters are from emigrants who went  
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out from the parish of Corsley, in the county of Wilts, in the spring of 1830, the greater part of the expense of their passage being paid by the parish:—

‘ From W. Clements (day-labourer, of Corsley, Wilts), dated Port Talbot, Upper Canada, Oct. 10, 1830.

‘ My dear Father,—I thank God I am got to the land of liberty and plenty. I arrived here on the 9th of July. I had not a single shilling left when I got here. But I met with good friends that took me in, and I went to work at 6s. per day, and my board, on to this day. And now I am going to work on my own farm of 50 acres, which I bought at 55*l.*, and I have 5 years to pay it in. I have bought me a cow and 5 pigs. And I have sowed 4½ acres of wheat, and I have 2 more to sow. I am going to build me a house this fall, if I live. And if I had staid at Corsley I never should have had nothing. I like the country very much. I am at liberty to shoot turkeys, quail, pigeon, and all kinds of game which I have in my backwood. I have also a sugar bush, that will make me a ton of sugar yearly. The timber is very fine. We sow but one bushel of wheat to an acre, and the increase is about 50. One single grain will bring from 30 to 60 ears. The land in general is black peat and sandy loam. My wife and two sons is all well and happy, and thankful that they are arrived over safe; and wish father and mother, and all the family, were as well provided for as we be. *If the labouring men did but know the value of their strength, they would never abide contented in the old country.* Cows are worth from 50*s.* to 3*l.* 10*s.* Sheep, large and fat, is worth 10*s.* 6*d.* Oxen, from 5*l.* to 6*l.* No poor-rate, no taxes, no overseer, no beggars. The wheat that is left in the fields would keep a whole parish. Several of them that came out with us are near, Joseph Silcox within 2 miles, &c.’—pp. 14, 15.

‘ From James Treasure (shoemaker), Yarmouth, U. C. August 9, 1830.

‘ All who came over with us like the country very well. There is not a doubt but all who are willing to work would get a plenty, and good pay. Mechanics, they say, are wanted very bad. I have no doubt, but after we are a little more settled, we shall be able to save 30*s.* a-week. The people here wonder that more do not come. We were told at New York, that 7000 had landed there in about four or five weeks, and 200 families were landed at this creek this summer; but they are all lost like a drop in a bucket. We are a great deal better, and comfortabler than we expected to be in so short a time. I want to advise you all to come, for here we are all free from anxiety as to getting on. I should be happy to hear that two or three thousand was coming from Frome. It would be the best thing in the world for them. Here would be plenty for them to do, and plenty to eat and drink. In this there is no mistake. I seem now to want to tell this, that, and the other story, about men who came here without a single shilling, but have now good farms of their own, but they would be too numerous. I can only say, that all the good accounts I have heard of America, I now believe to be correct, &c.’—pp. 16, 17.

‘ From



\* From Phillip Annett (day-labourer, of Corsley), Port Talbot, U. C.  
May 24th, 1830.

' I think you was better sell your house, and get a little of the parish, and come to Canada whilst you have a chance. If you don't come soon it is likely you will starve, and if you don't, your children will; whilst if you was to come hither with your family, any one would be glad to take 1 or 2 of them and keep them as their own children, until of age, and then give them 100 acres of land and some stock besides. I was agreeably surprised when I came here to see what a fine country it was. It being excellent land, bearing crops of wheat and other corn for 20 or 30 years without any dung. Here you have no rent to pay, no poor-rates, and scarcely any taxes. Here you can raise every thing of your own that you want to make use of in your family. You can make your own soap, candles, sugar, treacle, and vinegar, without paying any duty. Clothing is as cheap as in England. Wages is high. A man can get two bushels of wheat for a day's work in harvest time. We have plenty of fruit here, such as plumbs and grapes, and peaches. Cyder is sold at 5s. per barrel; it is a land of liberty and plenty. I think no Englishman can do better than come as soon as possible, if it cost them every farthing they have, for I would rather be so here, than in England with 100l. in my pocket. Robert can come, and get a good farm here in the course of 3 or 4 years at shoemaking, I think he could earn and save beside keeping himself, 50l. a-year. I am sure he could. It grieves me concerning you in England, in poverty and hard labour. A man can earn enough in 3 days to last him all the week. I am satisfied with the country, and so is Luesa, for we are so much respected here as any of our neighbours, and so would you if you come, &c.'—pp. 17, 18.

\* James Watts, (day-labourer of Corsley) Lancaster, U.C. Oct. 28, 1830.

' We had a middling good passage, and got to Quebec the 6th day of June, then I set out for Upper Canada to the above place, where I have been ever since, working at making roads at 8 dollars a month, or 1l. 16s. of your money (besides board). Will. Singer and Thomas Singer are along with me upon the same wages, but William Aylsbury left this place on purpose to go home to his wife and family. Whether he will get home I don't know, but if he should, you will get all the news better than I can write. As far as I can learn and as far as I have seen, it is a good country, for any industrious man coming to this country; and if he can bring some money he will get land upon very reasonable terms, and in the course of a few years may make a very comfortable living.'

The William Aylsbury mentioned in this letter, it appears, returned last winter to his parish, Corsley, where he had left his wife and children. His intention was to persuade them to return with him, which the wife, however, refuses to do. This man saved a

sum of money (nearly 7*l.*) out of his summer's wages, on the roads in Upper Canada, sufficient to pay all his expenses home: a fact which speaks strongly for the possibility of obtaining repayment of the costs of emigration, indirectly out of the labourer's earnings in the colony.

' From Thomas Hunt, (day-labourer of Chapmanslade in the parish of Corsley), dated Nelson, U. C. Nov. 14th, 1830.

' We are in a good country for poor folks; we have plenty of good fire and grog. Wheat 4*s.* per bushel, good boiling peas 3*s.* 6*d.* Rye 3*s.* Buck wheat 2*s.* 6*d.* Indian corn 2*s.* 6*d.* Oats 2*s.* Potatoes 1*s.* 3*d.* Rum 10*d.* per quart. Good whiskey 7½*d.* Brandy 9*d.* per quart. Port Wine 1*s.* 3*d.* Tea 3*s.* 6*d.* per pound. We make our own sugar, our own soap, candles, and bake good light bread. Beef and mutton 2*d.* per pound, &c. Fat geese 1*s.* 6*d.* Best fowls 1*s.* 3*d.* per couple. Wages 3*l.* per month and our keep. We dine with our masters. Women 2*s.* 6*d.* a day and good keep. Good apples 1*s.* per bushel, &c. The price of land is about 1*l.* per acre near the roads, some way back it is cheaper. No poor-rates, nor taxes of any consequence. I see in the paper great lamentations for our departure from Chapmanslade. *More need to rejoice.\** We three brothers have bought 200 acres of land at 12*s.* 6*d.* per acre. We have paid 25*l.*, and have 100*l.* to pay in five years, that is, 20*l.* a year, between three, that is 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* each. It is in Nelson, District of Gore, about five miles from Street, with a pretty good road to our lot. Only nine miles to lake Ontario, a good sale for all grain. A grist mill and a saw mill within 25 chains, which is a great advantage. A good river runs right through our lot of land, and good springs rise on it. We shall never want for water nor timber. We have several adjoining houses, chiefly English people. We can raise up a good house in a little while at little expense. We have thousands of tons of timber, and good stone for building. It is called the healthiest place in Upper Canada. We have no sickness since we have been here. Stouter than we was in England. Sarah wishes to see all her friends here. We expect to clear 20 acres by next harvest. We cut the trees about 3 feet above ground, and put fire to it, and burn it root and branch. We are about 700 miles from Quebec. That is but little here. Sarah Hunt and her five children is all well; she was confined on the river St. Lawrence. She had a very good time. She and all is very stout, never wishing to return to England, but rather all friends was here, for here is plenty of work, and plenty to eat and drink. *Thank God*

\* This is the emigrant's pithy reproof of the maudlin sentimentalities of those persons who so pathetically deprecate the 'tearing away of our peasantry from their homes—the snapping asunder the ties of country, kindred, &c.,' and who wax indignant at what they call 'the atrocious cruelty' of the advocates of emigration. Mighty cruelty, to be sure, the assisting families, whose labour will not keep them from pauperism and misery in this country, to remove to another part of the British dominions, where they may command all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, and look forward to still higher prospects. Great cause of grief and lamentation this! 'More need to rejoice,' as Thomas Hunt says,

*we are here. We all wish that our fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters was here, for here is plenty of room for all there is in England. They that think to work may do well. But if our fathers and mothers was here, they should never be obliged to do a hard day's work, for we would keep them without work if they were not able. But if any of you should come, they must make up their minds not to be faint-hearted. You may expect rocking, but I don't fear the raging seas. For more may come as safe as we, for the God that rules the land rules the sea. There is some come this year turned back before they knew whether 'tis good or bad. But I thank my God that we are here. Thomas Hunt, James Hunt, Jeremiah Hunt.'*

*'From William Snelgrove (day-labourer of Corsley), Dundas, U. C.*

*Sept. 3d, 1830.*

*'Dear Friends,—This comes with my kind love to you, hoping it will find you in good health, as it leaves us at present. Thanks be to God for it. Health is a beautiful thing; and it depends upon God alone to give it. Was it in the hands of man, health would decline, as many other things have in England, as labour and victualling, which, if the good God give us our health, is as plentifully with us as the scarcity is with you. We have plenty of good beef, and mutton, and pork, and flour, fish, fowl, and butter; and I'm happy to state that by one day's work, a man can supply himself with sufficient of all these necessaries for 3 days. You have a good many cold bellies to go to bed with, I know, or things is greatly altered from the state that it was when I was with you. But if you were with us, if you liked, for three half-pence your belly would be so warm that you would not know the way to bed. With regard to work, harvest work is one dollar a day and board, other work is three-fourths of a dollar and a pint of whiskey. Wheat is from 3s. 9d. to 5s. per bushel. Butcher's meat 2d. to 3d. per lb. Cousin Henry, you may depend that all is here said is true, so that you see here is all the chance in the world for a poor man to live, &c.'*

The accounts of the change in the condition of the emigrant weavers, shoemakers, brickmakers, and other mechanics and artisans, are equally striking and delightful. Delightful we say, indeed, for what a resource is here opened to us in our difficulties, —what a well-spring of joy and hope is found to bubble up in the wilderness for the relief of our parched and thirsty population. Think of the change to a man from parish allowance, just enough to keep life in himself and his family upon a potato diet, to one of meat three times a day, tea, bread, butter, vegetables, with whiskey, brandy, and tobacco *ad libitum*, and wages into the bargain, out of which he may put by from 30l. to 50l. per annum, and with this sum may purchase, if he think fit, the fee-simple of a rich farm of twice as many acres! And what is to prevent more, many more, nay the *whole* of our redundant population, from being removed to such an earthly paradise? Is it the trifling cost of

of their conveyance thither—the *Sl.* or *4l.* per head which must be laid out to remove a human being—a fellow-subject—ay, one whose *rights* to the regard and paternal care of the common government are as sacred and as strong as those of the highest and wealthiest of the land—to remove him from a situation of great and undeserved suffering, which he cannot of himself escape, to one where it will be in his power to live, and bring up a family in industry, plenty, independence, and virtue,—a life than which there is none happier under the face of heaven?

How cheaply, then, may we now purchase the pleasure of making the happiness of a fellow-creature! Here is a new and poignant luxury for our epicurean felicity-hunters. For *twenty pounds* a whole family may be removed from the depths of misery to a state of certain and permanent prosperity,—as far as anything human is certain and permanent—theirself and their descendants! That the judicious benevolence of our nobles and wealthy landowners has already, indeed, begun to take this direction, we are pleased to perceive, from the little tract we have just quoted, as well as from other sources. We have heard with pleasure that there is a prospect of the formation of an Emigration Society, having for its charitable object to assist the unemployed poor to transfer themselves to the colonies. But individual benevolence is not enough—is not the proper mode of effecting the end in view. Is there no party whose express duty it is to take whatever available steps present themselves, for mitigating the distress and ameliorating the circumstances of our people? Is *the government* of a country justifiable in remaining inactive, while its labouring population is reduced to extreme want, and a practicable, nay an easy and simple and all-effectual remedy is in its power? Even if the paltry expense we have mentioned as the average cost of emigration to Canada were necessarily a sacrifice, a complete loss, to the party providing it, surely it would be a most legitimate, most justifiable application of the national resources. The government of this country expends upwards of fifty millions a year in providing for the necessities of the state. But is there any one end of government more necessary, any one interest of society more pressing, than the protection of the mass of the people from want, and the degradation and wretchedness of a life of pauperism? If the expenditure of *a million or two* yearly, in facilitating the emigration of our surplus labourers, could accomplish this great object, will any one say it would not be cheaply purchased, or that the money were not as well laid out on this, as on any one of the various items of the national expenditure? Nothing, however, can be easier, than to show that, in a purely pecuniary point of view, such an outlay would be a wise measure of economy, a saving of expenses, other-  
wise

wise unavoidable and of far greater amount, both to the nation at large, and to the particular parishes who are, by law in Britain, and where not by law, as in Ireland, (*proh pudor!*) yet by the compulsion of charity and *prudence*, obliged to support this excess of the labouring population in unproductive inactivity. But even this is not all. If we look to the small amount of the necessary expense of emigration, as compared with the immense *profits* resulting from it, we shall see that it cannot be difficult to devise means of obtaining the reimbursement of that expense out of those profits. The great difference between the value of a labourer, as an instrument of production, here and in the colonies, is represented by, and indeed, consists of the difference between his wages here and there. It is, therefore, out of this difference, out of the increase of wages which a labourer gains by his removal from this country to the colony, that the cost of his removal should in perfect equity be taken. There can be no reasonable ground whatever, for objecting to make the labourer himself responsible for the repayment from his increased wages, of the necessary expense of the process by which alone he has been enabled to obtain them. And the labourers themselves will, without doubt, see the justice of this, and willingly consent to it, especially as the deduction from their wages required for this purpose, will bear but a small proportion to the total increase consequent on their removal. It is not, however, from the emigrants themselves, that we would recommend, in all cases, the collection of these payments, which might be found irksome in practice, but from their employers in the first instance, so long as they remain in the condition of labourers.

The plan which, on these grounds, we would propose is, that labourers wishing to emigrate by aid of government, should enter into a contract to serve the colonial government, or any employers to whom they may be transferred by that government, for a term, say of three or four years, if the expenses of their passage are not sooner repaid, and for a stipulated rate of money-wages, beyond their board, calculated at not more than one-half the wages current in the colony. The labourers, on their arrival, would be registered at the proper office, the cost of their passage being debited to them individually, and then allowed to engage with any employers who may be willing to hire them as *yearly servants*, and undertake to pay certain monthly instalments, towards liquidating the debt due by the labourer to government. The scale of repayment might be something as follows:—

6*l.* per annum, or 10*s.* per month, for every single male above fifteen years.

9*l.* „ or 15*s.* per month, for a man and wife.

3*l.* „ or 5*s.* monthly, for every unmarried female or male under fifteen years.

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The competition of the masters would naturally induce them to engage each labourer at the current wages of the colony *minus* this monthly payment to government, a deduction which the labourer will hardly feel, in a country where wages are from 40s. to 60s. per month, besides board; and which he will scarcely grudge, knowing that it goes to liquidate a debt justly due by him to government, for the cost of his removal from a state of want in the mother country, to one of full employment at comparatively high wages in the colony. He would have the prospect of being free, at the end of a year or two at farthest, even from this engagement. He should also be encouraged to pay off the debt himself, at a still earlier period, from the savings of his wages, by a liberal remission of interest.

The master should be bound not to discharge his labourer without the sanction of the nearest justice of peace or government agent, whether at the end of the yearly hiring or before, and the labourer should be bound by his contract to put himself, whenever discharged, at the disposal of the same officer. When not hired, the labourers would be employed, according to the terms of their contract, on the government roads and other works, and distributed through the colony for this purpose. The comparatively low rate of wages they would receive in this employment would make them extremely desirous of entering into the service of private individuals, and dispose them to exert themselves to please their masters and retain their situations. The English law of hiring and service introduced into the colonies, if, as we believe, it is not already in force there, would be sufficient to enforce the fulfilment of the contract by both servant and master, with the addition of such regulations as may be required for the contract of the latter with the government on hiring one of the emigrant labourers. It was the opinion, indeed, of Commissioners Bigge and Colebrook, as given to the Emigration Committee in 1826,—

‘that the law at present in force in the colonies would be fully effectual for securing the fulfilment of such contracts, which they strongly recommend, as a means of obtaining repayment of the expenses of emigration that can be attended with neither inconvenience or difficulty to the government, nor with any hardship to the emigrant labourers.’—*Report of Emigration Committee, 1826.*

On a former occasion, in proposing the adoption of a system of colonization on this principle, we spoke of it as applicable solely to our Australian colonies and the Cape, and not to those of North America, owing to the contiguity to the latter of the United States, into which labourers might pass in order to void their contracts, and escape the repayment of their debt to government in any shape. This circumstance we still consider an effectual

tual bar to the re-imbursement of the costs of emigration out of the wages of the emigrants, as far as those colonies are concerned. But when we recollect the trifling comparative expense of the passage across the Atlantic, averaging, in all probability, under judicious and systematic arrangements, not above 3*l.* per head\*, while that to New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land amounts to 12*l.*, we are of opinion that *other* resources are at the disposal of government fully sufficient to cover this expense.

We think it may be fairly presumed that the introduction of every able-bodied labourer will occasion the purchase, within a moderate lapse of time, of at least fifty acres of land, whether by himself or by a capitalist-settler desirous of employing him, but who, without the certainty of obtaining labourers, would not make such purchase. The sale of these fifty acres by government, at but the *minimum* price of 5*s.* per acre, will bring in a sum of 12*l.* 10*s.*, quite enough to cover the cost of importing the labourer and his wife, with interest on the advance up to the time of payment of the purchase-money; and the demand which the family of this couple will eventually occasion remains to cover whatever deficiencies may occur through casualties.

But it will be said that the government is not by any means the only party who have lands in the market for sale. The most profuse grants have been made within a few years past to individuals and companies. Upwards of three millions of acres have been in this way disposed of in our North American colonies, the owners of which have an equal chance with the government of profiting by whatever demand for land the increased importation of emigrant labourers may occasion. And if it were impossible to obviate this objection, we think, as we have formerly said in discussing the scheme of the Colonization Society, it would be fatal to the proposal of obtaining repayment of the cost of emigration by the sale of land. But there is a simple mode of preserving to government a part, at least, of the additional value which the waste lands in the hands of companies or private individuals must acquire in consequence of the importation by government of emigrant labourers. We think this might be easily, and with perfect equity, accomplished by a moderate *tax on the sale of waste land* in the colony. This, in fact, is the only step left for redeeming the error of former colonial administrations, in putting such immense tracts out of the power of government; it would place the government, and those who have obtained these large grants,

\* Mr. Richards, the gentleman employed by government to ascertain, by personal examination, the facilities to emigration offered by our North American colonies, estimates the price of conveyance to Quebec (including provisions) at from 3*l.* 5*s.* to 4*l.* 15*s.* for adults, and one-half for children.



not for cultivation, but on speculation for re-sale, on something like an equal footing. Nor can it be objected to by the latter as a hardship, much less as an injustice, so long as the proceeds of the tax are strictly expended in the importation of emigrants, which must cause a demand for, and a rise in, the value of land fully proportionate to the tax, and proceeding from a cause which the owners of these grants could not have contemplated at the time of their original contract with government.

Upon the strength of the income to be derived from these resources, namely, the sale of government lands at an upset price of 5s. per acre, and a moderate tax on the sale of all other lands, government might proceed to expend any sum which may be required for introducing emigrant labour to our North American colonies, with a certainty of the expense being ultimately repaid by the due appropriation to that purpose of these two funds. It must be remembered that the revenue arising from the sale of land will increase in a rapid ratio as the country becomes further settled, and its population grows by birth and immigration together. The government of the United States derives an annual revenue of *about a million sterling* from this source; and under the impulse which a plentiful and regular supply of labour would give to the cultivation of our colonies by British capitalists, there can be little doubt that the process would go on to the full as rapidly there as in the neighbouring states. Hence we do not hesitate to recommend that the operation should be *commenced* on a large scale, it being certain that the means of eventual repayment will increase in proportion to the liberality and spirit with which colonization is from the first encouraged.

We have abstained from discussing the plans for locating labourers immediately upon land at the cost of government, which was the particular mode of emigration recommended by Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, because we conceive it to be at present generally recognised, that so long as private capitalists are to be found in the colonies willing to *hire labourers* at high wages, government should confine itself to supplying their demand by merely undertaking the transport of the labourer from this country to the spot where he is wanted. The establishment of the labourer as a settler is treble the expense of his mere passage, is unnecessary, and will be far better accomplished by the man himself, if he has a taste for it, out of the savings of his wages, in the course of a year or two's service in his accustomed and proper capacity of a labourer, during which he is learning, what he arrives totally ignorant of, the business of 'wilderness-farming' and the habits of the country, both indispensable for his success as a 'settler.'

Were this plan to be acted upon, government would, of course,  
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only remove gratuitously those labourers who were proved to be destitute of the means of supporting themselves here, or of paying their own passage to the colony; no doubt many to whom assistance was refused, through their not being in this predicament, would, as now, emigrate upon their own resources; and it should be made a part of the duty of the agents appointed by government in the colonies to assist these persons, when they arrive at the ports of debarkation in a state of destitution,—to superintend their distribution through the colony to those points where labour is most wanted, and employ on public works those among them who, after these precautions, may be unable immediately to procure other employment. Public provision should likewise be made for widows, orphans, the sick, and the crippled. In the United States, every town has a poor-house appropriated for the relief of such persons, and supported by the township; nor can any state be fairly designated as civilized and Christian where no such refuge is provided for those whom casualty has reduced to destitution.

We proceed to consider the objections we have been able to meet with. The first, and that most generally advanced, is, the presumed inadequacy of the remedy to meet the evil; that it will be hopeless to get rid of our actual and constantly accruing redundancy, except at an outlay of capital, such as cannot be spared. Now, to this it might be sufficient to answer, that a remedy in a desperate case is not the less worth taking, though it may not be capable of effecting a perfect cure, but only materially mitigate the disorder. But we have no scruple in declaring our opinion that such a permanent scheme of colonization might be carried into execution by government as would effectually take off our actual redundancy within a few years, and wholly prevent it for the future; and this not only at no sacrifice to this country, but to her infinite profit, and to the vast increase of her resources. In the first place, it should be remembered that a small excess of labourers will make itself felt in a grievous reduction of wages. The actual numerical excess is much smaller than is usually supposed, and will no doubt be greatly diminished by certain improvements that cannot be much longer delayed in the internal economy of the empire, to which we shall presently advert, and which must be expected to give a considerable stimulus to the employment of labour. Secondly,—It is a common but a gross mistake to imagine that the whole annual increase of our population, which exceeds three hundred thousand individuals, must be annually exported in order to prevent any future redundancy. This is to suppose that the resources of the country for maintaining its inhabitants are to remain stationary! It is forgotten that they are continually increasing

creasing at the same time with the population, though not quite in an equal ratio, and that the annual addition to the *redundancy* of the latter consists merely of that fractional part of the annual increase by which it exceeds the contemporary increase of the means of employment. Thirdly,—It has been fairly shown, upon a calculation which we have not seen impugned, that by a judicious selection of young couples in the prime of life only, for emigration, as considerable a reduction can be made in the rate of increase at home, as if eight times the number were taken promiscuously at all ages.\* And, fourthly,—It must be recollected that the new demand upon the industry of our manufacturers, which the exported labourers will themselves create as soon as they get out, and the very expenditure of capital in taking them out (upon our shipping, stores, &c.) will yet further diminish the redundancy of unemployed labour at home.

A second objection is, that the removal of capital from this country, whether it be employed in transporting emigrants to the colonies or in cultivating their soils, would diminish, *pro tanto*, the means of employing the remainder of our population at home, whose condition could therefore be in no degree bettered. In the first place, however, it is notorious that monied capital is in this country in as complete a state of plethora as labour; and that the lowness of profit, and the difficulty of employing it to advantage, both check the accumulation of capital, and drive much of that which is already accumulated into foreign investments. The demand that would be created for capital in England by the opening of a profitable avenue for its employment in the colonies, would in no degree be supplied from that which is already engaged in the employment of labour in any shape here. It would flow back from its present engagement abroad, particularly from the foreign funds, which, through the general character of the European stock-market, form as ready a receptacle as our own for the deposit of spare monied capital when no opportunity is afforded for its active occupation. If the vacuum were not filled up in this way, it would at all events be almost immediately supplied by *new accumulations*, the increase of which, through the known *elasticity* of capital, is accelerated by the opening of any fresh prospect for its profitable employment. But even if this were not thought enough, it would be easy to show that the capital which would be profitably employed in carrying out emigrants would amount to but a very few years' purchase of the sum now annually

\* Statement of the Principles and Objects of the National Colonization Society. Ridgway. 1830.

wasted in their maintenance here in idle and unproductive pauperism.

In fact, however, the result of this measure would be but a momentary consumption, followed speedily by the rapid creation of capital,—of *that kind* of capital which is alone at present deficient, and causes, by its deficiency, the redundancy of all other kinds,—namely, of *food*, the grand desideratum—the capital of capitals—whose relative scarcity, by raising the money wages of labour in this country, (though without improving the circumstances of the labourer,) renders it unprofitable to employ him in utilizing the other classes of capital. The rapid increase of this kind of capital is a necessary consequence of the fertility of the soil on which the expenditure would take place, and which is known to produce at least four times the necessary subsistence of the labourers who cultivate it.

A third class of objectors are afraid, that, however abundantly the emigrants might raise corn and other raw produce upon their settlements in the colonies, it would not be possible for them to turn this into *money*, wherewith to repay to government the cost of their emigration. It is, however, *not money, but raw produce*, that we stand in need of in this country. The object of the scheme we are advocating, is quite as much to create an addition to our supplies of corn and other raw agricultural produce from the colonies, in requital of the labour of our ill-fed manufacturing population, as to remove the excess of our agricultural population. The coin in which alone the emigrants will be able to pay us, is exactly that which it is most desirable for us to receive.

The last objection which remains to be noticed, is, that the colonies will not take the numbers we have to dispose of; that though they may be beneficially irrigated by the stream of emigration, they are liable to be injuriously inundated by too large an overflow. We have shown that the numbers which it is generally supposed desirable to remove, are very greatly over-estimated: let us now see what space there is for their reception. Those of our dependencies which are open to us for this purpose, are the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, and Upper and Lower Canada, in North America; the Cape, the eastern as well as the western coast of New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land. We have Mr. Uniacke's opinion given before the Committee of 1827, that Nova Scotia alone could at that period absorb from fifteen to twenty thousand emigrants annually. If we suppose New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island, each to take only half as many, and the Canadas

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but twice that number,\* it will appear that from seventy-five to one hundred thousand might be annually disposed of in our North American colonies; and it is surely not too much to calculate that the Cape, with all our Australian settlements, would provide for the employment of as many more; making in all from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand emigrants for whom room may be found,—a larger number, perhaps, than we should find it desirable to remove in any one year. We are, indeed, told that the emigration which is already spontaneously taking place, though not reaching to that extent, produces great inconveniences at the places where the new-comers disembark. No doubt it does. But because the ports of Quebec and Montreal are molested by crowds of penniless and famishing wanderers, landed from speculating passage-vessels, (no better mode of conveyance being provided for them,) and destitute of the means of finding their way up to the more distant parts of the colony, where they would meet with instant employment, is there any reason for presuming that similar results would follow from the landing of even ten times the present number, under the care and direction of public agents, who would take charge of and distribute them up the country wherever labourers were most wanted, or employ them on the government roads, canals, and clearings, until such opportunity presented itself?

There exists, indeed, a simple test, by which it may be seen at any time whether the immigration into a colony is really going too far or not—in the *current rates of wages*. Until these are reduced by the competition of immigrants to something like the wages of the mother-country, we may be sure that the process which has for its object to bring the demand and supply of labour in the two countries to a level, is not proceeding too fast. At this moment, when the wages of a common day-labourer average, in all the colonies we have enumerated, 4s. 6d. a day, and those of a mechanic 9s.,—which, reckoned in provisions, according to their prices there and here, is equivalent to three times that sum in England, or about *ten* times the real wages of the mechanics and labourers of this country, and more than *twenty* times the wages of Ireland,—it is preposterous to talk of the imminent or probable risk of over-stocking the labour-market of those colonies by any number of emigrants we can contemplate pouring into them.

It is not merely in cultivation that labour is required, but for

\* That these assumptions are by much too moderate is proved by the fact, for which we have the best authority, that during the last summer upwards of fifty thousand emigrants landed at Quebec and Montreal alone, and have been wholly *absorbed* (that is, taken into employment through the country) without perceptibly diminishing the eager demand for labourers in both Upper and Lower Canada, or reducing the high current rate of wages.

clearing land of its timber, building houses, barns, fences, &c., and making roads and other communications. As the population of a newly-settled district increases, the division of labour proceeds, and the several trades establish themselves; and, with the advance of its wealth, the wants of the inhabitants become enlarged, and give occasion to the employment of additional labour in their gratification. We do not, in truth, perceive what possible limit there is, other than the extent of fertile soil, to the numbers which a country situated like Canada may be brought to receive, so that they are introduced with due preparation, and distributed in a methodical manner, and on the supposition of her surplus agricultural produce being received free of duty here. At least, it is evident that until the mother country is fully supplied with food, and the real wages of her labouring class consequently brought to approach to the high level of those which indicate the value of labour in her colonies, it will continue to be profitable to her to employ her surplus labour on soils, though distant, which produce fourfold the consumption of the cultivators, and to the colonies to receive the influx of that labour, and to exchange its produce for that of her manufacturers.

We are writing in ignorance of the intentions of government as to the re-introduction of the Emigration Bill of last year. We do, however, sincerely trust that this valuable measure will not be allowed to fall to the ground, but be persisted in and passed in the present session of Parliament, in time to enable parishes to avail themselves of its provisions for removing a part of their surplus labour to the Canadas in the spring of 1832. The coldness with which the bill was received in the House of Commons, and the partial opposition it met with from some landowners, we have always attributed to the unaccountably high calculation made by Lord Howick, in his introductory speech, of the expense of sending out a labourer's family: this he reckoned at about 57*l.* Now Mr. Richards's estimate, and it is confirmed by many facts within our knowledge, is but 3*l.* per head for adults, and half for children, that is, 10*l.* 10*s.* for a family of five. This is the expense of the voyage only (including provisions), and we do not see the necessity of making any further allowance, since every able-bodied man may be *profitably* employed at fair wages by the government, from the moment of his landing, until engaged by some private employer. But add 30*s.* for the expense of taking care, for a short time, of the family on that side the water, the total will then be 12*l.*, and this sum may be repaid to government by the man's parish, with interest, in annual instalments of 3*l.* only for five years—being an immediate saving to the parish of from three-fourths to nine-tenths

of

of the actual cost of this pauper family, and, after five years, of the whole! If such a boon as *this* were held out by the bill to the owners and occupiers of land, there need be no fears of its refusal by *them*; and we have too good an opinion of the enlightened and benevolent persons who advocate the employment of our poor in this country, to suppose that any predilection for their own plans will lead them to oppose the giving at least a fair trial to a measure having the same ultimate object in view, and which will work in perfect harmony alongside of their own. We have all along done our best to promote their views also; indeed Lord Braybrooke gives us the credit of having originally put the scheme of cottage allotments into the heads of most that have of late years been trying it. Let parishes and the poor, we say now as we have for years been saying, have the choice of both home and foreign colonization, and leave it to experience to determine their comparative advantages.

Let us now advert to the remedies usually recommended by writers on political economy for the acknowledged derangement of the equilibrium between the supply and demand of labour. That which has been most prominently brought forward, and is still insisted on by we believe we may say the whole sect, is the inculcating among labourers a prudential foresight, which may induce them to lessen their own numbers by greater abstinence from marriage. But, in the first place, if we could persuade them to endure this privation, the remedy is too slow to be effectual, since a whole generation must elapse before abstinence from marriage, carried to any extent now, could begin to make a sensible difference in the number of adult competitors for employment. In the second place, there is no probability of any persuasions that may be adopted having much influence in opposition to the primary instincts of nature. Stop the increase of population by lectures on prudence! we might as well attempt to dry up the ocean with blotting-paper. But, thirdly, and we might have been content with this argument alone, if the increase *could* be stopped, *why should it*, when by simply removing the surplus of labourers, as fast as it shows itself, to the colonies, they can be placed in a situation to command all the comforts and even the conveniences of life, and the aggregate of human happiness thereby proportionately augmented?

There is another remedy recommended by the author of a little tract called 'The Results of Machinery,' and printed under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, which deserves notice, if only for its singular infelicity. Addressing himself to the labourers, he tells them, that when there is a glut of workmen in the market, and wages inclining to fall, their



their remedy is 'to go out of the market.' That they may be able to do this, he recommends them to *become capitalists*, to lay by a proportion of their earnings in a Savings' Bank; not for their support in sickness, old age, infirmity—not to enable them to improve their circumstances by employing their savings productively, (which employment indeed would alone give them a just title to the denomination of capitalists,) but that they may, whenever wages fall, withdraw themselves from the market for labour, and live in idleness upon their savings, until the demand for labour rises once more to a fair remuneration. And *this* is seriously proposed as a complete remedy for the falling off in the demand for labour which follows improvements in machinery! Nothing, however, can be clearer than that if this writer's recommendation were generally adopted, the improvement he expects in wages would never take place. The benefits of machinery are, as he elsewhere himself informs us, that, by effecting a given result with a less expenditure of labour, it releases a certain quantity of labour which may be beneficially employed in producing something else, and this increased general production, by multiplying the number of consumers, will ultimately augment the general demand for labour. But if, as he recommends, the labour that is released by any improvement of machinery which causes a temporary fall of wages be *suspended*, instead of seeking some other channel of employment, production will not increase, (indeed it must be specially with a view to prevent its increase that the suspension of labour is recommended,) and, consequently, the demand for labour will be equally stationary. The workmen who have taken this wise advice may therefore eat up the last sixpence of their hard-earned savings, without seeing the smallest symptom of any reviving demand for their labour; the improved machinery supplying the market by means of the smaller number of hands to about the same extent as before, and at very little less than the same cost; and no cause existing to alter this state of things, or bring about any increase of employment.

But the great remedy of all which is to include those just mentioned, and every other, in the opinion of this writer, and of all the school to which he belongs, is the acquisition of '*knowledge*' by the labourers. Now we will not give place to any in sincere anxiety for the general spread of education, moral, religious, and intellectual. We are anxious for it, because we expect the lower classes to derive from thence, and thence only, an improvement in their tastes and habits, desires elevated above the pot-house and skittle-ground, greater refinement of manners, more peaceful and orderly conduct, a more virtuous course of action, a more rational piety, and higher mental happiness. It is further to be hoped, that

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by giving an elementary education to *all*, the opportunity would be afforded to all upon whom nature had bestowed the fitting qualifications, for advancing themselves, and for adorning or benefiting the world;—that no 'mute inglorious Miltons'—no Raphaels innocent of pen or pencil—no Newtons limited to calculating with their fingers—no Watts or Wedgewoods with undeveloped organs of constructiveness, would, in this case, 'waste their sweetness on the desert air' of their native villages. But here our list of the benefits to be expected from general education is exhausted. We are not such zealots in the cause as to believe or assert that it is to do everything for the poor, or enable them to do everything for themselves. We do not believe that any education which it is possible to give them will ever render the working classes capable of thoroughly understanding, and, consequently, of being trusted with the regulation of their own interests, so as to relieve their superiors from the duty of guiding and protecting them. And we think the instance just given will justify our scruples. Here is a treatise put forth, at a most momentous crisis, by the Society for promoting Useful Knowledge, a society comprehending many of the most learned men of the day, and yet its author and editors fall into and propagate a dangerous error, the very reverse of right, upon a most important practical question relating to the conduct of the labouring class. Is it, we ask, to be expected that the bulk of that class will ever, by any degree of education which we may contemplate for them, be secured from falling into equal errors on equally important questions? And if not, how absurd to hold out the acquisition of knowledge, such knowledge as is likely ever to be within their reach, as the certain means of enabling them, through their own efforts, to effect the improvement of their economical condition!

That improvement must be the work of their superiors—of those who, possessing the leisure which will enable them to give their exclusive attention to such subjects, gifted with more than the average share of intellectual capacity, enjoying more extensive information, and raised above the petty details connected with the subject, are able to bring to its consideration powers of a far higher order than the ordinary mechanic or labourer can ever possess. Individually even these are liable, no doubt, to frequent error, but from their discussions much truth must be elicited, much fallacy eliminated, and the result of their deliberations must, at all events, be a far nearer approximation to real wisdom than the opinions which the labouring classes themselves, however educated, can be expected to form.

The little work to which we have referred has had, we believe, a very considerable sale, and may have been, in spite  
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of its many blemishes, productive of good, by setting before the public, and the working classes especially, the great general advantages of machinery, and the hopelessness and folly of any attempts to check its improvements. But though it is well to endeavour to remove the prejudices of the ignorant against machinery, it will not do to be content with this. Convince, as much as you please, a body of labourers thrown out of work by any improvement in machinery, that the change is productive of a *general* benefit: yet may they not justly continue to urge that, with all its advantages to the public at large, it is a grievous source of suffering to *them*, and that the instinct of self-defence prompts them to prevent or put it down? What can be replied to this? Can we hope that all such bodies will exhibit the exemplary patience of the so often quoted Joseph Forster and the other Glasgow hand-loom weavers, who continued struggling for *twenty years* against the competition of the power-loom, losing ground constantly, and becoming daily more and more depressed, till their wages of 20s. a week for easy work had fallen to 7s. only for the most severe and unremitting? What was it to *them* that the community, or rather the civilized world at large, was all that time profiting by the growing cheapness of cottons, caused as much by the gradual lowering of their wages, as by the improvements in the power-loom? They were probably told, by some such writer as the one we are reviewing, that 'the results of every improvement in machinery is *ultimately* to increase the demand for labour;' and, believing it, they resigned themselves to privation and poverty, continuing to hope, ('the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick') that every fresh fall in the amount of their earnings was the last, and would be the herald of the reaction they were led to expect. Who can paint the agonies of that fearful struggle, protracted through an entire generation,—the vain efforts to compensate by redoubled toil for its diminished reward—the transient advantages obtained at intervals by ingenuity or increased exertion,—and the frightful strides with which their giant competitor almost immediately overtook and left them far behind? But at length a climax of suffering was reached which forbade endurance. Hope was worn out, and the unfortunate weavers threw themselves on the compassion of the legislature, and earnestly petitioned to be assisted to leave a country which denied them bread in requital for their honest industry. Would that we could add that their prayer was granted!

This is a remarkable and most meritorious example of patient forbearance. It is likewise, and must, from the principles of human nature, necessarily be, a *rare* one. If we wish to prevent sufferings

sufferings like these from producing their *natural* results, namely, combinations, and violent attacks on machinery, it is not enough for us to call such proceedings ignorant and mistaken, and to preach up the *general* advantage of machinery. It is not enough to educate or reason with the sufferers. The highest degree of knowledge in the Glasgow hand-loom weavers could not teach them that *they individually* were not injured by the power-loom, and would not be benefited if they could prevent its use. But it might teach them another lesson—it might lead them to inquire whether they competed on equal terms with their unhungering rival—whether machinery was *taxed* to the same extent as themselves—whether, in a comparative exemption from taxation, an unfair legislative bounty was not given to its employment in preference to theirs—whether the owners of coal-mines and iron mines were not enriching themselves at their expense—whether the right of an individual to subsistence in exchange for his labour is not quite as sacred as the right of property itself? These are questions not touched upon in 'The Results of Machinery.' But they will serve to show that it is not quite enough to prove the *general* advantages of such improvements, to reconcile individuals to changes which press so severely upon *them*. And even if that argument were far more cogent than we can allow it to be, there is a proverb we should do well to bear in mind, '*Ventre affamée n'a point d'oreilles*;' and a fearful couplet, still more to the purpose, has been already sung in our streets—

'Hungry guts and empty purse  
May be better, can't be worse.'

Well has it been observed to be an awful state of society, when large masses become musical in this metre.

The true method of preventing attacks on machinery is obviously to prevent the sufferings which tend to make poor men desperate. Appeals to the reason and good feelings of the displaced operatives may be of use as a lenitive; but in order to get rid of the disease we must attack it in its source; we must open new channels for the employment of those who are no longer wanted in their accustomed business, and assist them to remove to those points where their labour is in effectual demand, instead of encouraging them by illegal aids from the poor-rate to continue engaged in a desperate and dangerous struggle, or contenting ourselves with telling them that their case is hopeless, and that resistance will not better it. Far different things are from week to week re-urged on them, in language admirably calculated for their taste and comprehension, by writers, whose desire to excite a wide-spread bloody *jacquerie*, and thence a real 'radical reform,' that is to say, a revolution of property in England, is hardly veiled, and universally understood:  
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and it behoves every one interested in the continuance of tranquillity and the security of property, to forestall the necessary consequences of such preachments, and step forward voluntarily to remedy that state of things which, by thrusting large masses of the people into unmerited sufferings, renders them the willing disciples of ferocious and cowardly demagogues, and thus endangers, not merely the peace, but the very existence of society.

The political economists have one sophism still in reserve. 'Capital and labour (they say) are free to move wherever they are most wanted. Why have they not moved to the colonies, if it be true that such opportunities exist there for their profitable employment?' The answer is clear. The labourers cannot go for want of means. It is only the pressure of poverty which will lead them to abandon their homes and native country,—and this very poverty is an effectual bar to their unassisted emigration. The capitalists, who can do nothing in the colonies without labourers, will not make the advance necessary for carrying them out, because they can obtain no security for its repayment. All their attempts to bind emigrants by indentures, or other private engagements, have hitherto failed. This, in truth, has been the simple but insurmountable obstacle to spontaneous emigration. But for this, the demand both for capital and labour in this country and her colonies, would probably long since have put itself in equilibrio. As it is, government only has the power of effecting this great object, and of ensuring the repayment of the cost of removing the labourer out of the profits arising from the transaction.

Though, however, we look to colonization as the principal and permanent remedy for the evils of our economical condition, yet we are far from denying that those evils have been greatly aggravated by the injudicious interference of the legislature with the spontaneous direction of industry, or that the removal of such impediments, so far as the complicated nature of society in this country will allow of it, should be made to accompany any measure for facilitating emigration, and will materially assist in stimulating the home demand for labour and capital. The opinions we have long entertained, and repeatedly enforced on these points, have been fortified by a perusal of the minutes of evidence taken before the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed in the spring of 1831 to consider the Poor Laws: a mass of evidence, rude and undigested to be sure, and exhibiting few profound or very enlarged views of the subject, but containing several useful statements of facts, and some valuable opinions from persons of great practical experience and judgment—such as Messrs. Becher, Slaney, Bacon, Whately, &c. We do not wish at present

to go into these subsidiary measures in detail, but shall merely glance at a few of the most important of them: and

1. We adhere to the opinion we have so often expressed, that, first and foremost, England ought to have *freedom of banking*, or, at least, as near an approach to it as is enjoyed by Scotland. Had the experiment never been tried, the question between freedom and restriction would be undoubtedly decided by abstract reasoning in favour of the former; but when a long course of experience has accumulated an irresistible mass of facts on the same side of the argument—when we see *freedom* in one part of Great Britain giving rise to a sound, cheap, and sufficient currency, with which a thriving trade and *unrivalled* agricultural improvements have been carried on, unchecked by any reverses attributable to the state of their own money-market—while *interference*, in another division of the same country, has brought in its train constant fluctuations in prices, uncertainty in all productive occupations, general want of confidence, alternations of extreme scarcity and dangerous abundance of money, a depressed agriculture, and multiplied bankruptcies in trade, together with the occasional failure of some sixty or seventy banks in a fortnight, followed by a crash of credit, threatening the subversion of all the existing arrangements of society—in presence of these practical proofs of the relative advantages of the two systems, it does appear strange that any reasonable person, however averse to confuse himself with the theories of either, should hesitate between the two. What is there in the character of Englishmen that unfits them for being trusted to *trust each other* to the same extent as the Scotch? Time and dearly-bought experience must surely by this time have opened the eyes of all to the enormous mischiefs of our narrow, fettered, and monopoly-crippled banking system; and the same sure test has proved the security and efficiency of the open, free, and broad principle on which banks in the north are allowed to establish themselves. Through this Scotland has enjoyed a regular and abundant supply of the circulating medium in all its transactions, and in its remotest districts. The banker there is allowed to deal in a cheaper article than gold, and the profit that he obtains enables him to give a salutary credit to those around him. There is no farmer in Scotland, at all respectable in character and connexion, who cannot obtain a bank credit to some amount, which precludes the necessity of disposing of his produce at an unfavourable period, or of turning off his labourers till he has some grain fit to carry to market. All his surplus cash, too, as he collects it, to meet his rent-day or any other payment, instead of being unprofitably, and perhaps insecurely, locked up in his own desk, is deposited in perfect safety in the bank, whence he receives it when wanted, with  
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the addition of interest. Give the English farmer the same opportunity, and he will be able to employ more labour and cultivate his farm far more thoroughly than at present. Most of the witnesses before the Lords' Committee, acquainted with agricultural business, declared their opinions that the greater number of farms in England are imperfectly cultivated, and the labourers unemployed for want of sufficient capital among the farmers; and that even at the prices of the last three or four years, much additional labour might, and would be profitably laid out on the land, if the farmers could command the money necessary for paying the men on the Saturday night. How is it that agriculturists experience a deficiency of money for these purposes? Because the facilities which the banks once afforded them have been withdrawn, through the effect of the existing restrictions on the circulation. A farmer in England is now obliged to have a *double* capital—one fixed in his stock and crops, the other floating in money, with which to pay his labourers' wages and his rent. In Scotland the farmer pays his outgoings for rent and wages with the notes which the banker lends him *on the credit of his stock*, crops, and securities: so that farming capital in Scotland will go nearly twice as far as in England; and it is not too much to say, that the establishment of a similar system of banking in England would almost double the efficiency of every respectable farmer's capital—and, in consequence, afford a vast stimulus to the employment of agricultural labourers.

2. We need scarcely repeat in this place the arguments we have so long urged in proof of the urgent necessity for a thorough reform in the vicious mode of *administering the poor-laws in the southern counties*. We must bring back the law of relief to the simple and wise statute of Elizabeth.

3. We must have a *General Inclosure Act*, which should enable the majority, or a certain proportion of the persons interested, to obtain an inclosure of a part, or the whole of the waste land of any parish, by application to the court of Quarter Sessions; this would, it cannot be doubted, occasion the cultivation of many strips and patches of land now lying waste, because, though they might repay the cost of inclosure and cultivation, they are neither sufficiently fertile nor extensive to repay that, and the 600*l.* or 700*l.* which an act of parliament costs, into the bargain. Under such an act, numerous spots of waste land would probably be very soon lotted out, and brought into the market; and it would be highly desirable that parish vestries should be allowed the power of purchasing and locating upon such spots of land any of their able-bodied labourers for whom they cannot find employment. Such is the desire to become possessed of land, that we are confident arrangements might be made by the overseers with paupers of this description



description for the ultimate repayment, by instalments, of the expenses of their location, the debt remaining as a lien on the land until paid off. We do not share the fears of those who expect families located in this way to multiply and deteriorate in condition till they resemble the Irish cottiers. In the first place, we consider multiplication to be in itself no evil at all, since the excess may, by precautionary measures of the simplest character, be always directed to spots where they can maintain themselves in comfort;—in the next, we are quite certain that the English pauper, who is paid for his children at per head, marries and multiplies *now* much faster than he is likely to do when placed in circumstances of industrious independence, in which caution and foresight will be for his immediate interest.

4. In spite of all Professor Senior's ingenuities (of which more anon) we must have an *Irish Poor-Law*.

But in conjunction with these several important measures, we repeat that a *permanent and general scheme of colonization* is necessary to allow this country to avail itself to the full of the vast resources which are at its disposal for the maintenance of its increasing population. Nothing, we are persuaded, is wanting but candid and patient enquiry to remove the prejudices and air of ridicule with which this subject has been unfortunately surrounded, and to convince the public of its paramount importance to the interests of individuals, of communities, and of mankind at large. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*. The clouds we have alluded to are fast clearing away, and we look forward with sanguine hope to the time when the noble scheme of a systematic emigration from all the over-peopled parts of the earth to the under-peopled, preserving health to the mother countries by moderate depletion, and invigorating infant colonies by the infusion of full-grown labour, will be carried into general adoption by all civilized states; when no European writer on *population* will think of choosing such a motto as we have recently met with:

‘O voice, once heard

Delightfully, *increase and multiply!*

Now death to hear! for what can *we* increase

Or multiply, but *penury, woe, and crime?*’—*Par. Lost*.

and when, with reference to the state and prospects of our own land, no meditative Coleridge shall be tempted to quote with prophetic melancholy the awful words of Holy Writ:—‘The burden of the valley of vision, even the burden upon the crowned isle, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers the honourable of the earth; who stretcheth out her hand over the sea, and she is the mart of nations.’\*

\* Isaiah xxiii. See Coleridge on Church and State, (Second Edition, 1830,) p. 73.

ART. IV.—*A Letter to Lord Howick on a Legal Provision for the Irish Poor, &c.* By Nassau W. Senior, Esq., Professor of Political Economy in King's College. London. 1831.

*IS the land of Ireland incapable of supplying a sufficiency of subsistence to all its inhabitants?* This is the question that ought to take the lead in all arguments as to the propriety of a legal provision to secure the population of Ireland from famine. Let the custom-houses of Bristol, London, and Liverpool, answer the interrogation! Most imperfectly as Ireland is as yet cultivated—with half of her fertile soil unreclaimed, and half of her able-bodied population unemployed—she yet *exports* provisions to the amount of six or seven millions of pounds in yearly value. Yes! a country the bulk of whose population is insufficiently supplied with the coarsest kind of food, annually sends away from her shores that enormous quantity of the very produce of her land, for want of which her own population are dying by inches, their lives shortened—as is proved by the mean duration of life in that country as compared to England—to one-fourth of their natural term! How are we to explain the fearful paradox? For whose advantage is it that this mass of food leaves the country before the pressing wants of its inhabitants are half satisfied? For that of those whom *the law* invests with the ownership of the land. But the right of the inhabitants of a country to be permitted to earn a maintenance from it, if they can, by their own exertions, is a *sacred* right. Such, undoubtedly, must have been the view taken by Blackstone of the right of the poor to relief, when he declares a legal provision for the purpose to be ‘dictated by the *principles of society* ;’ and it is precisely that of Paley, who asserts that, besides the claims of the poor upon our compassion, they have one likewise on our *justice*, founded upon *the laws of nature*, which he thus explains:—

‘All things were originally common. No one being able to produce a charter from Heaven, had any better title to any particular possession than his next neighbour. There were reasons for mankind’s agreeing upon a separation of the common fund; and God, for these reasons, is presumed to have ratified it. But this separation was made and consented to upon the expectation and condition that every one should have left a sufficiency for his subsistence, or the means of procuring it. . . . And, therefore, when this partition of property is rigidly maintained against the claims of indigence and distress, it is maintained in opposition to the intentions of those who made it, and to *His* who is the supreme proprietor of everything, and who has filled the world with plenteousness for the sustentation and comfort of all whom he sends into it.’—*Moral Philosophy*.

The Malthusian doctrine, on the other hand, denies the right of any human being to be preserved from starving out of the superfluity

perfluity of the rich, upon the ground that the acknowledgment of such a right must produce more general evil than its denial. This is, at least, putting the question in a shape in which it can be fairly tried by reasoning. It is not denied by these persons, that, should their arguments prove incorrect, and the preponderance of evil be proved to accompany the refusal, not the concession, of legal relief, the *right to it*, and the expediency of granting it, would be established: and to meet them, it might be quite enough to say, that, in order to support this doctrine, its advocates have been obliged to insist that there is no room in the world for any greater number of human beings than are actually quartered upon it; or, at least, that the means which the globe affords to mankind for providing themselves with subsistence are so nearly exhausted, and the prospect of arriving at the ultimate limit when the world will refuse to maintain one additional individual, so imminent, as to make it absolutely necessary to begin immediately to check their increase at any cost. And this is said while certainly not one-tenth, perhaps not one-hundredth, part of the cultivable portion of the globe is yet cultivated at all, and not one-hundredth part of that cultivated in any but the rudest manner, even according to our present lights upon agriculture! We, in this generation, who are personally acquainted with Mr. Malthus and his disciples, *know* that they have upheld this portentous doctrine in pure singleness of heart, and in complete (though wonderful) ignorance of its inherent folly, falsehood, cruelty, and injustice; that they have, in truth, condemned charity only out of ardent affection for their fellow-creatures, and inculcated the starvation of the poor from abstract benevolence of disposition; that they meant to be 'cruel only to be kind;'—but we are much mistaken if posterity will ever give credit to this, or believe that the Malthusian argument against poor-laws was other than a deeply-laid conspiracy of the wealthy, the powerful, and the hard-hearted, to escape the just claims of the poor, under shelter of hired sophistries, too flimsy to impose upon themselves.

It will not do for any of the opponents of poor-laws to declare, that they only deny the resources of a limited country to maintain an increased population, and not of the globe at large; because what country is necessarily limited in the range to which her population may resort for food? If her own territory is fully occupied, can she not send the increase of her children to people and cultivate other unoccupied lands, and is she justified in starving them at home, like a niggardly stepmother, in order to avoid the trifling expense of portioning them abroad? But still less would such an excuse palliate the opposition of the anti-populationists to the establishment of a poor-law in Ireland—Ireland  
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which, as we have said, so far from being incapable of producing food for her inhabitants, actually produces a surplus of several millions' worth beyond their consumption! Equally in vain is it that the economists quote the favourite dogma which they so often put forward, certainly without comprehending its multitudinous limitations, that it is mischievous to give by law any artificial direction to employment or capital—that people must be left to apply their resources in their own way, and they will be certain to do so in that which is best for the community at large. We should be glad to know, what it is that at present disables a stout Irishman from providing subsistence for himself and his family, by the labour of his own good right arm, on the nearest plot of earth, but the artificial impediment *already* placed by law in the way of the natural direction of his industry? Whilst the *law* thus interferes by wholesale, to appropriate all the soil of the country, and all the wealth that is found on or under its surface, shall the legislature scruple to interfere in the appropriation of a fractional part of that soil or wealth, in order to save thousands from perishing by want? and this upon the score that *all* interference, forsooth, is contrary to sound principle? Shall we thus swallow the camel and strain at the gnat? How are we to characterise a law which ties up men's hands from helping themselves, and renders them no help in compensation? If I tether a horse in a corner, and prevent it from grazing, and yet bring it no food, am I not guilty of its death, as much as if I slaughtered it?\*

The slowness with which many Irish landlords are induced to see the advantage to their country and to themselves, of a compulsory assessment on their property for the relief and employment of its poor, may be intelligible. They look to its immediate effect—to the rate of one, two, or perhaps three shillings in the pound on their rental—and they shut their eyes to the ultimate policy of the measure, and their ears to the cries of the afflicted, and their hearts to the influence of pity, and their understandings to that of justice. But how is it that the English do not bestir themselves more actively? It does not surely require much penetration in an English *farmer*, to perceive that he is competing with his Irish rival in his own markets at a grievous disadvantage, after paying a heavy poor-rate, from which the other is exempt, and high wages to his labourers, whilst the labourer of the Irish

\* We have so recently handled the sophistries about *rent, capital, profits, &c. &c.* with which the economists have laboured to perplex this plain question, that we need not now repeat our exposure and demolition of them all.—See No. LXXXVIII., Art. VII. To that paper, where the subject has been treated in detail, we entreat the attention of those persons whose minds are not yet made up to the pressing expediency of an Irish poor-law.

farmer,

farmer, having no other resource from starvation, must be content with a miserable pittance. Surely no English *landlord* can be blind to the fact that, under these circumstances, prices of produce in the markets of Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, and London, which may afford a rent to the Irish landlord, and a profit to the Irish cultivator, will scarcely pay the English poor-rate on the same quality of soil, and put rent and profit out of all question. He can hardly avoid seeing that so long as there is perfect freedom of intercourse between the two countries, for men and goods, the Irish poor must either directly or indirectly be maintained out of the English poor-rates, and the high rents of Ireland come in great part out of the English landowner's pocket. It was an oversight, no doubt, in the landed interest of Great Britain, not to have insisted, in 1807, on the land of the three kingdoms being put in this respect on an equal footing, before the duties on the importation of Irish produce were taken off. But is it possible that they have not yet opened their eyes to the error, and made up their minds to insist on its rectification? Can any claim be more just or reasonable? Goods and persons pass with unlimited freedom between the two countries. But in one the land is heavily burdened to provide for the necessities of the labouring class—in the other, there is no such provision. The natural consequence is, that the poor of the latter resort in crowds to the former island to avoid starvation, undersell the natives in the over-thronged markets for labour, and drive them upon the poor-rates of their parishes. Had Ireland the same poor-law as England, why should there be any difference in the rate of wages of the two countries? or why should the Irish migrate to England, rather than the English to Ireland?

We have been induced to recur to the subject chiefly by the appearance of a pamphlet by Mr. Senior, the professor of political economy to the King's College, in which we regret to see reproduced some of the most futile and shallow of the arguments which the opponents of poor-laws have been in the habit of repeating, and which we refuted in a recent article. Mr. Senior takes no notice of that refutation. Must we again go over the same ground? We really cannot afford space for more than a few instances of this perverse clinging to exploded, and in themselves, we should have thought, obviously untenable doctrines.

Mr. Senior lauds to the skies and reprints Dr. Chalmers's evidence before the Irish poor-law committee, and agrees wholly with him in the desire to leave the misery of the lower classes to spontaneous charity. Not a word is said by him on the evils of vagrancy and mendicancy, and the known impossibility of preventing these intolerable nuisances without providing at the same

time a legalized system of relief. The Professor joins in what we cannot but consider the exaggerated strain of sentiment in which Dr. Chalmers deprecates the weakening of the benevolent feelings of the poor, by any measure which should save them from the spectacle of their immediate neighbours perishing through want, and the hardening the hearts of children towards their parents, by rendering the latter independent of them for the necessities of life in their old age.

'Even if,' he says, 'we had no experience on the subject, could it be expected that this universal sympathy would survive unimpaired a public provision for the aged? That neighbours and children would exert themselves as much if their exertions went merely to aid the parish?'

'But, in fact, we have the experience of England. I am not inclined to believe that there is anything in our religion, or in our government, to make an Englishman more deficient in benevolence or in natural affection than an Irishman. No such difference is perceptible among the higher classes. But among the lower orders, and in those districts in which the Poor Laws are in full operation, filial affection and charity, at least that filial affection which urges the exertions of industry, and sweetens the sacrifices of frugality in behalf of aged parents, that charity which gives a charm to abstinence by the prospect of helping a distressed neighbour, seem almost extinguished. Every one who has lived in a country parish in the south and south-eastern counties, knows that the support of the old by the young and strong is not the rule, but the exception. And to what is this lamentable difference to be attributed, but to the existence of a compulsory provision?'

Now the fallacy of all this lies in the assumption, that sympathy and filial affection can exhibit themselves in no other form, than the relief of a neighbour or a parent from actual starvation. It is clear, that if this view of the circumstances essential to the development of the finest feelings of our nature, were correct, they must be at all times confined to the poorest classes, and filial affection, or social sympathy, could no more be found in the middle and upper ranks, than a fin among quadrupeds, or a knee-buckle in the Highlands. But will Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Senior assert this of the class to which they themselves belong? They must own that this mighty mischief, the rendering the poor independent of the necessity of saving one another from extreme want, can, at the worst, check the expansion of their sympathies no more, than they are checked in the upper classes of society, by a yet greater degree of mutual independence. Why then, if they are in earnest, do these encouragers of sympathy confine their specific to the lowest poor? Why do they not declaim against wealth and comforts of every kind, as rendering

ing their possessors independent of their neighbours, and so tending in the same proportion to harden those neighbour's hearts? But we must tell Mr. Senior, what *he* at least ought not to require to be told, that the hearts of our English poor are *not* hardened (Dr. Chalmers seems to consider them all adamant)—that the assertion that the English poor-law deadens the mutual affection of relatives, and leaves no room for the display of the kindly sympathies of neighbours and friends, is as false in fact as in theory. As to its being a 'lamentable' state of things where parents are not maintained by their children, but from another source, we really see nothing more lamentable in it in the case of a peasant than of a peer. By this rule, all insurances ought to be discouraged, because they prevent the development of spontaneous charity when individuals lose their all by fire or shipwreck. And certainly all benefit societies, charitable institutions, hospitals, alms-houses, and asylums, must be the height of abomination, as superseding that exercise of mutual benevolence, which the frequent sight of the sick, the sore, the maimed, and the aged about our paths, must excite, 'arresting the beautiful process of kindness among neighbours,' and odiously 'interfering' with the prerogative of the miserable exclusively to relieve each other!

An equally unwarranted assumption appears a few pages farther, where in arguing against a *public* provision for the poor, even in cases of famine arising from the general failure of the potato-crop, Mr. Senior declares, that 'Private benevolence (of the higher classes towards the lower) would of course disappear: it always disappears before the approach of an assessment.' Were this true, there ought to be far more private benevolence in Ireland where there is no assessment, than in England where there is a very heavy one. Mr. Senior cannot be ignorant that the very reverse is the truth. He must have known the comparative fruitlessness of the appeals that have been so often and so lately made to the charity of the wealthy in Ireland, and the vast extent of private benevolence still in activity throughout England, in spite of the pretended influence of the poor-law in hardening our hearts and deadening our sympathies.

But the most unpardonable, because the most mischievous, error of all those which Mr. Senior has done his best to keep alive, is the obstinate confusion of the abuse of the poor-law with its essence—of the modern *allowance-system* with the law *compelling the setting to work of the unemployed and able-bodied poor.*

'The relief of the able-bodied is itself the grand abuse of the English poor-laws—the source from which all their other abuses have flowed. Its legality is still a question—but who ventures to doubt its mischief? Where once it has been established, the payment



of wages out of rates; the inequality of the wages of the married and the single; the equality of the wages of the industrious and the idle, of the ill-conducted and the well-disposed; the conversion of wages from a matter of contract into a matter of right; the conversion of charity itself into a debt, fiercely extorted and grudgingly paid only where it cannot be resisted—a source of discord and hatred instead of a bond of union; the destruction of industry, providence, and natural affection, &c. &c.\*—pp. 43, 44.

Now all this appalling picture of evil is perfectly true—and we have repeatedly described it nearly in the same terms—of the *allowance system*, that is, the system of *making up, out of parish rates, the wages of the labourers of private employers, when these are insufficient to maintain their families*. But to confound this with the relief of the able-bodied poor, by '*setting them to work*,' as directed by the forty-third of Elizabeth, is to call black white.\* Can any two things be more distinct than the giving an allowance to a farmer's labourer already fully employed, under pretence of aiding him to support his wife and children, and the setting a man to work when wholly destitute of employment? Is it not clear that the first practice tends to throw the maintenance of *every* labourer's family upon the parish; breaks down all distinction between paupers and ordinary labourers, between relief and wages; permits employers to lower the *wages* they choose to offer, down to a bare maintenance for the man alone, without losing his services; alters the whole complexion and condition of the labouring class, by apportioning the income of each individual, not to his character, skill, and industry, but to the size of his family; thus naturally giving rise to the terrific and daily increasing evils which are found wherever the system of supplementing wages prevails? But, on the contrary, none of these consequences can be urged against the mode of relief by '*setting to work*' the unemployed and able-bodied. This is not only a different practice, but it is, in every way, the very reverse of the other. It leaves untouched and uninterfered with all the remainder of the class—all but the few who are actually without any employment: these are set to work on some public improvement—as a road, canal, &c. They are taken out of the market for labour, and no longer compete with the other labourers, or influence, in any

\* Mr. Senior, himself a lawyer, cannot surely think it possible to question the '*legality of relief to the able-bodied in the shape of work*,' in the teeth of the 43d Eliz. expressly requiring overseers to '*set to work such as have no means to maintain them*,' &c. The illegality of relief to the able-bodied *in money without work* is almost universally acknowledged, in spite of the frequency of the pernicious practice. Mr. Senior refuses to distinguish between the two, or rather tacitly assumes their identity, condemning all relief to the able-bodied because relief in money without work is illegal and mischievous. By the same logic all drink should be avoided because some liquors are poisonous.

manner,

manner, the current rate of wages, which settles itself on its true principles, according to the work wanted and done. Whatever number of labourers are found to remain permanently in this way on the parish, they mark the extent of its *surplus* labour, and offer an obvious motive to the parish to devise some means of removing them, by emigration or otherwise. In the meantime, they receive for their *parish work* bare *parish pay*, and are thus placed, both as to character and circumstances, in a lower grade than the labourers who work for private employers. There is, therefore, an obvious inducement for them to endeavour to obtain private employment, if possible—to struggle to keep themselves off the parish. A broad and wholesome line of demarcation is drawn between the pauper and the common labourer, and the mischiefs of the allowance system are wholly prevented. If Mr. Senior cannot perceive the difference between these two systems, (and he will see them practically exemplified in Sussex and Northumberland,) he surely ought not to venture to write on subjects he must be incompetent to elucidate. If he can discriminate between them, often as the distinction has been drawn, what are we to say of his candour and fairness?

He goes on to describe, as the consequences of relief to the able-bodied—

‘the indefinite multiplication of a servile population; fires, riots, and noon-day robbery; the dissolution, in short, of the bonds of civilized society, are the natural, and, if it be not abandoned in time, the inevitable, consequences. With the *existing predisposition* in Ireland to many of these evils, who can doubt what would be the effect of an additional stimulus? It is to avoid these evils that I anxiously wish to prevent the existence in Ireland, not of a legal provision for charitable purposes, but of a legal provision for the able-bodied poor.’—p. 44.

‘The *existing predisposition* to these evils in Ireland!’ It is to cure these evils, *already in full development there*, that we ‘anxiously wish’ to see adopted in Ireland ‘a legal provision for the able-bodied poor;’ not relief to the idle, but *work* provided for those who are willing to earn the bread of industry, and who, if not employed, will and do yet contrive (so strong are natural instincts) to live and multiply by beggary or plunder, eating into the resources of the country, instead of adding to them, as they might be made to do, to an almost incalculable extent, under a well-contrived system of employment.

Mr. Senior, we observe, declares, with Sir John Walsh, that this subject is to be treated as a purely Irish question, ‘looking exclusively to the interests of Ireland.’—p. 45. Now, though we are perfectly willing to debate the point with reference to  
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Ireland only, convinced, as we are, that a law for enforcing the active employment of her able-bodied population, in opening up her almost inexhaustible natural resources, is the main specific for her disorder,—yet we cannot but enter a protest against the monstrous doctrine, that *any* measure should be debated in the Imperial legislature with an exclusive view to the interests of one portion of the empire. Such a doctrine would wholly destroy the efficacy of the Unions, and the attempt to act upon it would be a virtual dissolution of those compacts. Suppose it were a question whether Ireland was or was not to be exempted from the excise laws? This, likewise, is a question ‘of internal regulation;’ but would the English and Scotch members be justified in deciding it solely according to the interests of Ireland, without adverting to the extra share of the national expenditure that would be thrown on their respective portions of the empire by the exclusive relief of Ireland?—nay, would even the Irish members themselves be justified in taking that partial view of the question? Assuredly not. The case we have put is precisely parallel to that before us. The exemption of Ireland from any tax for the relief of the poor, virtually throws the burden of supporting the poor of the three kingdoms on Great Britain alone; and are the Scotch and English members to be told that any attempt of theirs to redress this unfair grievance, would be ‘an abuse of the preponderance in the United Parliament which the Union gave to them?’ This is a new and very Irish construction of the Union, somewhat on the principle of the equally Hibernian game of chuck-farthing—‘Heads, I win—tails, you lose.’

But our political economist is not content with asserting that the interests of England are to be wholly put out of sight—he likewise denies that England has any interest in the question. To prove this he first asserts, that the annual immigration of Irish labourers for the harvest is rather beneficial than injurious. In this we readily agree with him; and have never thought or said otherwise. The injury is done by the *permanent* settlers from Ireland, who cluster round London, Liverpool, Bristol, and our great manufacturing towns, and deprive our country districts of these their natural drains for an increasing population. But how does Mr. Senior meet this argument? By asking,

‘Is it our business (that of the legislature) to keep open a drain for their surplus population, or theirs to keep their population on a level with the demand for labour? To throw restrictions on the importation of Irishmen into London, in order to favour the importation of Kentish men, would be to add one more to the monopolies which always have been, and continue to be, among the curses of England.’  
—pp. 49, 50.

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As a political economist of weight and name, Mr. Senior ought really to have the wit to see, that what we ask is not the imposition of any restriction or monopoly, but, on the contrary, the removal of one. What is it that prevents the men of Kent from competing on equal terms with the men of Kerry for the posts of hodmen and paviours in London? That *the law* secures to the former a maintenance at home, but denies it to the latter. The one has a legal resource to fall back upon short of starvation; the other has none, and therefore cannot but undersell his competitor in the labour market. The poor-law being confined to England, acts as a bounty on the importation of labourers from Ireland. What we advocate is the removal of this bounty, the placing the labourers of both countries on a level before the law. A professor, sworn foe to monopolies, restrictions, and bounties, should be better acquainted with their characteristics, and aware, that an artificial preference may be created just as much by excluding one party from a right, as by granting it to another. By giving the English labourer an *exclusive* right to relief, the law virtually shuts him out from those employments which the starving Irishman will undertake for less wages than the Englishman gets from his parish for doing nothing. And have not English parishes just cause to complain of this as placing them in an unfair position?

After some more disquisitions, all vitiated by his unlucky, and, we must call it so, obstinate confusion of the poor-law of Elizabeth with the poor-law of the justices of the south of England—of the recent abuse with the original system—of the disease with the natural organization—the professor concludes with a broad assertion, that the misery of the Irish and their immigration into England, could only be mitigated for a brief period by any compulsory relief, for

‘Taking the labourers in Ireland at one million, and the rental of Ireland at thirteen millions sterling, the former of which estimates is probably under, and the latter above, the truth, if the whole rental of Ireland were vested in the priests, to be by them distributed among the labourers, it would give to each labourer an additional income of five shillings a week, and their wages, (if wages they could be called,) instead of being, as at present, from three to six shillings a week, would rise to be between eight and eleven shillings a week; and if they could continue at this rate, there might perhaps be but little immigration. It is scarcely necessary to remark how temporary would be the effect even of this sweeping confiscation—how rapidly the fund would decrease—or how rapidly the claimants would multiply.’—pp. 53, 54.

Was there ever so unjust and inappropriate an argument? Here the whole net produce of the land is supposed to be given  
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up to the poor *unconditionally, and no new produce created in its place.* If we advocated an Agrarian law like this, well indeed might Mr. Senior and the Irish landlords dissent from us. But they must well know that what we propose is, that the sums raised as poor-rate (and so far a deduction from rent) be strictly, and economically, and judiciously applied in the *employment* of the now idle able-bodied poor, *on works of public and private utility*, such as it has been over and over again proved, if undertaken in Ireland, will *create new wealth* infinitely exceeding the outlay, and ultimately, indeed very shortly, add to the rents of the landlords a great deal more than it takes from them. Is there any similitude between the two propositions? Between the *giving away* the whole, or a portion, of an Irish landlord's rental, and the requiring him to expend a portion of it in setting to work the now idle beggars and plunderers infesting his estate, in permanent improvements of that estate, or of the neighbourhood, which will infallibly, under good management, bring him in before long a high *profit* on the outlay? It is quite clear, that those persons who oppose the introduction of a law into Ireland, compelling the setting to work of the unemployed able-bodied poor, on the same grounds as Mr. Senior, either wilfully or blindly mistake the proposition. So far from thinking that this is a part of the English poor-law which can or ought to be omitted in its application to Ireland, we consider it to be the very essence of the system required by that country. Relief for the sick and aged is quite a secondary consideration. If the able-bodied are sure of employment at sufficient wages, they will generally be able to maintain their infirm and old relations. Dispensaries and hospitals are necessary enough, but they reach not the real evil which afflicts that unhappy land. The curse of Ireland is the general want of employment for its inhabitants, and their consequent idle and unproductive vagrancy, habits of plunder, occasional starvation, disease, despair, and turbulence. Any poor-law applied to Ireland that merely provided relief for the sick, without containing, as its foremost provision, that essential feature in a law of relief, the *setting to work* every man capable of work who has no means whereby to maintain himself, *the rendering labour a condition to be fulfilled before subsistence be administered*, will be not only useless, but deeply, ruinously injurious. Such a poor-law would indeed prove in practice to be 'a confiscation and an agrarian law.' Every stout peasant would lie idle in bed till he became qualified for parish relief as sick and impotent, and would thenceforward never be found out of his bed by the overseer. Ireland would be turned into one great infirmary, and the rental of the landowners be consumed by the poor without the possibility of any return.

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The whole question with respect to the interest of the landlord lies in a nut-shell; it resolves itself into this: Is there *profitable* work to be devised for the employment of Irish labour under a compulsory system. For, if so, it is clear that under such a system there will be a *saving* of the whole expense of maintaining them as mendicants and vagrants, (which now amounts, on the lowest computation made by any one, to two millions a year!) of all the losses occasioned by their habits of plunder, and the disturbances to which they are incited by the despair and recklessness of extreme misery—in addition to the profits directly accruing from the expenditure. We appeal for an answer to this question to the evidence of Mr. Nimmo, Mr. Wye Williams, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Mullins, Mr. Wyse, and we might add many others. These intelligent practical authorities unite in asserting, that there is ample employment to be found of a profitable kind for the whole of the population of Ireland through a long series of years, in reclaiming the bogs and mountains, cutting roads and canals, deepening rivers, forming embankments, piers, and harbours, cultivating the waste lands brought under tillage by these improvements, and bettering the cultivation of the old inclosed lands. Mr. Weale's opinion is, that the last item alone of all these various modes of employment would *profitably* absorb all the surplus labour of the country.\* Mr. Nimmo has given evidence, the result of surveys and extensive experience, that there are several millions of acres of waste in Ireland which would repay at least ten per cent. on the capital expended in improving them.† Mr. Griffith says, that in the neighbourhood of the new roads lately made by government, 'the value of the land has everywhere much increased, and in some cases more than double the rent has been offered.'‡ Wherever, indeed, roads or canals have been opened through any of the neglected tracts of country (whole districts of which yet remain almost inaccessible), improvements of the most valuable nature are found to follow with the utmost rapidity: houses start up, bogs are reclaimed, quarries opened, enclosures formed, cultivation improved and extended, and every indication of active industry and increasing wealth displayed, where all before was barrenness and torpor. The moral improvement has been as sudden and remarkable. Idleness, turbulence, vice, and crime, have given place to habits of exertion, prudence, order, and civilization. Mr. Griffith states of one district,—

'In proof of the general tranquillity which remunerative employment has introduced into the country, I shall merely add, that in the

\* Evidence before the Committee on the Poor of Ireland, 1830, Q. 1700.

† Third Report of Emigration Committee, p. 328.

‡ Report, Poor Law Committee, p. 37.

year 1822 there were large garrisons in the villages and towns of Newmarket, Kanturk, Millstreet, Castle Island, Listowel, Abbeyfeale, Glynn, Newcastle, Drumcullagher, and Liscovoll, the whole of which are situated on the borders of the then inaccessible district. At present, with the exception of Newcastle, there are no troops in any of those towns; and the same persons who formerly were engaged in night marauding parties, are now beneficially employed in cultivating their own farms, and have become quiet and useful members of society.\* And of another place—'Since the works were begun, no outrages have been committed in the mountains; in the commencement we had much trouble with the labourers, who seemed to think they should have everything their own way, and refused to work by task or measurement, according to the system laid down by me, and demanded to be employed by the day; but, by patience and perseverance, we at length overcame their prejudices, and, on finding that when they worked fairly they always earned good wages, they gave up their opposition, and now prefer my system to their own, and none of our practised hands will work by the day who can get employment by task.'

Let this be an answer to those persons who insist that the Irish are incurably idle. Give him a motive for industry, show him that he can better his condition by it, and neither Englishman nor Scotchman will surpass the Irishman in close and patient toil, frugality, and providence—as, indeed, our harvest fields ought long since to have convinced us. The Scotch *Celts*, at least, had formerly as low a character for industry, and as undeservedly, as the Irish ones have now. But a system of public works, carried on in the highlands, between 1812 and 1817, had the effect, according to Mr. Telford's evidence,\* of entirely changing the moral character of the population, both teaching and enabling them to depend on their own exertions for support. 'It has been the means,' he says, 'of advancing that country at least one hundred years.' Above all, we call the attention of the friends of Ireland to the statement of Mr. Wye Williams, who, on the authority of several concurrent facts, declares he feels himself warranted in the opinion that the judicious and careful expenditure in Ireland of any given sum of money, in opening avenues for the interchange of the produce of industry, will be repaid, at the end of seven years at farthest, in an *annual increase of the government revenue equal to the whole sum expended*. In other words, that the increased production consequent on this outlay will bring in to government a *profit* of cent. per cent.; and as the share which falls to the revenue can scarcely reach one-tenth of the whole gross increase of wealth, the country at large will reap an annual profit in this mode of at least 1000 per cent. on its expenditure; every 100*l.* so laid out

\* Report, Poor-Law Committee, p. 37.

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occasioning the creation of a permanent income of 1000*l.* a-year to the inhabitants of the district through which the road or canal is carried !\*

If these strong statements will not convince the landlords of Ireland of the immense benefits which would accrue to them, as well as to their country at large, from the utilization of the vast stock of labour which now lies dormant there, a burdensome and dangerous nuisance to them, instead of a ready instrument for the acquisition of wealth, they are indeed blind beyond example to their true interests. But the improvements we have adverted to are not of a nature to be accomplished, generally speaking, by the enterprise of private individuals; they require the combination and co-operation of numbers, and experience shows that it is hopeless to expect they will proceed from voluntary association of the persons interested. The absenteeism of many, the embarrassments and dilapidated fortunes of others, the ignorance, apathy, and carelessness to the future of more, will ever prevent, as they have hitherto prevented, such works from being spontaneously undertaken on a large scale.† The system of assessment by which the

\* Evidence Poor Law Committee, 1830. Q. 6763.

† We are, however, delighted to quote the following detailed, and surely most interesting and instructive picture of the progress of a single Irish district, that of Glenbegh, in the barony of Iveragh, in the county of Kerry—as given in the evidence of Lord Headley's agent, July 16th, 1830.

‘What is the local situation of the estate?—It is in a very mountainous district by the sea-side, on the banks of the bay of Castlemain; in extent about 15,000 acres English. In what year did your acquaintance with the district begin?—I think in 1807 or 1808. What was then the character of its population?—An extremely wild and savage one. The district was an asylum for all the offenders, robbers and murderers in that part, and of the whole county; it used to be the boast of the people that no criminal was ever punished from it. The first time I visited the place, a major of the army waited upon me to say he was deputed as escort to collect some taxes, the hearth-money, I believe; he requested my influence as the appointed agent, to dispose those people to pay, for he said they had met him upon the bridge, at a small pass between the mountains, and told him they would sacrifice him and his party of soldiers if they stirred another foot into that place, and he made a retreat, and called upon me to assist, which of course I declined; and I believe they never paid anything, whilst the rest of the country did pay. Were there not frequent cases of shipwreck along that coast?—Yes; I believe, in general, once, or sometimes twice a-year, there have been shipwrecks on the coast of the bay of Castlemain, and it is well known at Lloyd's to be a most dangerous point. Did those misfortunes afford any means of employment or occupation for the tenantry of Glenbegh?—It called out a great many of their qualities of enterprise, for they were very busy at that time; and they used to build their cabins upon the cliff in order to have good look-out for the wrecks: they considered them as part of their means of subsistence....Their habitations were very miserable; the very lowest kind of huts that are found in Ireland, without windows or chimneys, and perfectly miserable cabins of the worst kind that you now see along the roads in Ireland....They had cattle: I recollect at that time there were about 1200 cows upon those 15,000 acres, and the place was considerably overstocked, which is a very common fault of the cottier tenants of Ireland. Did you ever hear the phrase of lifters applied to their cattle?—Yes, I recollect that phrase, which meant that they were so starved, they could not get up without lifting.

the majority of a parish, barony, or county, may bind the minority to contribute their fair proportion towards the expenses of a work of

lifting. Were there many quarrels amongst those people?—They were constantly quarrelling; it was a kind of sessions that one held in going there; they were coming to complain of each other; and constant assaults and fightings were taking place amongst them; that a good deal arose from the partnership tenancy; there were fourteen or fifteen people associated in one lease, and those people were constantly squabbling about the division of their little meadows, or the stocking of their little holdings. Did they wear shoes and stockings?—Very few; they were extremely ill-clothed at that time. Were there any roads through the district?—There was one mountain-road, which passed at the side of a very extraordinary cliff, like Penmanmaur, in Wales, and extremely rugged and rough: it was the only road in the whole district. Was that a road upon which wheeled carriages could pass?—Few wheeled carriages passed at that time, but it was the only passage to the barony of Dunkerran, which is the next barony to Iveragh. Were cars or wheeled carriages employed for the agricultural operations of the interior?—There was not a single car at that time in the whole district; they had sticks placed with cross-bars, and drawn upon the ends; but very seldom even that, for back-load horses with baskets were then used.

‘Is this district at the present moment in the condition that you have described it?—It exhibits a very extraordinary contrast to the condition I have described. The people are now well-clothed, they are extremely industrious and orderly, and I have seen them attending the chapel regularly twice a-day, as well-clothed, and as neat and as orderly, and as well-conducted, as you see in a country village in England. The houses are very considerably changed: there are about 150 new houses built upon the place, and they are as neat houses as you will see almost in England; they are built of stone walls, eighteen inches or two feet thick; they are white-washed outside, and very neatly thatched with the sand-rush, which grows upon the sand-banks on that coast, with windows, and three rooms in general; some of them are sixty feet in front, and the old cabins are converted into cowhouses and places for the cattle...The agriculture has improved very considerably; they have got into the habit of using sea-sand, which abounds upon that coast. When I first went there they knew of the existence of it, but we were obliged, in order to get them to use it, to get a vessel established to bring it from certain parts of the sand-banks, which they thought was much better than the dry sand, which was accessible; but after some time, they found that the dry sand was just as good as that which was dredged up from the sea, and they used that. I gave them a small allowance for the use of the sand at first; but I gradually reduced that; and now they use an immense quantity without any allowance, and that sand enables them to cultivate the bog and mountain to a great extent; and we have had about 2000 acres, since the year 1808, reclaimed, and considerably improved by the application of that sand and sea-weed...The original road has been converted by a new line into a fine mail-coach road, and Lord Headley has made at his own expense about twelve miles of other roads, fit for the purposes of the people...There are now a great number of cars; almost every one of the principal farmers has a car. The use of the rude machine I described, made of the cross sticks, drawn by a horse, has altogether ceased. Having described the state of Glenbegh in the year 1807, to have been much worse than the neighbouring districts, how does it stand now in comparison with them?—I conceive it is considerably superior, and really to a stranger affording a great contrast. Do you recollect the failure of the crop in 1821?—I do. Was there not a very great pressure upon parts of Kerry at that time from that failure?—Very considerable; I think, out of a population of 230,000 in Kerry, 170,000 were reported to have been destitute of the means of subsistence for the moment. Did the condition of the estate of Glenbegh at that time afford any test by which you could show that it was better than the other parts of the country?—It did; a most remarkable test; for instead of suffering from want of food, they were enabled to sell food to the rest of the country; of potatoes they sold a very considerable quantity at that time.

‘Having described the former state of Glenbegh, and its actual condition at present, will

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of general utility, is acknowledged by all to be indispensable; only, in addition, make it imperative on parishes, counties, &c. to carry on such works to an extent sufficient to give employment to all their able-bodied labourers, willing to earn a maintenance by industry, but unable to obtain it elsewhere, and you have at once the kind of poor-law which Ireland requires, effecting simultaneously the two important objects of such a measure—the providing the means of subsistence to all the individuals whose lot has been cast by Providence on that island—surely not to be starved in the midst of plenty,—and the development of its vast productive powers, now lying inactive and useless, namely, the natural fertility of its soil, and the moral and physical capacities of its numerous inhabitants.

In the establishment of such a system at the present moment, Ireland will enjoy the inestimable advantage of profiting by the experience of England, so as to select what has proved in practice

will you have the goodness to explain what means were adopted for effecting this singular improvement?—The means adopted were generally an attention to the character of the people, and a constant desire on the part of the managers of the estate to avail themselves of the disposition of those people to the improvement of the lands, and to the improvement of their habits and character generally. It was done with very little sacrifice of rent, or of money; but a constant and earnest attention to the object of improving the estate by the industry of the people; and whenever any particular instance of good management, or industry, or of care to collect the sand or the weed, or to reclaim or cultivate land, or to build a decent house, was evinced by any of the people, they were encouraged by some little emolument, or attention or allowance, or something of the kind. I think the first system was to allow the people half the value of any improvements made, out of their rents; but as those rents were very considerably higher than could have been paid, we conceived that the allowance was rather nominal than real, though it had the real effect of improving the estate.

‘Then are the Committee to understand that the improvements you have hitherto described have been effected chiefly by the people themselves, under a due system of encouragement and advice from the landlord?—Precisely so. You have stated that this has been effected without any considerable sacrifice on the part of the landlord; has there been increased value given to the estate, which has been proportioned to the amount of rent sacrificed by the landlord?—If it were to be sold now, I should say it would sell for many thousands of pounds more than it would have done before, even allowing for what would have been the natural progress of the estate without those attentions and urging. In fact, seeing that the estate had been neglected for many years, and seeing the necessity of either abandoning it to a state of waste, or of doing something in the way of improvement, Lord Headley wished its improvement should be urged, and it was urged, and his own personal attention had a great deal to do with it.

‘Has there been an improvement in the character and conduct of the people?—A very considerable improvement; so much now, that I conceive the people of Glenbegh to be as well behaved people as any others in the county at least. Does there exist the same difficulty that you have described of administering the laws?—Not at all; every kind of legal process is now carried on there, I think more easily than in any other part of the county. During the disturbances that occurred, did the spirit of whiteboyism extend itself to Glenbegh?—Not at all; on the contrary, the inhabitants had a meeting, and passed resolutions in a style rather of superiority, disavowing any participation in those feelings, and stating that the reason they did not participate in those feelings was the attention that had been paid to them and to their improvement for so many years.’—*Evidence*, p. 10.

beneficial,

beneficial, and avoid what has been mischievous in the working of her poor-law. It is far easier to frame a good institution of the kind for a country which has never possessed one, than to perfect a long-established system, whose very faults have become interwoven with the habits of the people and the tenure of property.

The great faults of the English poor-law, even where most wisely administered, are its complexity, the amount of litigation which it occasions between parishes, and, above all, its mischievous interference with the free migration of labour over the country to meet the demand for it. All these bad consequences may be directly traced to the restriction of *settlements* within such narrow limits as those of country parishes. If this is injurious in England, it would be doubly so in Ireland, where some parishes and baronies are overpeopled to an extraordinary degree, whilst others, which offer a favourable field for the improvements we have adverted to, will shortly admit of a vast addition to their population. Now, since the transfer of the excess from the former to the latter points is one of the principal objects to be kept in view in the introduction of any measure for the improvement of Ireland, great care must be taken that none of its provisions tend to counteract this beneficial process. Supposing, for example, that the English poor-law were followed so closely as to render every *parish* liable to maintain its inhabitants, it is clear that the rate-payers of any parish in which a road, canal, enclosure, or embankment was in progress, would have an interest in preventing the settlement within their limits of the workmen brought from other parishes to be employed on these works. But it is exactly to the establishment of these persons on improved tracts of this sort, by means of savings from their wages while working at the improvements, that we look forward as one of the happiest consequences of such undertakings.

On these grounds we are inclined to recommend that the settlement of paupers should, on no consideration, be limited to any smaller areas than those of the several *counties*. The supposed advantages of confining the range of settlement are, firstly, that the persons who dispense the relief may have a sufficiently direct interest in the economy of the funds they distribute, to ensure their vigilance and honesty; and secondly, that they may be able to make themselves acquainted with the facts of each case, and the truth of each statement made to them. But we much question if in fact these purposes are best answered by the minute subdivision of the settlement areas of England. We believe that the concerns of some of the very largest parishes are often managed with more economy, prudence, and efficiency, than those of the smaller; and for the obvious reason, that more of system and  
method

method is adopted, and abler heads employed upon them. We believe that where the duty of overseer is entrusted to a permanent salaried officer, subject only to the superintendence of the vestry, the management is far better and generally more economical than where the rate-payers take the office in turn, and every case is brought before the vestry. But 'a salaried overseer can have little direct interest in the economy of the funds entrusted to him.' The real security for his faithful discharge of his duty is to be found in his fear of losing his office, and his interest in satisfying his employers. From these considerations, we are led to believe that it would be by no means difficult to devise means for ensuring, throughout very extensive settlement areas, the great requisites of economy in the administration of the rate, and strict superintendence of the paupers, perhaps even more efficiently than could be done within narrower limits.

The plan then we would propose is as follows. Let every county be made liable to maintain its settled poor,—settlement being gained solely by birth or three years residence. Let the rate for the relief and employment of the poor be levied as an assessment on the rent by the collector of county cess, half from the landowner, half from the occupier—taking as a basis the valuations under the tithe composition act. Let there be established, in every county town, two separate boards, one of works, the other of relief. It is of paramount importance that the two modes of rendering assistance to the poor, by setting to work the able-bodied, and giving food, medicine, or money, to the infirm, should be kept as distinct as possible, the example of England having shewn the danger and mischief of their being mixed up together. To these boards we would give entire and uncontrolled authority, in the levy, management, and distribution of the necessary funds for the relief and employment of the poor.

The members of both boards should be nominated annually by the Grand Jury Court, and limited in number, a certain proportion going out by rotation every year. They would consist of magistrates, landowners, clergy, and persons of active mind and habits, removed above the suspicion of jobs and partialities. But the more effectually to prevent the jobbing which has, it is known, flagrantly characterised the system of Grand Jury presentments, and to ensure the expenditure of the county money, on such works only as promise most for the benefit of the public, as well as their execution in the most judicious and scientific manner, the *Boards of Works* should, we consider, be placed under the direction and controul of a General Board of Commissioners, appointed by and communicating directly with government, and bound to lay annual reports of their proceedings before Parliament; having competent engineers

engineers attached to it, and powers for directing the execution, by the county boards, of canals, drainages, embankments, roads, railways, and other public works; and for borrowing money for these purposes on the credit of the county assessments. The functions of grand juries of this nature should thenceforward cease, and devolve wholly on the county board of works. The wages of labourers should be paid exclusively in money, and any neglect of their work made punishable with discharge or imprisonment, on complaint of their immediate superintendent before a magistrate.

Let every parish have a *Committee of Relief*, composed of the parochial clergy, and two or three other persons appointed by the rate-payers. Let the business of this committee be to recommend poor persons for relief, and to distribute it, but under the complete controul and superintendence of the *central board*, and the officers it may appoint for the purpose. With this view, let that board divide the county into *districts*, each to be under the management and superintendence of a salaried overseer, whose business it would be to visit at intervals the several parishes of his district, inspect the circumstances of the poor receiving relief, attend the meetings of the parochial committees, keep a strict watch over their expenditure of the poor fund, and direct and co-operate generally with them in the management of the paupers. By a careful and uniform arrangement of the books and accounts, every parish sending in a monthly report of its proceedings to the county board, the system might be methodized so as to work, we are confident, with infinitely greater ease, precision, regularity, and economy, than the cumbrous and bungling, because unorganized, anomalous, and vaguely discretionary practices of most English parishes. Both paupers and rate-payers should be allowed to appeal from the parochial committee or district overseer, to the county board, on stated days of meeting. But the decisions of that board must be final.

It should be made imperative on the relief committee and overseers, to afford no relief except in cases of sickness, infirmity, and extreme decrepitude. Able-bodied poor, applying for aid, should on no account be relieved with money or food, (except such temporary assistance as may be necessary to enable them to reach the spot to which they may be directed for work,) but placed at the disposal of the *district surveyor* of the board of works, and employed by him on some of the works in process of execution by that board. The wife and infant family of such a labourer should not be considered fit subjects for relief, the man being compellable to support them out of his wages, a portion of which may be kept back and transferred to the parochial committee by the

the district surveyor, for their use, in case they do not accompany him to the spot where he obtains work, or that he does not voluntarily allow them a maintenance. But the labourer's family would generally migrate with him to the place of his employment. An Irish hovel is easily run up anywhere, and is of almost infinite capacity; and this migration, as we have observed, is most desirable on all accounts.

Such is the brief outline of the kind of poor-law, which we think best fitted to the circumstances of Ireland. It would be imperative only so far as requiring employment to be provided for all who are willing and able to work for their maintenance, and would leave the quantity and mode of relief for the infirm and aged to the humanity and discretion of the county boards. Composed as these would be of, and elected by, the principal landowners of the county from whom the poor-rate would chiefly be raised, it is not probable that they would exceed the limits of prudence and necessity in their disbursements, or that they would omit to keep the strictest watch over the proceedings of their agents and of the local committees. At the same time they would be held responsible by public opinion for preventing any extreme sufferings in individual cases of misery, and for mitigating the pressure of general distress occasioned by epidemics or failure of crops.

We do not think that this legalized charity would prove a heavy burden on the land of Ireland. On the contrary, we are convinced that the judicious and methodical employment on public works or private improvements of all the stock of labour, now allowed to run to waste in that country, must prove to its landlords the key to a treasure of wealth, the certain means of increasing, in an extraordinary degree, the value of their property, and instead of a ruinous burden (in which light they have unfortunately been led to view it by the blundering confusion of the original poor-law of England with its recent and local abuses) a benefit of immense and immediate value. With respect to the interests of Ireland at large, we consider such an enactment, for the employment of the idle and the relief of the diseased and famishing, to be not only called for as a measure of justice—as a legal acknowledgment of a natural right—not only expedient as a measure of policy to prevent *rebellion*—but as affording the only means for setting in motion the vast amount of productive power which now lies torpid and useless in the bosom of that island—for giving the starting impulse to the process by which its great natural resources will, after the machine is once fairly set a-going, spontaneously develop themselves—for opening the door to the introduction and employment of the overflowing abundance of English capital—and for giving rise to a new and reciprocal de-



mand in either country for the produce of the other, to an extent which it is perhaps impossible to overrate. In one word, a common poor-law is essential in order to complete the Union, to bring into life and action the vast natural advantages to both countries of that great measure—and by closely interweaving their interests, by making the welfare of the one essentially to depend on that of the other, to render the compact for ever indissoluble by force or faction.

ART. V.—1. *A Letter to Lord Howick on Commutation of Tithes, and a Provision for the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland.* By Nassau William Senior, Esq. Second Edition. 8vo. London. 1831.

2. *History of the Civil Wars of Ireland.* By W. C. Taylor, Esq., A. B., of Trin. Coll., Dublin. Edinburgh. 1831. (2 vols. 12mo., published in Constable's Miscellany.)

**W**HETHER the Union between Great Britain and Ireland can be much longer profitably preserved, is a question which reflecting men have of late begun to propose, with some misgivings as to the answer. Projects of legislation for the 'sister country' have been so signally, it would seem so disgracefully, defeated, the hopes of charity have experienced so repeated and cruel blights, that, among many political speculators, apprehensions have made themselves felt, such as may have a serious and, we trust, a salutary influence on their future deliberations. All men, of all parties, are now ready to acknowledge, that hitherto our government of Ireland has been conducted on very mistaken principles; and there are some who affirm, that there is an element in the character of our Hibernian fellow-subjects or in their circumstances, a peculiarity, as yet unobserved, which, until it has been detected and neutralised, will disconcert every endeavour to effect their amalgamation with us. Thus, interest has connected itself with questions, which, until of late, had not been seriously propounded—Is Ireland to be retained in connexion with Great Britain? if she be, by what means shall the connexion be improved? if not, how shall the consequences of separation be rendered least disastrous?

That separation is an object earnestly desired by a strong and resolved party in Ireland, is a truth which cannot rationally be disputed. Neither is it now denied, that there prevails in that country an antipathy to British connexion, which has grown on the very concessions by which we had hoped to appease it. England, however, is not without many friends by whom, if need were, the efforts of a hostile faction would be strongly opposed; and

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those among us who take a sanguine view of things, appeal to the array of wealth and consequence which appeared to champion the act of legislative union, in the early part of the past year. But even this appeal is not without its disheartening accompaniment. It reminds us of the disorder which rendered such a demonstration of strength necessary. It reminds us, also, of the portentous OMISSION which, in our judgment, left a very imposing catalogue of names destitute of force, if not authority; and, on the whole, causes us to question, whether the proceedings of last year in Ireland do not rather prove the progress which the cause of 'Repeal' has made, than display adequate power to resist it.

But, it is contended, the friends of British connexion have other reliance than on their personal influence and their numbers. They may trust to the operation of a principle whose efficacy is universally acknowledged. It is for the interest of Ireland to maintain the Union. It is for the interest of every country, so circumstanced as she is, to seek and cherish connexion with a great empire, in whose wealth and improvement the inferior member of the Union may fairly participate. This proposition, it is clear, may be true, while yet the encouragement derived from it shall be wholly delusive. The 'interest of a country' is but a vague expression; and, in some systems, does not comprise in its definition the comforts of the great mass of the people. The estimation, too, in which connexion with a superior country is held, must be modified by any peculiarities in the character and circumstances of those who are affected by it; and thus, it is very conceivable that the wealthy, and the enterprising, and the intellectual in Ireland, may regard connexion with Great Britain as the guarantee of their possessions, and an assurance of national or individual advancement, while yet their opinions shall have no authority over the judgments and passions of a very numerous body, who look forward to 'separation' as affording the only prospect of relief from grievances which may painfully oppress them. Whether this body is to be engaged by some effectual conciliation—to be convinced or coerced by argument or force—whether the friends of 'connexion' can be sustained by such support as shall enable them to disseminate more widely feelings of attachment to Great Britain—are questions on the due answering which the fate of the empire may be dependant;—and to consider them properly, it is necessary, in the first instance, to have a clear conception of the principal parties into which the population of Ireland is divided—the parties, we mean, at issue on the question respecting 'the Legislative Union.'

As a general principle, it might almost be anticipated, that the Protestants of Ireland would be found staunch friends of British connexion,

connexion, and that the Roman Catholics only would be the zealous champions of 'repeal.' This, however, would be too broad an assumption; religious opinions being, in many instances, indiscernible among the motives by which the contending parties are influenced. Where Protestants are numerous, they speak their sentiments freely, and these are such as we naturally would have expected; where they are thinly scattered, and surrounded by the professors of a hostile creed, it is not perhaps very unnatural to apprehend, that, if their habits of thinking are not altered, they will, at least, have become cautious in their mode of expression, and will be disinclined to advance opinions which they think can be of little moment to their cause, and may be very detrimental to their personal interests. We do not, therefore, in all cases, from the silence or even from the speeches of Protestants peculiarly circumstanced, infer honest attachment to the anti-union cause; but, at the same time, we are instructed by untoward occurrences, not to set down the Irish Protestant population as universally determined to maintain British connexion. It would be a more correct classification of parties were we to say, that the landed proprietary in Ireland, the higher order of the merchants, those who have prospered in the learned professions, are favourable to the principle of 'Union,'—that the artizans in the towns are desirous of 'Repeal,'—and that the rural population, in the humbler classes, throughout the southern and western provinces, are, so far as they have a political bias, adverse to Great Britain, and prepared, by their habits and poverty, to embrace any project of change which shall be recommended by approved and confederated advisers. To the neglect of this portion of the Irish people, and to the unregarded influences amidst which their minds have been permitted to be formed, we mainly attribute the unhappy estate of their country; nor, until some new and very improved system in their behalf be devised, can we regard hope as better than a delusion. A single peculiarity in the condition of their country may serve to render our apprehensions intelligible.

Any person minutely informed as to the ancient geography of Ireland, and well acquainted with its modern statistics, can readily satisfy himself that the men of Milesian name are to be found in those denominations of country, where, if he were guided by his remembrance of the Down Survey, or the Map of Ortelius, he would expect to meet them. On further inquiry, he would learn that many were living as tenants on their ancestors' estates, and that traditions were current among them of the grounds on which the property had changed masters. He would learn, too, that the modern proprietors had, in various instances, encouraged, by advantageous leases, the former possessors of their lands still

to occupy part of them, and so long as the remembrance of their forfeiture was recent, had, perhaps, behaved with a natural lenity in their capacity of landlords; and he would, most generally, see the descendants of this once-favoured tenantry sunk into a degree of wretchedness, in which every trace of prosperity was lost, except remembrance of the affluence from which they had declined. He must be a very unreflecting man, who does not see that people thus circumstanced demand a government of more than ordinary circumspection.

We have no disposition whatever to fatigue our readers or ourselves with a rehearing of those arguments respecting 'the forfeited estates,' in which, at one period of our history, the adventurous and the cautious among politicians were wont to engage. We may observe at the same time, in passing, that the bigotry which dreaded a revival of dormant claims, was not a jot more irrational than the declamation by which it was discountenanced. It may, perhaps, be the truth that, were the existing settlement of property in Ireland disturbed, there would be found much uncertainty and confusion in the allegations of new and rival pretenders; but they are ignorant of man who are not aware that the apprehension of remote consequences has little power to abate the enthusiasm in which the mind broods over any cherished desire, and who could not understand that uncertainty itself, like that indistinctness which confessedly enhances the sublime, might be a medium through which the slighted titles should exercise a more commanding influence over lively and undisciplined imaginations. A vague persuasion of suffering wrong, a knowledge not accurate or extensive enough to ascertain the nature or degree of the injury sustained, may be effectual to produce and perpetuate irritation against that system by which supposed injury has been inflicted. Such a feeling should be very carefully watched and tended by those who would govern well. It induces a ready credence to insinuations and counsels which eventually may divorce morality from law. It causes legal possession to be looked upon as spoil; it distorts the aspect of constituted authority into the likeness of usurpation; it disposes the mind to regard civil obedience as a matter solely of prudential calculation, wherein 'security in life, liberty, or possession' may be hazarded as the stake which the game of conduct requires, but in which conscience and all man's higher interests are wholly unconcerned. That this perilous disposition has not been corrected, may with little difficulty be gathered from the history of the last half century, during which Ireland has never enjoyed in succession six tranquil years. In one or other of her provinces, under some fantastical name, announcing some impracticable object, and with no equivocal manifestations, rebellion

rebellion has raised its front, and though, in all instances, constrained to withdraw into retirement, has offered much instruction in its display of a disaffected people; and, the instruction having been neglected, has won from the government a vantage-ground, and has disciplined and accoutred its exasperated multitudes for more elaborate and more sanguinary insurrection.

It was very generally understood that, when the Rebellion of 1798 was suppressed, there remained in Ireland very large numbers, who conceived themselves still bound by the treasonable oaths they had taken, and whose unchanged feelings and wishes did not allow them to esteem the obligation as oppressive. The crowds of willing recruits who so speedily surrounded the standard of Humbert at Killala,—the disorder from which, since that day, Ireland has never been wholly free,—the declaration of Grattan, in the year 1807, that there was a French party among the people, whose objects and exertions were so formidable, that even *he* was willing to take his full share of responsibility with ministers in the enactment of an oppressive and almost unconstitutional statute,—the frightful outrages, at which, from their frequency, astonishment, if not horror, has ceased to be experienced,—and the close and effectual confederacy by which successive governments have been confounded and disgraced, abundantly and painfully confirm the misgivings that treason had survived insurrection. But (and it is an acknowledgment which we make with no small mortification) during those momentous years, when rebellion was not yet fully organized, and in which a wise administration might have defeated its projects and won back a cherished people from its seductions, time was suffered to pass on unimproved, and the attention of men in power was diverted from real danger and their proper duty, to waste itself upon ostents of power and passion, which, but for that conspiracy of more daring spirits, so fatally disregarded, would have been altogether harmless.

We are far from denying that vehement harangues could not be perpetually sounded forth, without exercising some influence over a disaffected and irritable population; but we strenuously affirm, that the rustic insurrection was of an origin very different from the excitement which eloquence produces; and we are convinced that, to apply the strait waistcoat to the lips, for the purpose of restraining the sallies of an insane patient in an access of delirium, would be just as rational as the effort to suppress the disorders which have been the real plague of Ireland, by tampering with or even silencing the craters of her metropolis. The disaffection of the people had its origin in real grievances, or in counsels which were not ostentatiously proclaimed. To subdue or convert it demanded a knowledge of its cause, and a wise and determined use of the  
means

means whereby the sources of just complaint should be dried up, and affectation of grievance and fallacious expectation be alike effectually discountenanced. There was no community of interest or object between the two parties. The 'associators' laboured for notoriety, and aspired after advancement; the people demanded, or desired rather, relief: relief, on the one hand, from the dreadful enormities of the incendiary and assassin; relief, on the other, from the pressure of almost intolerable distress. Here was the difficulty on which the entire energy of the Irish government should have been bent: but it was not. That government were pursuing their phantom-chase; an image was before them—the semblance of a formidable antagonist; it had the 'inania verba—sine mente sonum,' which had bewildered Turnus of old; and, like him, the guardians of the people left their worst enemy to finish his work, while they were cheated and bewildered by the wiles of the shadowy challenger, whom they might have despised if they had faithfully and bravely stood to their proper duty.

It would not be becoming in us to insinuate that there was concert between the movements of Insurrection in the country and Agitation in the towns; that Captain Rock, in conquering the people, and Counsellor O'Connell, in bullying the parliament, were performing each his allotted part; that the Association was conjured up by some wily Ismeno, to secure him leisure for new devices, and to guard the precincts of that 'deep forest' which spreads 'not far from Christianity.'\* But while we hazard no such venturous allegation, we may, with much confidence, affirm, that the result of the coincident warfare was as effectual as if it had been waged by a combination; that it served to distract the councils and retard the operations of a government which, possessing neither courage to force a way through the guarded posts, nor discretion to find a less perilous approach, was held in inactivity, or employed in bootless enterprise, until its resources were exhausted, and such a concentration of force arrayed against it, as compelled a dishonourable surrender. We should also have left this part of our subject incomplete, if we did not add, that were we to suspect design where we find so remarkable a coincidence, our suspicions would not be altogether unwarranted by historical precedent. In the 'Memoir' published in America by Emmett and Mac Nevin, there is a disclosure full of instruction, which ought not to be neglected. It is said of the associates of these gentlemen,—

'They rejoiced that the agitation and controversies which were

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\* 'Sorge non lungi alle Cristiano tende  
Fra solitarie valli alta foresta.  
Qui nell' ora che'l sol piu chiaro splende  
E luce incerta e scolorita e mesta,' &c. &c.

*Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto xiii. stanza 2.

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springing up would so entirely engross the attention of their opulent, interested, and ambitious adversaries, as that they and their proceedings would pass unnoticed. They well knew that, in the midst of disputes for power, places, and emoluments, neither the great nor their connexions would condescend to bestow a thought upon despised malcontents, or the advances of an obscure system. They, therefore, not unwillingly assisted in keeping the attention of government, and of the higher ranks, occupied with party contests,' &c. &c.\*

It is unhappily evident that 'the attention of government, and of the higher ranks,' has been as successfully diverted from its proper object by the associations of late days, as it was by the contrivers of rebellion in the less perilous times they have succeeded. Cautious men stood aghast at the intemperance, and prudent men were bewildered by the devices, of the agitators who absorbed their attention. Their thoughts were perpetually engaged in the consideration of expedients by which *these* might be subdued, or seduced into silence; and although they knew that words do not literally poison the air, and professed to dread the agitators' harangues *because* of their probable effect on a *discontented* people, they left that discontented people exposed to influences ten thousand times more pernicious than the orator's most virulent didactics. The result is, that now, throughout Ireland, insurrection esteems itself successful: it has removed many obstacles; it has attached numerous retainers, if not friends; and when it makes preparation for a bolder achievement than any as yet attempted, expects to meet, in the champions of law, opponents easily daunted, and brings to the conflict bands encouraged by success wherever they have dared to seek it.

But, hitherto, it is most important to bear in mind, Insurrection has been only marshalling its forces. Those outrages in the south and west of Ireland, at which humanity shudders, have been termed 'driftless and desultory.' They were not more so than the gratuitous atrocities by which Catiline familiarised his instruments with guilt, and affrighted his adversaries. However disproportioned Captain Rock's objects may have been to the crimes which attained them, his sagacity has not been belied in their effects. The threatenings of the law fall to the ground like meteors, for a moment gazed after and forgotten; the menace of the insurgent is heard in dismay, because it is followed by sure destruction. Retributive justice is permitted to retain its pomp, but it is bereft of power: it cannot protect its friends—it cannot reach its enemies; it has had the mortification to see terror transferred from the culprit to the witness-box, to the jury-room, and, some have insinuated, even to the bench; it seems, in short, reduced or tra-

\* Pieces of Irish History, &c. New York. 1807. pp. 92, 99.



vested into a state in which only the satire of Timon against Jupiter can adequately describe it; and if, as yet, it has not experienced the fate of Saturn, has been so effectually divested of authority and fear, that basest natures are encouraged to seek the renown of Salmoneus, and may out-thunder law with impunity. Thus much has been effected in the cause of Insurrection by instruments who seem to have had no direct interest in the objects for which they contended. Is it rational to imagine that when their power shall have been organized, and their influence greatly extended, they will be less inclined to exert it in the furtherance of plans wherein their concern is immediate and truly important? Is it to be supposed that they have so long been toiling for other's good, staking life on every effort they made, and when the cause is won, shall have become careless of their own advantage? Is the end of their tragical contrivances to be that Mr. O'Connell has his patent, and Mr. Shiel may plead in silk attire? or will they not give themselves with at least equal interest to the attainment of measures which shall better their own temporal condition, and, in some respect, cause their domestic comforts to correspond with the dignity of their political enlargement? The man is not wise who doubts that they will.

The preliminary measures, however, are not yet completed. REFORM or REPEAL must put the last hand to the work of preparation. For either, or rather for both of these, the 'hereditary bondsmen' are now labouring in the struggle which, successfully ended, is to dismiss them bond-slaves no more. Let them have Reform—let all necessity of disguise be removed—and they will send a band of delegates into 'the House,' from whose eloquence our English members will pray to be delivered: let them have Repeal, and there needs no spirit of vaticination to pronounce what must succeed. But it is not with consequences we have here proposed to concern ourselves,—rather with the spirit and resources in which those events, from which great consequences follow, are to be planned and perfected. The means of winning the great triumph are to be sought, as we have already stated, in the numbers and resolution of the people who strive for it—that is to say, of the great mass of the Irish people in the southern and western provinces, both oppidan and rustic. The mechanics have sufficiently declared their sentiments as to the benefits they expect to derive from a 'repeal;' and the shopkeepers have too keen a sense of their interest not to know that they are far more dependant on the good-will of those who strive to dissolve the Union, than on the favour of those who would preserve it. Times are very much altered since the days when it was the habit of Irish gentry to afford a liberal encouragement to the tradespeople of the towns or villages

villages which had natural claims on their favour or protection. Facilities of conveyance are such, that even the *resident* aristocracy supply their wants from a distance, and thus lose that influence which a large local expenditure would secure them; the competition, therefore, for the favour of the poorer classes is unaffected by any looking up for the patronage of the great, and is, in general, aided and advanced much more by accommodating the political tastes of purchasers, than by trading with them on the more advantageous terms; thus men of business often become, as it were, honorary members of '*the union.*' There are places where the objects of Captain Rock or Terry Alt may be as effectually forwarded as where blood is poured out; and services of great moment can be rendered by shopkeepers who do not put their lives in peril, but who will as naturally fall in with the prevailing bias of the inferior orders, as political journals speak the sentiments of their readers.

Against this formidable array of strength what can be done? Is Ireland to be quietly resigned? Is a civil war to be courted? Are terms of compromise to be discovered, and can they be rendered binding? We have asserted, that all the efforts hitherto made, and the advantages acquired, are only preparatory to something yet to be effected. Of the past conflicts, the peasantry bore the brunt, and the gentry have all the benefit. The peril, the wretchedness, the iniquity, through which honours were won for one class, issued in increased penalty on the other. Surely it is natural to believe, that this latter party are still looking to an unattained object, towards which they may have been, though somewhat circuitously, constantly advancing—an object, to the attaining which, Reform of Parliament, Repeal of the Union, are only stages; and it is not irrational to inquire whether this is an object which might safely be conceded, and whether such concession, graceful and timely, might not divert the thoughts of a conciliated multitude from schemes conversant about revolution.

How are we to learn the objects which the discontented peasantry of Ireland are really desirous of accomplishing? How are we to learn the real grievance which disposes them to violence, and presents them, '*swept and garnished,*' to the wiles of every tempter? Shall we hear their professed advocates? Dr. Doyle proclaims that the established church is the offence, and that when it is overthrown, and when it has surrendered its revenues to their original use, of feeding the poor, peace shall be permitted to revisit Ireland. This Right Reverend Divine has opportunities of learning the sentiments and opinions of the Roman Catholic people, such as might have stamped a value on his statements; but, unhappily, his declarations, pledges, and professions have been, and on solemn occasions too, of such a nature as, in our inability to reconcile

concile them either with his own recent conduct, or with principles of truth and fair-dealing, compels us to set his authority aside. Another writer on Irish affairs, Mr. Senior—who strongly condemns Dr. Doyle's proposed remedy, censures his intemperance, and more than questions his sincerity—recommends that, instead of making provision for the poor, government should provide for the Roman Catholic priests, conceiving that, although their present supporters have no just ground of complaint against the endowments of the Protestant clergy, who are a species of landed proprietors, they have good reason to complain, that the burden of supporting their own clergy shall be suffered to press on themselves. 'The common statement,' he says, 'that they have to support two churches, is false. The Protestant clergyman is a part owner of the land, and differs from any other landlord merely in being bound to *some* duties'! Does Mr. Senior really believe that the lay-landlords are bound to none? 'But the Catholics have to support one church, their own; and who can wonder at their feeling so invidious a distinction from the other inhabitants of that island to be not merely an evil, but an injury—a subject not merely of regret, but of resentment?'—(p. 67.) Were we disposed to cavil at Mr. Senior's assertions, we should confront them with numerous passages in which the Roman Catholics and their leaders fiercely repudiate the 'abominable supposition' of their ever submitting to the offices of a pensioned clergy, and rejoice in the privilege of being themselves the direct and only source of their emoluments. But we rather credit the learned professor for an expression in which we believe he has shown a more correct judgment than if he had taken his Right Reverend opponent for his instructor.

The principal objections to Mr. Senior's proposed system he supposes to arise from the scruples of conscientious persons who fear, that, in supporting the church of Rome, they would be abetting sin, and of such economists as may be ill-inclined to submit to an increased taxation. The latter objection, he replies, will be but of a temporary nature, as, in time, the revenues of eighteen Protestant bishoprics, well managed, will constitute a fund sufficient for the wants of an unmarried clergy;—to the former, not because he thinks it rational, but through respect for those who advance it, he also condescends to reply. His answer is two-fold:—first, the meditated endowment would not increase the influence, or prolong the empire of the church of Rome in Ireland; secondly,

'It may be added, that if our consciences forbid our allowing an endowment to the Catholic religion, we ought scarcely to require the Catholics to acquiesce in the Protestant establishment. They believe

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our faith to be, at least, as unfavorable to salvation as we believe theirs to be; and the sinfulness of contributing to the support of a religion must depend not on the real character of the religion, but on the opinion as to its character of him who contributes to it.'

On the former part of Mr. Senior's reply, we shall offer no further comment than this, that it argues a better acquaintance with the maxims of economists, and the casuistry which is not of the Bible, than with the principles and consciences of those English Protestants who would not do evil, even that good should come of it. In the latter portion of his answer, we believe that only the supposition of extreme haste can account for the mistake into which the learned professor has fallen. He must have forgotten his own previously recorded statement that the Protestant clergy are part owners of the land. He must have forgotten that the Roman Catholics, who are bound to pay them their legal dues, accepted, not by compulsion, but voluntarily, the obligations and advantages of proprietors or tenants. He must have forgotten that the laws which laid upon the soil the support of the church, and thus warned all who possessed or occupied it, of the conditions they must observe, did not constrain any individuals to incur an invidious or sinful obligation; otherwise, he could not have inserted, in the same category, the conscientious scruple against inducing a new obligation, alien to the spirit of the law, with the discontent which struggles against fulfilling a positive duty, the purchase, as it may be called, of especial rights and possessions. So far as voluntary contributions are considered, Mr. Senior's argument is correct. If we refuse, from principle, to promote the views of any religious denomination, we cannot rationally complain of a corresponding disinclination to further our own;—but, to extend this argument to the case of one who has become a tenant, on the understanding that he pays a rent to two landlords, and who should, when in possession, protest against fulfilling the conditions of his lease, because his conscience, which allows him to retain the land, will not be at ease if he performs the obligations which he has incurred on receiving it, is a species of reasoning which nothing but hurry or confusion can account for or excuse. We trust, on a future occasion, Mr. Senior will amend it.

His plan for the endowment of the church of Rome we object to on many grounds. It would seriously injure the Protestant establishment;—it would not satisfy the expectations of the Roman Catholic clergy;—it would convert the four archbishops into political agents;—it would disable their suffragans from acquiring that accuracy of information, and exercising that vigilant and mild rule under which the Irish branch of our church establishment has of late been so prosperous. The bishop (says our Professor) should

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have the revenues of the most valuable parish in his diocese (p. 73), provided it be 'public property.' Has Mr. Senior informed himself what the amount of those revenues might be,—and where the bishopric and the benefice have not concurrently become vacant, has he determined to what extent the new bishop shall be pensioned? But, in comparison with higher matters, these considerations are unimportant. Is the bishop of an extensive diocese to be also the priest of, perhaps, the most populous parish under his episcopal care? He is (proceeds the Professor) to have the patronage of his diocese. Will his confinement to duties which demand constant attention ensure to him that knowledge of his clergy which will instruct him how patronage may be best dispensed? or will his comparative poverty raise him above the temptation of abusing its exercise? Mr. Senior adduces an argument, which we should hardly have expected from him, as proof that the diminution of their revenues would not diminish the respect and esteem in which bishops are likely to be held, and therefore would not lessen their utility.

'We might safely have anticipated, and we know from experience, that moral influence does not depend on wealth or on temporal dignity. The reverence and affection which have been enjoyed by the unendowed Roman Catholic bishops at least equal those which have been acquired by their Protestant rivals.'—p. 74.

'Their Protestant rivals'!! We confess ourselves sometimes at a loss how to deal with the transparent sophistry of Mr. Senior's assertions. The unendowed Roman Catholic bishops have been treated with affection and reverence, therefore endowments are unnecessary on the part of their 'rivals!' But what has ensured to the unendowed prelates this valued tribute?—Can Mr. Senior impart a due portion of it to their *rivals*? He knows that there is no Roman Catholic prelate in Ireland so *reverenced* as Doctor Doyle. He has,—not lightly,—inflicted on him the contemptuous castigation which absence of those qualities that deserve *reverence* could alone justify or call for. Does he really desire to see Protestant prelates *rivals* for the favour which is bestowed on Doctor Doyle? or would he have their training such as to discipline them in the artifices by which such favour is won? Mr. Senior should have remembered that neither superstition nor sedition lacquer the Protestant bishops in Ireland,—that only by pure personal character and suitably endowed station can they sustain the unceasing efforts of those strong principles to bear them down; and he would not then have found an excuse for impoverishing them in the respectability of their unendowed 'rivals.'

But, in truth, this learned gentleman appears to be blessed with  
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a very philosophic indifference to the state of the church establishment in Ireland, and conceives the cause of Protestantism there fallen so low, that the sooner the most solemn articles and stipulations in its favour are set aside, the better for the prosperity of the empire. 'It has been said,' observes Mr. Senior, 'that the establishments in England and Ireland are so bound up together that one cannot be touched without shaking the other.' It has been said!—Where? In the Articles of Union! In them, certainly, it is provided, 'that the churches of that part of Great Britain called England and of Ireland shall be united into ONE CHURCH,' &c. Is it the promise of these articles which the Professor of King's College, in his regard for the church of England, stigmatises as a calumny?

'As a sincerely attached member of the church of England,' he says, 'I rejoice that I do not believe this calumny. I do not believe her hold on the affections of this people to be so weak as to be endangered by an act of justice. I do not believe that giving back to the religion of the people of Ireland a portion of its former endowments would be a precedent for taking from the religion of the majority of the people of England a portion of its present endowments. Endowments, it must be remembered, are for the benefit, not of the clergy, but of the people. To maintain that they ought to be supported after they have ceased to be useful, is to maintain that our ancestors had the power to decide how the property of their remotest successors should be administered;—it is to maintain that the successive generations of mankind have not a successive right to the enjoyment of the soil;—it is to maintain, in short, that the land belongs not to the living but the dead. If, by a commutation of tithes, we remove the objections to the mode in which the church of England collects her revenues, she will continue to enjoy her endowments so long as her faith continues to be that of the majority of the people; and she ought to wish not to enjoy them any longer.'—p. 74.

The main principle laid down in this passage is, that a church establishment should not be supported when it has ceased to be useful; and, as well as we can gather from the concluding sentence, Mr. Senior's test to ascertain when a church has ceased to be useful, is to discover that 'her faith' no longer 'continues to be that of the majority of the people.' Perhaps he does not mean to propose, that all support should be withdrawn from a church which, according to his test, is found wanting, but merely that, in such circumstances, there is just reason to enact that a portion of her endowment shall be withdrawn. We are desirous to give his argument the advantage of every limitation to which a candid or even an indulgent examiner may think it entitled; and even in its improved or moderated form, to express our strong dissent. Mr. Senior,

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Senior, who solemnly reminds his noble confidant, Lord Howick, that 'endowments are intended for the *benefit* of the people,' appears to have forgotten that they were not intended to gratify the *caprice* of the people. Surely, if a religious endowment be intended for the people's benefit, it is essential to endeavour that the religion so endowed shall be good. And can Mr. Senior really imagine that the excellence of any church will be better ascertained by a census of heads, than by an inquiry into its doctrine and discipline, the labours of its ministers, and the character of its professors? Does he seriously imagine that the beneficial influence of the church of England is experienced only by its members? Has he never heard, even from its enemies' acknowledgment, that in Ireland the charities of its ministers, from the humble offerings of those least able to give, to what we know to be the munificent bounty of its dignitaries, never confine themselves within the limits of church communion? Does Mr. Senior imagine that Hooker, Taylor, and Barrow,—that Paley, Butler, and Magee are sealed volumes to all but those who receive the thirty-nine articles? We would conscientiously affirm our belief, that the church of England has been more useful to multitudes without the pale of her communion, than any other branch of the Christian church has been to its most devoted adherents.

But Mr. Senior has been pleased to offer proofs of his principle, that endowments 'ought not' to be supported after they have ceased to be useful. The principle, perhaps, might have stood without explanation or support, but the proof of it demands consideration. If it were not admitted, certain consequences would follow; namely, 1st. 'That our ancestors have the power to decide how the property of their remotest successors should be administered;' 2d. 'that the successive generations of mankind have not a successive right to the enjoyment of the soil;' 3d. or, perhaps, as a stronger mode of expressing the preceding consequences, 'that the land belongs not to the living, but to the dead.' We confess that this *ad absurdum* argument of the learned professor has occasioned us no slight embarrassment. The principle he has announced may be a very good principle as it stands, but, to us at least, the explanation spoils it. The absurdities which follow its denial, we conceive, in one sense, are not 'very absurd,' and, in another, are not at all appropriate to the question. As to the right of successive generations, if it involve a right of reversing former settlements, invalidating old titles, and taking away Chatsworth or Woburn Abbey, to divide the annexed domains among the 'working classes,' or bestow them on the people's leaders, we maintain, although we do not at present argue the point, that, in denying such a right, there is no very astounding absurdity. If the meaning



meaning of Mr. Senior's 'right of successive generations,' &c. be a right in existing possessors to retain all that they approve, and to cancel whatever they dislike in their titles to 'the enjoyment of the soil,' we again affirm that, in denying such a right, there is nothing manifestly absurd. If a 'right on the part of our ancestors,' &c. mean no more than a right to dispose of 'their acquisitions to heirs in succession,' whom law recognizes, under conditions which involve no moral wrong, and which law allows to be annexed, we profess ourselves unable to detect the absurdity of acknowledging that there may be such a right; and if the inability of an heir to set aside the condition of his inheritance (even although it required that he should contribute to the support of a worthy individual whom he did not esteem) be tantamount to a confession, that the revenues which must be divided between two living men are nevertheless the property still, not of the living but of the dead, we confess ourselves wholly unacquainted with that very peculiar language in which the maxims of political economy are communicated. Let us be permitted to put Mr. Senior's principles to a test, by applying them to the exigencies of an imaginary proposition. An individual, absolute master of his property, has bequeathed a large estate to a certain relative and his heirs-male, subject to incumbrances, which are to maintain an infirmary in the neighbouring village; the physicians to be appointed by the chief medical officer of the state for the time being, and to be paid a stated proportion of the revenues so given and appropriated. In process of time, either from some mismanagement of the infirmary funds, or even from inefficiency on the part of the physician, or because of the caprice of the people, their hatred of those in authority over them, their hope to benefit by a change, they decline the medical services provided for their good, defame with all the bitterness of spite the merits of those who would relieve them, and insist, that they will be better cared for, if either the institution maintained for their relief be abandoned, or the regular practitioner dismissed, and a professor of animal magnetism appointed in his stead;—in this difficulty, what do the laws of economy recommend or authorise? In whom is the right to the hospital appointments? In the landed proprietor who is bound to provide? In the people for whose *benefit* they are intended? In the physician duly elected and empowered to receive them? Can the landlord withhold his salary, and apply it to his own private uses? Can the people insist on its being paid, but enforce a right on their part to bestow it? Is a compromise to take place, according to which the revenues are to be divided between the nominee of the people and the nominee under the will? If the revenues of the infirmary may be divided, on what principle can the

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the issues of the estate have their integrity preserved? If the populace may substitute the quack for the physician, why may they not also, by one remove more, intrude him into the proprietorship of the estate? It may perhaps be replied, that the hospital revenues being devised for the good of the people, they may dispose of them at their will; but the estate, not being so granted, cannot be so invaded. We inquire whether they are justified in abusing to their prejudice what was yielded for their good? we inquire whether, since they have no right but what arises from the terms of the will, they can create a new right, that of setting the will aside? we further demand, whether, since the inheritance has a condition annexed to it, that of providing for the people medical advice, and thus, to some extent, protecting them against the evil which might follow from their own injudicious selection, it be not actually incumbent on those to whom this duty is assigned, to withstand the clamorous importunities of the people, to give the fullest effect in their power to the testator's proposition, and having well arranged their institution, and procured good medical aid, to wait firmly until the people have learned to know what is really for their benefit?

We are strongly inclined to suspect, that Mr. Senior, in his anxiety to govern Ireland by the maxims of 'economical' law, has neglected to acquaint himself with certain proceedings relative to another branch of law, by which the interests of every estate in that country are still guarded. It would, at all events, very much surprise us to be assured, that when the learned gentleman justified a meditated spoliation of church revenues in Ireland, because of the numerical superiority of the Roman Catholics, he, while proposing such a measure and such a defence, preserved a distinct recollection of the compensation offered to the Irish Protestants for surrendering their legislative independence. We request his attention to the following passage from the speech of Lord Castlereagh, on moving the proposition for a Union between Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1800:—

'I now proceed to that part of the question which concerns religion and the church establishment of the country. One state, one legislature, one church, these are the leading features of the system, and *without identity with Great Britain in these three great points of connexion, we never can hope for any real and permanent security.* The church, in particular, while we remain a separate country, will ever be liable to be impeached on local grounds, and can never be sheltered from the argument of physical force, which is so continually brought against it; but when it shall be once completely incorporated with the Church of England, it will be placed upon such a strong and natural foundation, as to be above every apprehension and fear

from adverse interest, and from all the fretting and irritating circumstances connected with our colonial situation,' &c. And again, 'But so soon as the church establishments of the two kingdoms *shall be incorporated into one church*, the Protestant will feel himself at once identified with the population and property of the empire, and the establishment will be placed on its natural basis.'

On the faith of promises like these, the Protestants of Ireland gave up their independence. It is certainly not honourable—we very much fear it is not politic—to refuse them the terms on which they were induced to make a very important surrender. We doubt, we say, the policy of this injustice; because, although Mr. Senior in his 'economical' singleness of view, takes no notice of a Union laboriously accomplished, and of important stipulations accorded, we very much dread, that we must not expect from the enemies of our church any elaborate disregard or any convenient forgetfulness of topics which may be used against us. Let Mr. Senior's argument be successful—let the Irish branch of the church be denied the benefit of solemnly ratified conditions, and spoiled, because her numbers are deficient—and who can say that dissenters and Roman Catholics shall witness in unquestioning tranquillity the establishment of such a precedent, and not use, very much to the detriment of the entire church, the principle by which Mr. Senior would dismantle a portion of it? There is no longer a church of Ireland, said Bishop Jebb in the House of Lords, and, we may add, said, in substance, the articles of Union in the parliaments of Ireland and of England.\* It would now be as reasonable to speak of two armies as of two churches\*. If, therefore, the test of numbers be that by which a church establishment is to be tried, it must be tried extensively, and the Roman Catholics of Ireland are to be told

\* We are the more surprised at Mr. Senior's forgetfulness of this solemn compact, inasmuch as it was solemnly renewed on a late most memorable occasion. These were, on one of the most important days even of *his* life, the words of his Grace the Duke of Wellington:—'Another point to which it was necessary for him to refer was, the repeated assertion of some Noble Lords, that the measure was dangerous to the Church of Ireland. Was this danger to be apprehended from legislation or from violence? If from legislation, their apprehension was clearly puerile, for it was impossible to suppose, that the small number of persons which this measure would admit into this house, and the few who might probably obtain seats in the other, could afford any ground for apprehending danger from legislation to the church of Ireland—the church of England in Ireland. He begged further to observe on this point, that a fundamental article of the Union of the two countries was the union of the two churches, which then became the United Church of England and Ireland; and it was impossible that any mischief could happen to the Irish branch of the united church, without destroying the union of the two countries.' It would be rather unjust, after purchasing concessions from the Irish Protestants, and exposing their church to much danger on the faith of those repeatedly promised guarantees, to listen to their enemies and such friends as Mr. Senior, and to forget all recorded stipulations.

off with the English and Irish dissenters in the division against the members of our church taken collectively in the two united countries.

There is one principle on which, perhaps, it might be pardonable to curtail the revenues of the church in Ireland, so far as it could be proved not to impair her effectiveness, that is, if the curtailment were necessary for her preservation. On lighter grounds, it is scarcely justifiable to do evil in the expectation of compensating good. We will try Mr. Senior's proposal by this test. Will the ends he has in view justify the means he proposes to adopt? He would pay the Roman Catholic priests out of the confiscated revenues of eighteen bishoprics in the church of England. How would this scheme work? What return is to be expected from the endowment which Mr. Senior would bestow on the Roman Catholic church? 'The priests will become attached to the government, and will strive to win over their people,' say those who think they must be bribed into loyalty. 'They will be freed from an injurious dependance on their people,' say those whose judgments are more favorable. We are, certainly, a credulous nation; but if mere promises respecting Ireland and the Roman Catholics can gull us again, our easiness of belief will merit a less respectable appellation. Indeed, the promises by which it is hoped to influence us, are of so very indeterminate a nature, and recommended by so superficial an acquaintance with the circumstances and habits of the parties for whom they are, without authority, made, that they can hardly have much power to affect us. 'A government provision'—this is the economist's maxim—'insures a government influence.' The priest who receives his pension will give, in return, his loyal respect. It is strange that those who would actuate man by the sordid parts of his nature, seem to forget all such offices of selfishness as do not favour their immediate purpose. It is, no doubt, natural to respect the source from which emolument is derived; but it is also natural to strive that the emolument shall be as large as may safely and consistently be procured. That these two principles shall coincide, it is necessary that the source whence bounty is derived, be, and be known to be, of such a character, that it may not only dispense, but deny. If government be invested with that salutary awe, that men are cautious how they will abuse its lenity, a hired priesthood may labour to merit its stipend, and not be daring in efforts to enlarge it; but, when an endowment is thought to have been wrested from the terror of the state, it is a species of *black-mail*, and may be expected to increase with the power to extort it;—it will be measured not by the will of him who pays, but by the force of him who exacts; and the same disorder, to quiet which had been a prime argument for originally giving, may be perpetuated,

tuated, for the purpose of compelling further, and almost unbounded, grants and concessions.\* The principle that a people

\* We transcribe the following sentences from the last *Charge* of the Bishop of Durham,—a performance which ought to be in the hands of every churchman, and of every lover of the church, and to command, at least, the respectful and deliberate attention of her *conscientious* opponents, in whatever station:—

‘The engines chiefly set at work, in these times, to effect any great changes, political or ecclesiastical, are *agitation* and *intimidation*. These having been already successfully applied to more than one great subject of popular excitement, the same are now put in motion, to accelerate the downfall or the degradation of the Established Church: and the confidence of those who so apply them betrays itself in a tone of defiance, and even of anticipated triumph, as if the deed were already achieved. The spirit of really *malignant* warfare is rarely to be softened by overtures of compromise or concession. These, for the most part, will be regarded as indications of weakness, timidity, or self-reproach, and will stimulate only to further aggressions. One security being yielded, the surrender of another, and another, is demanded; that the victim of conciliation may become so much an easier prey to the despoiler. It is indeed hard measure, which is dealt out to us in this respect. If we seem to be tenacious of what has had the sanction of time, and experience, and long-established rights and usages, the cry of bigotry, selfishness, and blind attachment to things no longer fit to be retained, is instantly raised. If, on the other hand, we shew a readiness to take some part with the crusaders against antiquity—so far, at least, as to institute modified and cautious measures of improvement, without putting the whole to hazard—then comes the taunt, *habes confitentem reum*; we are treated as acknowledging our delinquency, and only proposing imperfect attempts at renovation, for the purpose of inducing others to stop short of the consummation really wanted. To stem these different currents, no less firmness than discretion, no less caution than vigour, will be requisite. The charge consigned to us is too precious to be bartered away for popularity, or to be yielded from mere deference to public feeling. With the confidence which conscious rectitude inspires, yet with such circumspection as befits the most resolute in such a cause, must every proposition be weighed, and every step be taken. Too eager a spirit of conflict may lead to rash encounters, embarrassing rather than advantageous, to the cause it is intended to uphold. Enough, however, there is, in such times as these, to occupy the thoughts and call forth the exertions of every one among us, whatever be his post or station. To counteract the effect of those pernicious stimulants, by which the whole community has been wrought up to a state of maddening irritation;—stimulants, administered by atheists, by revolutionists, by the thoughtless or desperate of every description;—is, at this moment, among the first duties of the vigilant Pastor. The main root of the evil lies in a want of sound, sober, and practical *religious* feeling, operating steadily throughout the community, and influencing the conduct in all the various departments of social life. The want of this is discernible in attempts to carry on the work of *popular education* without taking *Religion* for its basis; in the systematic and avowed separation of *civil* and *political* from *Christian* obligations; in the disposition to consider all truths, on whatever *sacred authority* they may rest, as matters of mere *human opinion*; and in a persuasion, that the *whole concerns of government, of legislation, and of social order*, may be conducted as if there were no *MORAL RULER OF THE UNIVERSE* controlling the destinies of men or of nations; no other responsibilities than those which subsist between man and man, unamenable to any higher tribunal. So long as these pernicious sentiments obtain currency among us, (and who will say that they do not fearfully prevail in every rank and every station?) it is impossible for any believer in a righteous Providence not to look on such a state of things with unwonted misgivings. A corrupt or careless clergy, an unfaithful or unthankful people, general neglect of public worship, desecrated sabbaths, *daring impieties, indifference to the truth, encouragement to superstitious vanities, or to doctrines subversive of the fundamental truths of Christianity*; these, or any of these, when they become general, and especially when they infect those in *high stations of authority, whose duty it is to control and to correct them*—may provoke the Almighty to withdraw His protecting hand, and to say, as to his rebellious people of old, “Shall I not visit for these things, and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?”

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are to be gratified in their religion, may be pushed to a very dangerous extent. Among the Roman Catholics, desires as yet in embryo may be brought to light by indulgence. Their system demands an expensive ritual. It requires stately chapels, and choirs, and vestments, and even the ornamental tribute by which painting does it homage. While in adversity, it submitted to its privation in these important matters, or supplied their place by rude and tawdry misrepresentations; but when it is to be restored, the desire will soon revive of accessory and (considering its genius) essential splendour. Roman Catholics may begin the new order of things in thankfulness for the indulgence wherewith they have been favoured in the provision for their priests; but, as soon as the novelty of this unaccustomed feeling has passed away, their ambition growing with encouragement, and becoming bolder as it seems more disinterested, they may, with a clamour of which they have learned the full moment, demand that the whole material of their costly worship shall become the charge of government, and be graciously and abundantly provided. For our parts, we are thoroughly convinced, that no petty or inadequate assistance, nothing such as Mr. Senior proposes, will satisfy the clergy of the church of Rome. In that body, in Ireland, there is an element unnoticed by political economists, and which ever must confound their calculations. Mr. Senior's gold cannot propitiate them. They have a love of their order, such as cannot, by the offering he would make, be abated or altered. We do not mean to say, that they are incapable of being moved by such influences as wealth or even quiet competence can command; but, we are thoroughly persuaded, that, by all means in their power, they will labour for the establishment, in full splendour, of the church with which their feelings of personal dignity and historic pride are fondly associated. We believe, too, that so long as they think government unprepared to contend against them, having ascertained, by occasional trials of its patience, how far they may proceed, they will employ as an instrument to further their advancement what has been bestowed as a bribe to purchase their forbearance; and we are convinced that if the system on which we are to act be that of endowment, and from our supineness we will make clamour the measure of our donations, it would be far better to give so largely, as may take from our experiment some portion of the hopelessness in which wise men will expect its fate, than to bestow those niggard largesses which, while they stimulate expectation, do not appease a single angry passion or conciliate one covetous desire.

For, in truth, what reason have we for expecting that the Roman Catholic priests shall take a more conciliating view of the provision appropriated to them than has been taken by Mr. Senior?

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The restoration of part of their 'former endowments' he regards as *an act of justice*. Will they esteem it an act of grace? Will they even acknowledge it an act of justice? May they not declare it to be a justice reluctantly yielded, and imperfectly rendered? Has Mr. Senior before his eyes no fear of further resumption? If *justice* requires that the Protestant church be partially despoiled, upon what principle shall it not demand that the endowments of the church of Rome shall be entirely restored? Is it the principle of justice to 'give every man his own'? Is that portion of Protestant revenue, which this professor would take away, the rightful property of the church of Rome? If it be, where shall the line of demarcation be set,—or what principle shall be laid down which shall confiscate the property of the Protestant church, and yet guard the property of the Protestant gentry? Further, on the comparison between those cases in which a lay-landlord gathers in the fruits of that which (before Henry or James changed its proprietorship) was a church endowment, and a Protestant bishop is maintained from the issues of lands which were not church property, but were seized on the attainder of a profane traitor, how shall the right be decided? If land, to which the church of Rome makes no claim, be, as an act of justice, given to endow it, is the justice likely to be accounted perfect which forbids its resumption of lands to which the title arising out of an ancient possession and dominion can be clearly shown? To what purpose do these interrogatories serve? They serve to suggest a doubt, whether, even after giving up to the church of Rome in Ireland all that law has professed to secure to the Protestant establishment, the question of right could be considered as set at rest, or the purposes of conciliation effected. An 'act of justice,' tardy, *partial*, and reluctant, never has been known to propitiate the men whose threats or determination have compelled it—but it has encouraged them to persevere resolutely in their efforts to obtain a full restitution of what has been in principle, though not in effect, actually conceded. The sophistry and wit by which superficial inquirers and expert debaters perplexed and ridiculed the bigots, who, in old time, predicted a resumption of 'forfeited estates,' will be here altogether unavailing. The ancient proprietor of the church and abbey lands is still existing: they were the property of religious orders—of a prelacy and priesthood prepared, and probably at this moment expecting, to resume dominion over them. The lands are not unknown: they have been the subject of legal inquisition; they are matter of authentic record; and the very immunities with which their actual possessors are favoured, have rendered the character of their tenure notorious. When the Church of Rome has had her claims fortified by the concession or the abandonment of principle,

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ciple,—when, in the wealth yielded to her, she is furnished with resources to prosecute them,—will she connive at the sacrilegious possession of her ‘holy land,’ or will she not exert herself to rescue it from profanation? There is not a passion of the human heart, or a principle of the Church of Rome, which does not testify that she will. But, it may be said, she will not succeed: England will not suffer her gentry and nobility to be despoiled; rather than submit to such injustice she will go to war. We offer no conjectures as to the truth of this assurance, or the chances of the war it threatens; we merely remind the reader that our argument is not derived from an opinion that the Church of Rome will succeed in her enterprise, but that failure will attend the attempts at conciliation. We do not say that to forsake the Church establishment is to give up the gentry to destruction, but we affirm that it is not to free the country from disturbance; for new objects, and with wiser management, agitation will be continued;—the more the Protestant power in Ireland is depressed, the bolder that agitation will become; and when Protestant power is completely extinct, and the anti-Anglican interest has obtained all that negotiation and debate can accomplish, an organization may have been secretly completed, such as shall render the result of the less peaceful contentions which ensue more doubtful than may now be apprehended.

It is, however, we firmly believe, a censure which no English minister will deserve, while the forms of monarchy are respected, to charge him with entertaining a project to cast off the established Church in Ireland. Its importance is too great, the testimonies to its excellence too weighty, and the number and the wealth of its professors too abundant, to allow of its being quietly dismantled. How very absurd are the clamours raised against that species of revenue by which it is supported!—how very absurd to complain that this support is rendered by the members of a different church, when the character of Irish proprietorship is taken into account, and when the gist of the disturber’s argument should rationally be, not that the cottier ought to be delivered from the necessity of making a payment which, in some form, he must yield, but that, since his conscience or his temper is troubled by the demand for the parson’s dues, he should be put out of a possession which he can hold only on the condition of paying them, and have his place filled by one whose conscience is more in harmony with his duties! If we were wise, we would observe with very jealous vigilance how our religion is regarded in Ireland. It is not hatred to the doctrines of our church which causes it to be assaulted: the very remarkable proposal of Dr. Doyle to unite the two churches establishes this;—it is because the church is  
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*English* that it is persecuted, and we may be sure such persecution only prepares for more daring enterprises. Had we upheld that Church as we ought, it would have recompensed us richly; but the disfavour which it experienced in Ireland, because it was 'of us,' no more than equalled the neglect and indifference in which we regarded it, because we accounted it Irish. Still, under all disadvantages, it has wrought well, and won many strong and unimpeachable testimonies to its merit. This is the acknowledgment of an enemy to the establishment:—

'There is nowhere a more highly respectable and exemplary body of men than the Irish Protestant clergy. They are particularly useful in those parts of Ireland where there are few resident gentry; they supply, in some measure, the place of these, and are, indeed, more in the nature of country gentlemen, living upon their tithes, as upon their estates, than of a Christian priesthood, busied in the peculiar duties of their vocation, in which, as far as regards a Protestant flock, they may have little or no occupation.'\*

Mr. O'Driscol, however, although he makes this observation, was not unaware of activities which those better acquainted among the Protestant clergy know to be by no means unusual.

'We have known,' he says, 'where the minister would seek in his cottage him whose religious profession did not permit him to attend at church; and having won his good-will by a thousand little acts of kindness and good neighbourhood, for which the casualties of life are ever making room, would breathe the spirit, and cultivate the feelings, and instil the doctrines which are not of the Church of England, or of the Church of Rome, but of the Church of Christ. There is not so wide a difference between these two churches, as that the Protestant clergyman should be entirely cut off from his flock; and there is so much ground, so wide and far-stretched a space, which they both occupy in common, that there is abundant room, without any interference, for the exertion of all the energies, and the employment of all the industry and all the zeal, of the most active and devoted individual.'

Such is Mr. O'Driscol's testimony of what he has known, and of what we believe to be matter of ordinary occurrence wherever there is found in Ireland a spot in which (and we trust such spots are not few) edifying intercourse between the Protestant minister and the Roman Catholic layman is still practicable. Mr. Sadler, in his able and elaborate work on Ireland, has collected testimonies still more favourable, and adds to them the weight which his own high character necessarily bestows,—testimonies to the effect, that, in the most trying circumstances, the conduct of bishops and clergy has been 'beyond all praise;' and that, were

\* Thoughts and Suggestions, &c. &c. By J. O'Driscol, Esq.

it not, in various parts of the country, 'for the residence, and moral and political influence of the parochial clergy, every trace of refinement and civilization would disappear.\*

Such praises would prepare us to expect the favourable judgment of Dr. Chalmers. In his eloquent and philosophical essay on Endowments, he professes to—

'view the preservation of the church establishment in Ireland as a great object of national policy,—being fully persuaded, that, if only aright patronized, or, in other words, if wrought by zealous and efficient ministers, residing in their parishes, and expatiating in all the acts of common and Christian kindness, throughout their respective vicinities, it would prove the organ of a greater moral and spiritual blessing to the land, than could be achieved by any other machinery which it is possible to devise.'

Again, in the course of his examination before the Poor-Law Committee, the same distinguished Presbyterian divine thus expressed himself:—

'I hold the established Church of Ireland, in spite of all that has been alleged against it, to be our very best machinery for the moral and political regeneration of that country. Were it to be overthrown, I should hold it a death-blow to the best hopes of Ireland. Only it must be well manned—the machine must be rightly wrought ere it can answer its purpose; and the more I reflect on the subject, the more I feel that the highest and deepest interests of the land are linked with the support of the established church,—always provided that church is well patronized. I know not what amount of the government patronage is in the Church of Ireland; but, in as far as, in the exercise of that patronage, they,—instead of consulting for the moral and religious good of the people, do, in the low game of party and commonplace ambition, turn the church livings into the bribes of political subserviency,—they, in fact, are the deadliest enemies of the Irish people, and the most deeply responsible for Ireland's miseries and Ireland's crimes.'

Testimonies, such as these, have not been lightly earned, and ought not to be lightly regarded.

There are some obstinate and unreflecting persons who will still insist, that because the Church of England has not increased her numbers by large drafts of proselytes in Ireland, she cannot have been very serviceable there. They know little, however, of the difficulties in the way of such conquests, and they know nothing of what the church has been doing, who are not modest in their advancement of this objection. Upon the difficulties arising out of political predilections—dependence artfully maintained in prophecies journeying like the horizon, but still influencing what was

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\* Major Woodward's Letter—Bishop of Limerick's Speech, &c.

called a meritorious credulity—personal danger—ties of domestic love—early bias—and controversial training, it is not fitting here to speak; but it may be hinted that much may be done in a church where yet no great change has openly appeared. Protestantism may be formed within the Church of Rome, before it has become manifest to the world. We have conversed with some among the most successful, as well as the most discreet, of those who were lately engaged in Ireland in preaching the doctrines of the Reformation; and they were not the most anxious for what are styled ‘converts.’ They say that a wonderful process is carrying on beneath the surface of Romanism; that those who watch diligently can see, as it were, the outlines of a pure faith forming, as the chrysalis within the worm. We are decidedly of their opinion. We can read the progress which Protestant opinions and feelings have made—in the admissions of the Roman Catholic priesthood—in their alarm—and in their intemperance. We can understand how many causes, over which the clergy of our church had no control, may have retarded their success; and we feel the most intimate conviction that our times are destined to see a reformation in Ireland, either through the instrumentality of England and her church, or, in case we prove recreant, and furnish against ourselves the means of casting off our authority, by the efforts of the Roman Catholics, who will not be at ease until they have obtained the benefit of a purer religion. The Protestant Church has maintained an important post, and has done very important services even in Ireland. Many a heart it has changed where the profession has not been altered, and many an instance has there been in which, while the abettors of confusion have pronounced it the sore spot in our government, it has done the office of a protector. Ulster, tranquil, strong, and loyal, through all chances and troubles, has, as from a commanding arsenal, overawed treason in the south and west,—the spirit of superior decency and cultivation has often given power to the Protestants, in the consciousness of their better nurture,—and we firmly believe that the blended character of gentleman and pastor has materially contributed to the sustaining this elevation. It will be a perilous innovation which shall tend to exclude our gentry from the church, and shall ‘make priests of the lowest of the people.’

And here let us be allowed, respectfully, and in all sincerity, to warn the landowners in Ireland, that they are far more nearly concerned in the fate of church revenues, than, from their conduct, they seem to apprehend. They seem to have forgotten, or not to know, that the Church of Rome claims tithe as of divine right, and pronounces an excommunication against any who dispute this doctrine.

doctrine. True, Dr. Doyle solemnly enjoins his people in 1831 not to pay, if they can avoid it, this odious impost; but this same Dr. Doyle solemnly swore, at no very remote period, on no very trivial occasion, and in no unimportant place, that, *circumstances being as they now are*, tithe would be no longer odious, and recommended to the legislature the expedient of a compulsory composition. No other individual of his order has avowed such principles as this enterprising polemic has of late deemed it convenient to promulgate: since the moment that he put them forth, the utterance of a formal excommunication sleeps over his head;—he is now *permitted* to advance arguments which his church abhors; but the hour may come in which she shall summon him to repentance and recantation, and this orthodox denouncer of the ‘odious impost’ be called upon hereafter to bury those unholy weapons, which must not be employed against the church, though they may be launched, with due discretion, against her enemies. But what has this to do with the interests of the Irish landlords? Much. Suppose tithe wrested from the present proprietors—the disposition to concede, or the unwillingness strongly to uphold principle thus made manifest—the power of clamour and disturbance evidenced and stimulated by success—what is naturally to be expected? The interests of the great mass of Irish Roman Catholics are the same with those of the priests; the peasant will be led to expect a sure and a more abundant return from what his friend or brother (it may be) shall receive, than from what is yielded to a landlord. The principle of tithe is very easily understood; so easily, indeed, that we are fully persuaded the most of those who darken counsel concerning it, scarcely expect their assertions to be credited. It will at once become manifest that tithe is the only portion of rent in which the occupying tenant cannot be overcharged; and, thenceforth, the tide of clamour will turn another way, and instead of passionate remonstrances at the iniquitous exaction which is now the object of complaint, we shall have it affirmed that tithe should be accounted as the measure of produce and the standard of rent; that the clergyman should be as the arbitrator between the occupier and the lord of the soil; and that whatever it is judged fit that he should receive, ought, as an accommodating standard, to fix the equitable amount of rent, and regulate the balance between the two great classes of society. But, tithes are to be made public property! Dr. Doyle SWEARS he would not receive them! Have we not yet been taught, that we cannot interpret the oath of a Romish ecclesiastic, or estimate the nature of his obligations? Dr. Doyle has SWORN also that ‘*he receives, WITHOUT ANY DOUBT, whatsoever has been declared, delivered, and defined in the sacred canons and general councils!*’

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The council of Trent has positively declared that 'TITHES ARE DUE TO GOD,' and that there should be no mistaking the character of its decree, commands 'THAT THEY BE PAID FULLY TO THEIR PROPER CLAIMANTS,' and that 'SUCH AS WITHDRAW OR IMPEDE THE COLLECTION OF THEM SHALL BE EXCOMMUNICATED.' This is now permitted to remain inactive in the records of the church; instructions, however, are continually given which shall keep the minds of the Irish peasantry in a condition to receive it, and, by and by, when all is ready, it will disclose itself and commence a new dispensation. When the Protestant church has lost the tithes, the church of Rome, at a seasonable time, may reclaim them. The priests will become active among their people; clandestine motives will add their impulse to the moment of religious dread. The menace of excommunication will influence some—will serve as a pretext for all. To an amount such as has not yet been known in Ireland, tithe may be paid, and the disputed theory of the present day become reduced to ordinary and universal practice. The heretic landlord must lower his rent, that the church may have her dues; if he murmur, he will be accused as a disturber and oppressor, his life and property will be insecure in the country, and, in parliament, he may speedily be confronted by a case which he shall not be able to answer.

But this, it may be said, is assuming that the tithe will be, by legislative authority, transferred to the church of Rome. This would be too much to take for granted; but it is by no means a groundless fear to apprehend that parliament may, at some future day, be urged to appoint such a transfer, and urged with more vehement supplication than is now employed to procure, as for an oppressed people, remission of an unwelcome impost. We do not expect to have our warnings on this subject much regarded. Our predictions want that character of boldness which has, of late days, compelled belief. We confine ourselves to the necessary inferences which are to be made from the temper of man under the training of papal influences, and to the development likely to take place under new and favourable circumstances. The landed interest of Ireland may not always be represented in parliament. Indeed, at present, there are proofs that many members sit there on sufferance, and reasons to apprehend, that, when they shall have done the work assigned to them, they shall be set to more unacceptable employments, or summoned to resign their offices into the keeping of less scrupulous undertakers. If the present race of legislators do their part by despoiling the church, it may be not difficult to find successors who shall apply themselves to the accomplishment of the ulterior object. The doctrines of

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Romanism may then be brought fully into the light;—the duty by which he who tills God's earth is bound to render the appointed acknowledgment of his blessing—the iniquity of diverting to profane uses a sacred fund—the ecclesiastical principle that such alienations are not only pernicious but unjust—precedents from such melancholy and astounding assumptions as that of Mr. Stanley, that it is the duty of a Protestant state to educate youth of the Roman Catholic persuasion, not in the way of truth, wherein, it was shown, they could be instructed, but, according to the wishes of Romish priests, in a religion which the same Mr. Stanley had sworn was *damnable and idolatrous*;—precedents of this distressing character *may* be quoted, and it may be urged, that if we gave up the souls of men, we should not withhold a paltry treasure from a church at once very powerful, and very resolute to assert her privileges and discharge her best-loved duty in this important matter. They will, no doubt, be very extraordinary petitions in which the Irish peasantry supplicate the House of Commons for permission to pay tithe. They will remind the Honourable House that, on sundry occasions, the principles of their religion had been respected, and laws framed in accommodation to them;—they will declare themselves enlightened on the subject of their religious duties, and implore indulgence that they may be protected against gross oppression on the part of a landlord who, although the tenth sheaf has been given to the church, demands yet a rate of rent which leaves no allowance for such appropriation. We cannot open up our views fully on this subject, but they are, we can assure the reader, not rash or superficial. Let him only remember that, in three provinces of Ireland, the priest and tenantry have a common interest;—the landlord is to both an alien—and then let him say, whether it is at all unreasonable to anticipate that an accommodation *might* take place between those whose interests are the same, by which he whose blood and creed are alike hateful to them should be made the sufferer. We do not say what parliament *will* do; but here, as in another case, we prognosticate how much government *may* be embarrassed.

One thing is evident: in the manœuvring to obtain the revenues of our church, if such be the design of its enemies, the first object should be to dispossess the present proprietors. It is also easily intelligible that, even were no such design entertained, it might be called into existence by the encouragement it would receive from the success of the preliminary enterprise. Various instances have already been made known—and have been overlooked with more indifference than the importance of such an experiment and such a symptom could justify—in which the Roman Catholic priests

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of Ireland have succeeded in obtaining, through considerable districts of that country, *taxes levied on their own authority by acreable assessment*. Is it, then, so very unlikely, that if they coerce the government into an abolition of tithe, they may soon win over the people to stand by them in compelling a revival of the same impost in their own favour? We have seen that they have succeeded in obtaining grants for educating the king's subjects in their prejudices and errors. We have heard various propositions advanced with boldness, and urged with zeal, and recommended by authority, to defray the expenses of Roman Catholic worship, by taxes levied off the entire land, at the judgment of parochial vestries. When such practices have been known to prevail, and such recommendations have been listened to with respect, is it at all extravagant to conjecture that schemes may be devised and expectations awakened, such as may create greater disorder and more perplexity than have yet distressed us? If, by any favourable combination of circumstances, the church of Rome prevail, we suppose it is scarcely necessary to say that the landlords will have cause to mourn. Instead of the moderate demand of the Protestant minister, rather a fortieth than a tenth, the full legal obligation will be strictly enforced. The Roman Catholic tenant will be serving himself in proportion as he can enrich the church wherein he sees, or hopes to see, those placed in whose prosperity he is to share;—he feels, too, that he will be strengthening those in whom his chief reliance is placed. The party of the Roman Catholics, priests, and laymen, will be becoming every day more confirmed and more extended;—the respect in which Protestants had been invested will be dying away, and the landed aristocracy, seeing the strong opposition to be encountered, and feeling how difficult it is to be withstood, will, as rapidly as circumstances permit, dispose of their possessions for very inadequate purchase, and seek out some humbler but more secure asylums.

Such emergencies as these may not arise. We do not undertake to say that our details are just. Circumstances and accident may so shape and modify purposes and events, that it would be worse than a modern prophet's indiscretion to predict the order in which revolution is to come; but this much is certain, as respects the Irish landlords, that the church is only the outwork through which their interests are assailed, and before which, for a brief moment, their enemy's course is interrupted. However other matters may be settled, events are in progress which portend discomfort to the landed gentry of Ireland, and which menace still more perilous attempts to disorganise society than any by which that unhappy country has ever yet been convulsed. The things of which

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which we now hear so much—these mighty measures respecting the Church—Reform—even Repeal—all these affect the peasantry indirectly, and are preparatory rather than final. Whether the Legislature follow the rash course of onward concession as to these points, or adopt the braver line, is there no reason for apprehending that ere long, in either case, the current of popular phrenzy, swollen and fed with many a foaming tribute, may be violently directed against that great grievance which alone has given importance to every other, imaginary or real? The most successful topics of agitation, whenever the master-disturbers find it convenient to broach them, will be furnished in the peasant's domestic condition, and in exaggerated pictures of his landlord's exactions. Here, when patriotism can no longer rage against the church, it will find occasion for its intemperance. Through this avenue, access will be had to the Imperial Parliament or the Irish, and there patriotism will approve itself in copious invective against the system which has impoverished the country. Every pretext which can cover the baseness of an unworthy motive, every prospect likely to divert minds from the perilous consequences which are coming darkly on, will be set forth to beguile prudent men of their caution, and to engage, in a seemingly honourable cause, the generous and unreflecting. Then there *will* be an object to awaken and interest the charities of human nature. The agitation for political freedom has had its day—now comes the agitation of benevolence. The wise and virtuous will be summoned to the post of Christian exertion. Shall the cause of the Irish peasantry be abandoned to the base instigators who are their bane? Is it not better to become their leaders than to leave them as they are? Is not (if the Union be then in force) the imperial house of parliament a better arena to discuss the wrongs or complaints of the Irish peasant, than the blighted and bloody plains of Limerick or Clare? Is it not better that their cause shall be advocated by the Sheils and O'Connells, than by Terry Alt or Captain Rock? The peasantry of Ireland, we shall be reminded, have not been indifferent to their interests, or insensible to their grievances. While they retained orators to win for them their political rights, they followed the man of bloody hand to avenge their domestic sufferings. While they had occupied for them, in open debate, declaimers under whose tongues was adder's poison, and who had power to lacerate and malign the character of those who would control them, they brought to a most baleful perfection a system, which causes the hearts of an unprotected population to tremble before the nofigurative instruments of torture, the cards, the element of fire, the daggers which they do not speak but use in the night season,  
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and the undefended country. All this and more—in much more powerful and partial language—will soon be urged upon us, and we shall have the legislature conjured by all the sympathies which affect men and should characterize Christians, to vindicate insulted nature, and to deliver Ireland from its visitation of barbarity, by taking out of the hands of murderers and into the consideration of parliament, the cause of the Irish tenant and the conduct of the Irish landlord.

It would unnecessarily extend the length of this article were we to offer proofs, that the dispositions of which we discourse have already begun to show themselves. We content ourselves with an appeal to the memories of any who are in the habit of reading the 'broad sheets' and the 'black books,' which purvey for the intellectual appetites of our 'public,' and which elaborately discuss the nature of property and diligently explore its foundations, and finally class the landlord with the sinecurist, representing the soil as *the property* of the people, and rents as pensions which are paid to certain non-productive consumers. These didactics are too generally circulated to need any formal exposure of them; and they announce to every man capable of reflection, that in the day of the 'working classes,' the proprietors of landed estates must expect to have hard measure dealt to them. Most earnestly do we hope, that before that day arrive they may have taken Earl Grey's 'delicate and respectful' advice to the bishops, and set their houses in order, so that they shall neither deserve nor fear the scrutiny to which they must, if it comes, be subjected.

We never have shrunk from expressing our belief that the farming interest in Ireland has been grievously depressed. We believe, too, that the absentee proprietors have occasioned more injustice than they have themselves personally inflicted. A resident landlord would find it conducive to his comfort to have a happy tenantry around him. The absentee, who is removed from the annoyance of squalid huts, and all the other characteristics of wretchedness, physical and moral, may look no farther than to the productiveness of his estate, and confine his estimate of productiveness to the amount of his agent's remittances. Hence 'letting to the highest bidder,'—hence misery such as we have little power to imagine man reduced to, a condition in which no change can suggest to him the fear of evil. This would be a state of things sufficiently deplorable if it were confined to the estates afflicted with an absentee proprietorship,—but the evil became more extensive. The precedent set by one class of landlords was adopted by another. They forgot that they were stewards,—they acted as though the fruits of the earth were absolutely their own. They thought not of the good of mankind. To have a large rent-roll

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roll was an object of consequence,—to make a tenantry comfortable was a matter of no moment. The example of the great was imitated by all classes above the poor, and for a time extortion rejoiced in its acquisitions, and left the miserable instruments, or victims rather of gain, to consort together and feed upon ‘the husks which the swine did eat,’ and to be denied the crumbs which fell from the rich man’s table. But this disorder in the harmonies of society could not long continue unfraught with perilous consequences. The neglected poor were not uncomplaining, although they were unheard. Their oppressors had cast them off, and acted as if no voice or violence from the region of their banishment could ever molest them. But the poor—severed from the beautiful system of order and degree wherein God had placed them—pushed down from the great body of their kind—in a new region, became themselves consolidated into a separate and unnatural constitution of being. Community of suffering, of interests, and of indignation united them. The attraction which had held them to society was snapped; the world pursued its course, and left them to be changed by the unresisted influences, which were all evil. And the result corresponded with the neglect. No thought was had of the Irish poor. No optic glass of moral astronomer detected the new existence, observed its phenomena, and explored its erratic deviations; but its unnoted processes were momentous, all that can effect disastrous change was working upon it and within it, and when it emerged, compelling man’s regard, it came not in the beauty of a new-risen star to take its benign place in the shining harmony of heaven, but with names of blasphemy unutterable traced upon its disk—in the comet’s portentous blaze,—

‘Quin et bella canunt, ignes, subitosque tumultus,  
Et clandestinis surgentia fraudibus arma.’

The people of Ireland, in the humbler classes, have undergone a great and mournful alteration. There was a time when we would have said, ‘Let them have justice;—let them be treated as men in a Christian land, and all will be well.’ Now we are compelled to say that much must be done *in* them, as well as *for* them, before the land can enjoy peace. The confederacy by which it is sought to bear down law has become general, and has acquired a character of permanence.\* A mind of high power,—a Davy in legislation,—is required to overcome the strong compact of this combination, and resolve it into its component individuals. To accomplish this grand object the strength of the law, the instructions

\* We are assured that, in small towns in the south of Ireland, processions of rustics marching to military music are of so frequent occurrence as not to excite notice.

of the wise, and the benevolence of the charitable should be united in amicable and, therefore, effectual concert; and all fair motives should be discovered and employed by which men may be withdrawn from a ruinous connexion, and restored to good morals and their country.

Our picture is not a flattering one, but surely these are not times in which it is more than ordinarily pardonable to speak only smooth things. We esteem it a matter of moment to set forth in faithful simplicity the labours and perils to be encountered by those who would rule Ireland well, because we are fully persuaded that exertions suitable to the difficulties must be made, or else that we had better declare ourselves incapable of performing an onerous duty, and afflict the country we ought to save by concessions to her demagogues. This latter part of the alternative, however, we cannot bring ourselves seriously to apprehend. That England would forego her station, and calmly shrink into a power of third or fourth-rate magnitude,—that she would consent, without a struggle, to advance Ireland from a state of liberal dependence into a jealous rivalry,—to hold her by precarious alliance,—to see her an approach, a station, for the enemy, not a bulwark against him,—to meet her arrayed in undisguised war, or dread her in suspicious neutrality, the position of the two countries on the map of the world, and the trust that wisdom has not wholly deserted the councils of Great Britain, forbid us to believe. We are not prepared, yet, to regard with complacency a measure which, threatening England first with its ruinous consequences, would eventually effect the subjugation and slavery of the entire British islands. We believe, too, that there is still virtue enough left among us to feel the iniquity of deserting to their own wild will, or to the impostors who would dupe them, multitudes for whom we owe a heavy responsibility; and, for two millions of Protestants, our brothers, placed in the midst of difficulties and perils among enemies whom our system of governing has nursed into fierceness and strength, we know that there is felt an interest which will not suffer them to be deserted. This, however, is part of our subject, which, though proper to be proposed, needs no discussion. The boldest champions of ‘repeal,’ convinced that the position of Great Britain and Ireland has committed them to indissoluble connexion, demand no more than what they are pleased to term legislative independence; but, while Ireland submits to such authority as that by which her councils are now governed, it is clear that an independent legislature would soon display the works of not merely a distinct but a divided will, and render total separation safer and more commodious than that unequal compact which

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should pledge us to a participation in all our partner's mishaps, and could not secure us against the stinging apprehension, that we should have to calculate on a loose and capricious support, or even on treacherous and ruinous desertion, if ever we were set in peril. To the project of separation, then, legislative or total, it is plain that we can never yield a willing consent.

The question, therefore, in which we are interested is, whether we have power to remedy those grievous ills by which, as we have already seen, the great purpose of our union with Ireland is defeated; and we have no hesitation on our part to reply, that, if a wise and resolute government applied itself to the reformation of that country, it would, without creating very great peril, or experiencing long-continued opposition, succeed in its object. It is a very pernicious error to imagine that we have none but enemies to meet, in even the most disturbed districts of its most disturbed provinces. In many instances, the great majority of those who are engaged in depredations give themselves to their wicked enterprises, not willingly, but under the influence of a terror which confuses in their minds all thought of right and wrong, and overbears the dread of legal retribution. The confederacy for evil purposes is not all evil; and the wicked and desperate men who give it its abominable repute, are, in their neighbourhood, distinguishable from the peaceable and the misled, although, to a cursory and distant notice, like the really separate and scattered particles which give the blood its colour, they seem to have communicated their own remorseless and sanguinary character to the whole population, which is cursed by the affliction of their presence. Under the system now prevailing, the very notoriety of these disturbers is injurious;—it renders them desperate, while it gives no power to remove them. They have no hope of being re-admitted to the benefits of peaceful society;—they feel themselves excluded from the confidence of the gentry, in whose service they might once have obtained acceptable employment. The humbler offices of labour have become wearisome from disuse;—wickedness has grown familiar and enterprise necessary; and, because they cannot, in their own persons, effect the purposes for which they live, but require the facilities afforded in a disturbed country, and the aid of other arms beside their own, they must keep the people discontented by details of grievance and oppression, and they must invent contrivances and get up terrors by which they may baffle the vigilance of law and affright its supporters. Thus are there continually scattered over the land seeds of sedition. The precise spot on which, at any given time, they may vegetate and blossom cannot always easily be assigned, or even with any probability conjectured; but there is perpetual reason for alarm—for wherever

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a ruffian, acquainted with the forms of treason, and possessed with its spirit, obtains harbourage, he soon spreads around him the dread of a mysterious and mature organization,—he assumes the attributes and exercises the functions of a delegate or director; and, even where he may have no other properties to awaken terror than those of his own remorseless nature, he augments the power of his individual atrocity by the assumption of official consequence, and is dreaded and obeyed, not only for his own ascendancy in evil, but also as the organ of an extensive and formidable system. We would not be understood to say, that all the disturbers in Ireland are impostors of this class; but that, even where confederacy does not exist,—even where it has been broken up and dispersed,—projectors and pretenders to the guilt of treason may acquire and exercise facilities for exciting discontent and insubordination.

It is evident that government should be very solicitous to have these incendiaries removed. How shall this be done? They are perfectly well known, as well as the police; even a stranger of discernment might distinguish them. There are symptoms of recognition evinced in their presence by simple rustics who have not yet made 'the plunge,' such as he could not misunderstand. He could not be deceived in the cowering-down of the form, the sudden faltering or sinking of the voice, and the elaborate air of unconsciousness with which a wandering and irresolute glance seeks and shrinks from the terrible face of the disturber. But who will denounce the common enemy? He affects no disguise, he seeks no concealment; you may meet him wherever men assemble, at fair or funeral, at the altar, before the tribunal; but who will accuse him there? Alas! the mementos of vengeance are too numerous, the testimonies of the law's helplessness too unequivocal. Men will not expose themselves to certain death even to be released from such a tyranny as his; and therefore he remains at large, and his atrocities, because they are unpunished, confirm and extend his authority. This is the state of, perhaps, more than half the parishes and villages in the south and west of Ireland;—how shall the evil be corrected?

It is not our province to pronounce how this problem should be solved. Its difficulty and its nature may be said alike to demand a more solemn investigation than we could give it, and a more authoritative answer. We may, however, perform a useful office if we can remove an obstacle which impedes its thorough consideration, and thus let in to the calculations, which shall determine the answer it requires, certain elements and powers which otherwise would have remained excluded. Perhaps, if there were sufficient leisure, it would not be too curious an inquiry to trace the long continuance of Ireland's evils to its source in 'the fruits of a single error,'



error,—the erroneous persuasion, that, because the British Constitution is good, it is universally applicable. Unless there were, in the minds of our statesmen, a latent opinion of some such nature as this, it is difficult to account for their persistence in a system of government so little beneficial to the people for whose advantage it was designed. It may be laid down as a principle, that unless the morals of a nation correspond with the mildness of its laws, that is abandonment of the peaceable to the devices of the bad, which, under more favourable circumstances, would have been laudable perseverance. The British Constitution, under whatever light it may be regarded, requires certain dispositions in those for whom its beneficial influence is to be exerted. There must be respect for the sanctity of an oath; there must be horror at the shedding of blood; there must be a conviction that he who conceals crime participates in its sinfulness; and there must be consciences so instructed as to account that sin which law has stigmatised as guilt. Without such accommodation for our law, it may be destitute of the instrumentality by which it could be so administered as to prove a blessing; and, by holding out a delusive promise of protection, may be the minister of the worst tyranny which can be visited on any people. In Ireland, from the supineness with which it connives at offence, and the readiness with which it affords facilities for persecuting its champions by vexatious prosecutions, it seems to have had little other effect than that of confirming the disaffected in their purposes, and abating the ardour of the loyal.

What is the consequence? That nature and necessity assert their power, and a more compendious course of justice is substituted for an unsubstantial show of law. Who can read the following passage, and remember the authority of the speaker, without feeling a conviction that law, as administered here with us, cannot prove efficacious in Ireland? It might certainly have been contended, that the circumstances under which this recital of difficulties was made, render all inference from it inconclusive, if, unhappily, the dreadful disorders by which Ireland has of late been distracted and the whole kingdom menaced, had not afforded unequivocal proof that concession has not interrupted the continuity of insurrection. On the 5th of March, 1829, Sir Robert Peel said:—

‘ In 1800 the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and the act was passed for the suppression of rebellion. In 1801 they were continued; in 1803 broke out what was called Emmet’s Rebellion, attended with the murder of Lord Kilwarden. In that year both the act for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus and that for the Suppression of Rebellion were renewed: in 1804 they were continued; in 1806 they

they certainly expired; but in the south and west of Ireland, under the administration of the Duke of Bedford, there was a state of insubordination approaching to rebellion, and a special commission was directed thither. In 1807 the Insurrection Act was brought in, enabling the Lord-Lieutenant to suspend the trial by jury, and making it a transportable offence for a man to be found out of doors from sunset to sunrise. In 1808 the act was again enforced: in 1809 it expired; and in 1810 it was renewed, &c. &c. . . . During the period from 1811 to 1814, Ireland was quiet but for the excitement arising from the trials I have mentioned. In 1814 the Insurrection Act was passed; in 1815 it was continued; in 1816 it was continued; and it expired in 1817. It was renewed in 1822, and continued in 1823 and 1824. In 1825 the temporary act against illegal associations was passed, and continued in 1826 and 1827; it did not expire till 1829; and we have commenced the session of 1829 by another act for the suppression of the Catholic Association.\*

We venture to propose here a question which we imagine may admit of an easy and an instructive answer. Would there have been more irritation in the minds of *the well-affected* in Ireland, if the Insurrection Act, instead of being nominally the exception, though really the rule of government during this quarter of a century, had been in force through the entire period, as the law by which, until more favourable circumstances were induced, it was resolved to govern? We are convinced that the frequency of change produced that irritation, and called forth those projects against which it was so difficult to contend; and that the glimpses of the constitution, seen in brief contrast with the stern law which so frequently concealed it, only prevented the harsher regimen from working its effects, and were, in their own operation, injurious.

In Sir R. Peel's historical survey, two remarkable intervals occur, during which the Insurrection Act was not in force,—one of three years, one of four. During the former of these periods, Ireland was quiet, but for the excitement attending the trial of the Catholic delegates: The strength and determination of Government were displayed, and the 'Convention' was dispersed. During the second interval, so far are we from believing Ireland to have been tranquil, that we look upon that as the precise period in which insurrection became established in its purpose, and extended in its organization. In June, 1820, a motion was made by Mr. Daly,\* member for Galway, for increasing the power of Government;

\* 'Mr. James Daly stated to the House the disturbed state of that part of Ireland with which he was connected. In the district adjoining Roscommon, the magistrates had engaged, with the aid of 60 of the military, to keep the peace in that district, but that was refused them by the Government. *After that refusal, the disaffection spread considerably.* . . . Towards the middle of November, the whole county was organized; and, *encouraged by the inactivity of the Government, they commenced the* attack

Government; and a very alarming recital detailed to the House of the dangers which called for strong and decisive measures. He was opposed by Mr. Grant, the then secretary for Ireland, who declared that such measures as 'the honourable member recommended, were contrary to the principle on which, in his opinion, the government of Ireland ought to be conducted.' In commenting upon the statement of disturbances, on which the application for increased power was grounded, Mr. Grant was not ashamed to confess 'that he was not informed of them.' 'By the accounts which he had received, it appeared that Ireland was in a state of great tranquillity.' From all we have been able to learn, we do not believe that there was another honourable and intelligent man connected with Ireland, who would, at that time, have hazarded Mr. Grant's confession.

The Right Honourable Secretary's ignorance is thus accounted for, and its consequences described, by an acute and eloquent writer:—

'The King had scarcely touched the English shore, when the smothered flame of insurrection burst out afresh in acts of violence and atrocity. Its progress was rapid; for at the first appearance it was absolutely unopposed. Many active magistrates and country gentlemen had been disgusted by the coldness with which their warnings of danger had been received by Mr. Grant, and the undisguised impatience with which he had listened to their statements of the progress of discontent. There were other persons who drew a more flattering picture of the state of affairs, and one more according with Mr. Grant's favourite theories. Their audiences were longer and more frequent.

'Two counties were now in open insurrection, and, virtually, in the possession of an infuriated peasantry. The whole disposable military force was crowded into a narrow district, and the insurgents laughed at their vain array. All day the soldiery maintained an imposing station: they did not even see an enemy. But the returning night restored the possession to a lawless banditti, and the country was laid waste by an invisible force, which disappeared again before the light of morning. There was nothing extraordinary or unaccount-

attack of gentlemen's houses: upwards of 70 were so attacked. The Government then put 13 baronies of the eastern part of the county of Galway under the Peace Preservation Bill. In the month of November, 60 men could not be spared, but in the February following, the Government sent 3500, and the whole county was overspread by them; previously to which, the rebels, for so he might call them, had, with a force of 1200 or 1500 men, regularly attacked and burned a village. They had attacked the police barracks; and, in one instance, 1500 of them maintained a regular battle with the police for five hours. He had the authority of one of the Lords-Justices for saying, that the Insurrection Act, or some other strong measure, was become absolutely necessary for preserving the peace of the country. The country was at present covered with troops, and yet outrages continued to be committed. He entreated the House to consider, whether, when the long nights came on, matters would not be worse? able

able in the progress of this disturbance. In its nature, it was just one of the well-known periodical insurrections. But the Government had disarmed itself, and thrown away the Insurrection Act; and the ordinary powers of the constitution had been inactively and feebly wielded. Sir Arthur Wellesley, in 1807, or Mr. Peel, in 1814, might, by a little want of foresight, and a little inactivity, have produced precisely the same result which attended the administration of 1821.

'In this state of things, reports were brought from every quarter of an unusual activity and preparation among the Ribbonmen. In the immediate vicinity, in the very heart of the capital, their movements were discernible. It struck immediately on every mind, that they were about to profit by the movements of the southern insurgents, or were perhaps in concert with them. The counties, exposed to their attempts, had been stripped of all military force; the irregular, unbusiness-like habits of Mr. Grant impeded every exertion; the total want of preparation caused an alarming bustle and confusion in the offices; a panic seized upon the public mind, and all was trepidation, doubt, and fear. The suddenness, however, of this unexpected uproar had roused the ministry in England to a sense of the inefficiency of the chief secretary—and his recall was announced. Mr. Grant, before his departure, received the consolation of a complimentary address from the Roman Catholic party.'\*

On the 7th of February, in the year 1822, the late Marquess of Londonderry moved for leave to bring in a bill for suppressing insurrection in Ireland; and Mr. C. Grant, secretary no longer, a sadder but not a wiser man, was yet constrained to say, 'that he gave his vote in favour of the proposition of the Noble Marquess, from a melancholy conviction of the necessity of resorting to some such measure as the Insurrection Act.' Upon this occasion, Lord Londonderry described the disorders which had been permitted to ripen, and applied to them the term of gravest condemnation which language enabled him to use.

'It was a REBELLION,' he said, 'in which ignorance and crime were called forth in systematic array, to sweep arms out of the hands of the loyal man, and turn them against the state. . . . It was a *rebellion*, in which a blind submission was attempted to be enforced to a system of terror, dictated by an invisible authority—by a power directing its whole physical means against the constituted authorities of the country—and seeking, by the foulest crimes which degrade and disgrace human nature, assassination and murder, to deter every man, from the highest to the lowest, whether in courts of justice, in the exercise of magisterial functions, or in the field, from discharging his duty to the country.'

Having proved and exemplified this statement by striking and characteristic details, his Lordship finally—

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\* One Year of the Administration of his Excellency the Marquess Wellesley, &c.

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'delivered the solemn request of the Marquess Wellesley to the House, that if it should wish him to perform those high duties which he was called on to discharge, it would give him those high and extensive powers which had been given to his predecessors in former instances.'

The powers so sought were granted. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended—the Insurrection Act was passed with laudable expedition—and the Irish Government was enabled, for a season, to stay the progress of insurrection. In the summer of the same year, the Marquess Wellesley reported on the benefits derived from the powers with which he had been entrusted, and applied for a continuance of one of them, stating, that although—

'the external appearance of tranquillity and order has been restored, in a considerable degree, the spirit of disorder remains generally in the districts lately disturbed, without apparent mitigation; and the instruments of outrage and violence are still generally retained in the hands of the offenders. It is to be apprehended, therefore,' adds his Lordship, 'that the mischief, now allayed, would break out, perhaps with additional malignity, if the Insurrection Act should be suffered to expire at so early a period of time as the 1st of August, 1822.'

Parliament consented to grant the powers required; but at the same time the theorists evinced their idealism respecting the 'constitution.' Even Lord Liverpool congratulated Ireland on having a larger share of that fine fiction than Scotland had,—descanted on the advantages it possessed in its independent judges and trial by jury; and Mr. Grant, untaught and unabashed by his exposed failures and inefficiency, opposed the establishment of a new police, on the ground that it was not 'constitutional,' and that he would not employ in Ireland any machinery for the prevention or punishment of crime which might not be accounted equally suitable in Great Britain. This is, we consider, the error which has ever perplexed and paralyzed our attempts at legislating for Ireland. The British Constitution! For our own parts we do not think the bounty of the Welshman who chucked a penny-piece as his offering to the swans in St. James's Park a whit more irrational, than the donation which Mr. Grant and his misleaders would force upon a country altogether unable to receive it.

One truth has been manifested by those experiments in legislation which Sir Robert Peel described, namely, that a departure from what is termed 'the constitution,' suppressed disorders, which, as soon as the milder system was resumed, broke out anew. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact is undisputed, that one of the two governments, which alternately bear rule in Ireland, holds the country under the control of an Insurrection Act or of martial law. During the repose of Mr. Grant and the 'constitution,'

stitution,' Captain Rock extended the horrors of his 'fun' even to the outskirts of the Irish metropolis; while Marquess Wellesley held in his hand, as an eloquent apologist described, 'without launching it,' 'the thunderbolt of the Insurrection Act,' his Majesty's subjects were permitted to pursue their daily occupations, and to lay down their heads at night in peace and security. The inactivity, however, into which the *de facto* government of Ireland was thus reduced, was not tantamount to an abdication of its prerogative. Captain Rock was vigilant in his retirement, and prepared to avail himself of the first favourable opportunity of resuming his suspended operations. A very remarkable passage in the despatches of the Marquess Wellesley will serve to confirm this assertion.

'The operation of the powers exercised under the act, from the 28th of February (the day on which the Special Sessions were opened at Limerick), appears to have been regularly, although gradually and slowly, advantageous to the tranquillity of the district of Limerick. Great progress appears to have been made towards the restoration of order within the period of the first Session, until the adjournment took place in consequence of the Assizes at Limerick. Although that adjournment was limited to a few days, and although it might reasonably have been supposed that the regular Assizes, which procured many convictions and many punishments, might have made some impression on the temper of the country, it is a lamentable truth, *that the suspension of the pressure of the Insurrection Act for a few days, during the regular Assizes, occasioned injurious consequences to the peace of the country.*'

In another part of these important despatches it was observed, that

'while the insurgents, who had taken the field in the county of Cork, were speedily dispersed by his Majesty's troops in the county of Limerick, the vicinity of every post evacuated by the army, even for a day, became the scene of the most brutal and sanguinary excesses.'

Such was the vigilant and enterprising spirit of rebellion, and such the necessity of prompt and effectual counteraction. Some of the concluding observations of the noble Marquess depict this necessity so forcibly, that we cannot refrain from transcribing them.

'To induce the habit of abstaining from excess is some advance towards the introduction of habits of good order and lawful obedience; and if general tranquillity can be maintained for a considerable period of time, the natural course of moral causes may be expected to open and facilitate the channels of industry and honest labour; and the common sense of the people may gradually prefer the advantages of peace and security to the perils of illegal adventure.

'If the Insurrection Act derives its force from the principles of coercion and terror, it has suspended a tyranny which carried both to the ut-

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*most extremity of barbarous and relentless cruelty, which had become irresistible by the ordinary powers of the law, and which, unresisted, must have reduced Ireland to an incapacity of receiving any benefit of good government.*

‘No additional military force, no improvement or augmentation of police, would be effectual without the aid of the Insurrection Act; with that aid it appears to be rational to expect that tranquillity may be obtained, confirmed, and extended. I venture to add that the early renewal of the Insurrection Act, without any alteration of its powers, would tend greatly to increase and confirm all the benefits which have already been derived, or which may be expected, from the operation of that law.’

The cases submitted by the noble Marquess for the consideration of government, abundantly justified the comments by which they were accompanied. Wherever the Insurrection Act had been employed, tranquillity was the result;—wherever it was suspended, disturbance broke out anew. Its operation was to coerce the wicked and to protect the peaceable and industrious,—to induce immediately an external tranquillity,—to abridge the power of a disorderly spirit, and, by rendering it inactive, to afford a hope that, in time, its temper might become improved. All this seems characteristic of what should be a regimen continued until soundness was permanently restored, not a course of treatment to be abandoned so soon as the virulence of disorder seemed abated. Tempered with discretion, it could be used so as to do no real injury, while it was confessedly productive of much and various good; the confidence was natural, therefore, in which its renewal was demanded; and the state of Ireland, before and during and since its operation, vindicates the wisdom of Lord Wellesley’s decided policy, and corroborates the statements and the predictions on which he grounded his application for the increased powers he accounted necessary.

But, notwithstanding his Excellency’s forcible representations, and notwithstanding the acknowledgment of every member of parliament personally acquainted with the condition of Ireland, that the ordinary powers of the law were not commensurate to the difficulties which opposed them, a reluctant acquiescence was yielded to the propositions of Government; and after a debate and division on the question, whether the Insurrection Act should continue in force to the month of May or of August, in the following year, it was eventually conceded for the longer term. The same commonplaces, as on former occasions, were urged, respecting the ‘constitution,’ and similar regret expressed for the necessity of suspending what it is wholly contrary to truth to affirm had ever been in force in Ireland. It was pertinently demanded, in the



the course of one of these oratorical but unstatesman-like debates, 'what portion of the British Constitution, or its benefits, was secured for the resident gentry in the southern parts of Ireland?' but we believe the querist was never favoured with a reply. The true statement would have been that, hitherto, either law has imposed a restraint on the liberty of the subject, for the purpose of rendering property and life secure, or else, insurrection has turned liberty into a licence for making havoc of life, and all that renders life dear, and for establishing over peaceable men the grinding slavery of terror. The well-affected in Ireland have as yet had to make their election between the guardian severity of law or the foulest and most barbarous persecution,—between, in a word, the *Insurrection Act* and fiercest and most pitiless *Insurrection*. Such is the testimony which history and experience offer; and the question for legislation to solve is, whether the British Constitution, in its mildness, can make its own way into the hearts of the people of Ireland, and establish itself over, or amongst them, or whether there are difficulties before it which may not thus be removed, and which demand a force of a sterner character than our admirable system of government is willing to employ?

There is one peculiarity in the circumstances of Ireland which seems to forbid the notion that our constitution is to be, as a matter of course, that by which her people should be governed,—the law of opinion does not seem prepared to acknowledge and enforce it. Here, amongst us, the spirit of the law is the same with that of the people—the morality of the Bible constituting the great basis of our jurisprudence and our public opinion. Whatsoever, therefore, law pronounces a crime, is either an offence which the people already condemn, or one which, in their respect for the law, they are willing to discountenance. Here, therefore, law finds, throughout the mass of population, friends and adherents. Where she is grossly violated, society is offended; the principles which men love to uphold are outraged; and those habits which act with the readiness and certainty of instincts, array all men against the offender. In Ireland, this good order is inverted; law is looked upon with distaste; trespassers, even in their transgression, find a passport to popular sympathy and protection; the humble servants of the civil authority are regarded as enemies; the foulest offender, even he who has murdered for hire, is sheltered and cherished; and whosoever should denounce or betray him—the *informer*—is the object of universal abhorrence, and, generally, the victim of vengeance which never forgets.

We have not space to bestow on explanations or conjectures of the causes from which a disposition so averse from improvement

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ment has been formed in the hearts of our fellow-subjects in Ireland. It is sufficient for our present purpose to remind the reader, that such a disposition prevails, and that, where there is not only indifference but hostility to its reception, our system of law requires the aid of some auxiliary forces, which, here with us, would be objectionable, because unnecessary. It may indeed be said, because many things on the subject of Ireland are said lightly, that were we to govern that country as we govern this—in time, gentleness would produce its natural effects, angry passions would subside, hostile principles would lose their authority, and law become respected. We answer, that law never became respected by being despised. It is in its effects upon private prosperity that men learn to understand and revere it. When it makes the great interests of life, and life itself, secure,—when it gives proofs, amid well-chosen instances of mercy, that it beareth not the sword in vain,—it will be honoured in public estimation; but so long as it is only a fair theory,—force and fear parted from its side, or rather striving fiercely against it,—it will be, as all theories are to the contemplative mind, an object of speculative interest, and, to the busy bustling world, a disregarded fiction. If we were quite sure that we had only an instinctive or a vague persuasion to contend against, we might be satisfied to wage our mild law against the errors of human hearts, and wait with hope for a time when the murderer should be abhorred, and the informer regarded with feelings of mitigated execration; but being, on the contrary, painfully certain that the human heart is not left to its instincts and caprices, but that there is a SYSTEM in force which is day by day obliterating the horror of crime, confirming hatred against law and all its supporters, spreading its terror more darkly and more widely over the land, and attaching more numerous and desperate retainers by the attraction of iniquitous benefits, we feel that the patient experiment would be most unsafe, because it is not merely with the heart of man we have to struggle, but against those most abominable influences from which man, if he is ever to be freed, should be speedily rescued and protected.

There is another distinction between Ireland and this country, which ought not to be lost sight of. Here, every man may be said to have a personal interest in the maintenance of the constitution; the poorest may, in honesty, be sure that his children will have food; in Ireland, we believe that the experiment is in constant and varied process, what is the scantiest and the coarsest sustenance by which life can be preserved. In Ireland, therefore, are cases in which the subject may not discern any personal interest in the support of institutions under which he conceives himself to derive no benefits. But this is a topic which

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has been treated with more power to do justice to its importance than we can hope to acquire; and we shall therefore transcribe, because we cannot imitate, the eloquent and *tranquillising* terms in which 'James Doyle, D.D., by Divine Providence, and the favour of the Holy and Apostolic See, &c. &c.' addresses the white and black feet in the diocese of Leighlin, and expostulates with them on their offences. He had abstained, he says, from addressing them before, in a hope that they might become 'wearied in the way of iniquity,' in a hope, also, that their real grievances should have been redressed.

'I hoped to hear of your real grievances being candidly considered by the legislature—of a provision being made by law for the poor and destitute of you—of means of employment being furnished to you, especially to such of you as were *cruelly* ejected from your holdings;—I hoped all this, and that no man or woman could reproach me when exhorting you to peace, by thinking within themselves, or saying to me in words, Do you wish us to sit down and die of hunger? Do you tell us from the Gospel which the Lord has commissioned you to preach, that a man is obliged to starve in the midst of plenty, or that any law can be justified which banishes as a malefactor, or hangs as a felon, a man able and willing to work, but who, unable by any lawful means to preserve himself and his children from starvation, employs such means as occur to him to supply himself with food? In England, where the law proclaims that no man shall want a sufficiency of food, where every honest man, if disabled or unemployed, is invested by the law with the right to support for himself and his children;—if in England, where the law of self-preservation, the first law of nature, is there upheld and enforced by the laws of the state;—if in England, where the poor are so justly protected, men combined to violate the rights of property, let them be reproached as wicked, and punished as criminals;—but until, in Ireland, the law proclaims, as it does in England, that no man, woman, or child, shall perish of want, do not endeavour to persuade us that our duties and obligations are the same as the duties and obligations of those whom the laws of England, which should also be our laws, cherish and protect,' &c. &c.

We make no comment on this passage, further than to say that it might occasion, in some minds, an apprehension that the poor and wicked were not left in Ireland to the devices of their own unaided ingenuity in forming contrivances to separate between conscience and the law.

A third distinction between Great Britain and Ireland is, that, in three provinces of the latter country, the great majority of the people are of the religion of the Church of Rome. We doubt much whether that church and the British constitution can ever harmonize. Our constitution is free, because the minds of our people are free; at least, all our institutions are constructed on the

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the principle, that each man is the keeper of his own conscience, and that he shall not account it a duty to disregard the warnings or counsels of this divine oracle within the heart, and act in opposition to it. According to the principles of the Church of Rome, a man must act or think, not as conscience, but the church, directs him. We are aware that the general spirit of society, education, and honour, have broken the chains of this slavery from the necks of many nominal members of the Church of Rome; but we also believe that the great mass of Irishmen have not been thus delivered, and that among them the 'decision of the church' is the same with the direction of the priest, or, at best, of the bishop. When, therefore, the religion of these masses warns us that, in the conscience of each individual, law must never hope for more than a precarious ally, and should always be prepared for an enemy, how shall we say that, in this particular also, Ireland and our constitution are not unsuited for each other? If, nevertheless, they are still to be chained together,—if we are to govern, by laws suitable to our people, a race whose circumstances, dispositions, and principles are altogether unlike ours,—it would be well to arrive at some understanding, so as that, in our intercourse, we should use a common language, and act on terms mutually accepted and understood.

We are far from imputing to any man a crime of which he is not to be publicly accused, but we have no hesitation to affirm, that oaths have been taken, even by educated Roman Catholics, which we are wholly unable to reconcile with their principles or their conduct. When Doctor Doyle swore, that the payment of tithes would be '*infinitely*' less disagreeable to the Roman Catholics after than before emancipation, and recommended that the Tithe-Composition Act should be rendered universally compulsory, who could anticipate that his conduct should be such as it has lately been, or that his opinions were such as he entertained when he declared himself to be speaking from the fulness of a sincere heart? When Roman Catholic gentry, admitted into the legislature, swore 'to defend, to the utmost of their power, the settlement of property within the realm as established by law; disclaimed, disavowed, and solemnly abjured any intention to subvert the present church establishment as settled by law within this realm; and solemnly swore never to exercise any privilege to which they were or might become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant government,' could any man of ordinary comprehension imagine, that, after such a pledge, they would feel themselves at liberty in the 'house' and out of the 'house' to make those attacks on the church and church property, which have of late been so vehement and persevering? We do not call this perjury;

perjury; on the contrary, we believe that the seeming inconsistency may admit, if not of adequate, of *systematic* explanation; but we hold it very desirable, that this occult science, those analytics of the Vatican, which connect so incongruous extremes, should be brought into the light, their limits ascertained, and the principle, if such there be, rendered clearly intelligible, according to which the oath of a Roman Catholic member of parliament allows him to attack church property, and requires of him to defend that of the lay proprietor. Times may come when many, whose interest it would be to disturb the 'act of settlement,' may be sent to the House of Commons from a disaffected constituency in Ireland. It would be desirable in the interval, to contrive some distinction, whereby property won from Roman Catholics as the prize for overthrowing their church, shall be secured against the operation of a principle, which puts tithes out of the pale of such protection as conscience and an oath were intended and expected to afford it. This we observe, *en passant*. Our own impression is, that the British Constitution and the Roman Catholic religion cannot easily be reconciled; the one legislates for men who are free in thought and plain in speech—it is the office of the other to enslave man's thought, and by the casuistry to which it familiarises him, to render his language equivocal. Where such training is known to the law, and formally recognised by it, checks and accommodations may be devised, whereby evil shall be prevented; but in a constitution, wherein there is a principle which slaves cannot breathe, it is not wonderful that no preservative should have been devised against the effects which follow from the slavery of human will. *There never was in a great and wealthy state, at the same time, Freedom and the predominance of the Church of Rome.* We are aware of the declamation which has often been and often will be broken on this steadfast truth. We have heard appeals to the days of old—Alfred and the Charter; but we know that these are altogether irrelevant to the subject. Without ascending to the origin of 'trial by jury;' without examining the extent or character of the privileges extorted from King John, or the papal intrigues which they call to remembrance, we ask, what have these things to do with the Church of Rome as it is *now* professed and exemplified in Ireland? What analogy can be instituted between the religion of Alfred's day and the Romanism of Dr. Doyle? As well might one compare the horrors of the inmost abyss in the 'Inferno' with the neutral discomfords of the first and least appalling circle. Popery did not all at once start up with all its horrors: when a few centuries had passed away, every successive Council was as the opening a new seal—the pouring forth a more afflicting vial. Through the dark history of these assemblies,

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we proceed as through the deepening horrors of Dante's awful poem. Lateran, and Lateran, and Constance, and Florence display themselves, rivalling those terrible circles, with a darker and darker interest. To conquer conscientious scruples, and compel a feigned assent by torments ending in death—to proclaim that faith solemnly pledged must be renounced as a crime when the church so requires—to ascribe to weak, sinful man the office and attribute which God hath reserved to himself—in short, to propagate the religion of *Christ* by flame, and sword, and treachery—and to exclude from its part in evangelising the world, that word of truth which God commanded to be written for our learning—these are legends which popery hath wreathed around her brow since the days of Alfred; and it is somewhat unreasonable in her advocates to expect, that we shall allow them to confound that abomination of desolation which has so debased Ireland with the yet undeveloped mystery of iniquity, which menaced, but yet had not wholly corrupted religion a thousand years ago.

But, indeed, the champions of the church of Rome have thought themselves free to shift their argument as might best suit their immediate purpose. They have had no respect for the unities. When the character of the Roman church was inferred from the acts it countenanced, they said, 'let us have principles.' When principles were shown in recorded doctrine, they said, 'our business is with men;' and when, in Ireland, they were shown the doctrine unchanged, and the men—such as miserable Ireland proclaims them—they said, 'not religious obligations but human laws have done this evil.' Law has been changed to meet their wishes—and since their alleged cause of ill has been removed, a fiercer intemperance and a blacker malice appear in the outrages of the lowly disturbers—a more perplexing and alarming casuistry is discernible in the profession and practice of the educated. We are anxious to learn what will be the next device—whether the constitution-mania will still prevail; whether the Government, of which Mr. Grant forms so active and influential a member, will desire us to inure ourselves to the 'Irish paragraphs' in the journals, because it is more 'liberal,' more 'philosophical,' more 'worthy of the nineteenth century' to govern by law a country where none but rebels and murderers are free, than to withdraw for a time that impracticable abstraction, under whose prohibition and protection crime seems to possess a chartered impunity.

Our conclusion is, that neither the circumstances of Ireland, nor the character of its population, can justify our persisting in this system. We cannot rationally hope to see that country improve, or to find our own country respected there, until we have delivered well-disposed subjects from the counsels and cruelties of wretches, whom

our fastidiousness leaves free to vitiate a neglected people. We should legislate for the good of the man who rises to quiet labour in the morning, and wishes to lie down at peace in the night; and if he cannot have security under our boasted constitution, we should not be deterred, by the outcries of any to whose greatness public affliction is necessary, from arming law with such powers as may abridge their occupation and tranquillize the country. We want to root out of the land every fibre which puts forth noxious shoots. We cannot reach them through the ordinary instrumentality of law. They are protected against it. Experience has proved, that there are means by which society can be delivered from them. Shall we neglect to use these safe facilities of doing good? The plagues of Irish society walk abroad without dread or disguise; but they can shed their contamination and blight, and afford no clue to their legal exposure or detection. They can avoid being taken in the act of crime, and further they are free from apprehension; but, let magistrates have the power which the legislature in former days gave them—let this power be given, not for a brief moment, of which insurrection can await the period—let the rule be to make the law strong—let the exceptions be those graces which, after proofs of permanent tranquillity, a discreet government shall be justified in conceding;—then the British constitution may be gradually extended, as districts become fitted to receive it, or it will be made evident to all, that the stricter system is that which is better adapted to the circumstances of Ireland.

This is, what we would esteem conforming institutions to the people for whom they are designed. There is a conformity of a different character which is, we acknowledge, with some parties more popular. It is that of making the Roman Catholic church the instrument of tranquillising, and improving a country, where hitherto it has been the mainspring of mischief. We conceive that the principles of that church, and the practice of its ministers, afford ample warning against trying such an experiment. Have the priests power to prevent the evil which desolates and disgraces Ireland?—what are we to think of the system which can allow of their contemplating the advancement of their church by means so nefarious?—can we ever rely upon it as a permitted instrument of good? Have they not the power to prevent crime?—what reason have we to expect that an endowment must bestow it—or why may we not conclude, that the power which now is not conducive to good, if law assert its authority, will soon cease to be dreaded for evil? We are perfectly certain, that popery has been too deeply injured in Ireland, to leave its priesthood at liberty to promote a tranquil temper among its votaries. The spirit which has  
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smitten it in foreign lands has not been inactive in Ireland—the efforts of those who contended for the cause of reformation have not had their efforts ruined by the sneers of the unbelieving. Popery is unsound at its heart-core, and fierce political contention is the ‘counter-irritation’ by which the activities of awakened intellect and conscience must be drawn away from the point where they would be dangerous. Whenever agitation ceases in Ireland, the inevitable hour of the Roman Church has come. It is too much to expect that the priesthood of that Church shall labour for tranquillity. There must always be kept open some vent for those humours that might otherwise strike in on infallibility. Every day there is clearer and clearer evidence afforded that the existence of popery, even in Ireland, is most precarious; that it is sustained by drugs and practices which, if a season of tranquillity prevail, and their power to stimulate ceases, have but prepared her for dissolution. Will she invoke that tranquil, dreaded time? Ought we to expect it? She has, no doubt, on some occasions lent assistance to the law; but experience assures us, that the Romish priesthood in Ireland have always given their aid, not to the government which flattered them most, but to that which possessed the strongest powers of coercion. When conspiracy has been laid bare; when insurrection has been chastised with exemplary severity; when a disposition might be apprehended to arm law with new powers, or to exercise it with a more wholesome rigour—pastoral addresses and pulpit exhortations have taken the tone which, on such an occasion, the policy of the Church demanded; but no such denunciations as would serve the cause of peace, and confound crime, appear to have been uttered when gentle and unsuspecting governments permitted treason to arrive at maturity. If therefore the assistance of the priests be looked for, let it be shown that law can assist itself; but if a sound principle of governing be that which is to be adopted, let nothing be done which shall make it the interest of new and numerous stipendiaries to render their services necessary.

We conclude with repeating our conviction that, if Ireland is to be preserved as an integral part of the empire, it must be by some more substantial power than the British constitution, in its milder form, possesses. History is abundant in proofs that that constitution has not worked well there; and we think we have shown, by characteristic traits, that the deficiency was not accidental. England may be assured that the more her legislature becomes impregnated with Irish representation—that is, the more the party who are purely Irish succeed in their endeavours to return members to our parliament—the more difficult it will become to legislate for that country with a comprehensive

regard to the interests of the general union. As yet, by the wisdom of former days, the effects of an anti-Anglican party are to some extent withstood; but if the close boroughs erected for the protection of the British interest shall have been not merely destroyed, but put into the hands of those against whose efforts these fastnesses were originally constructed; if ever that portion of representation primarily intended to diminish the strength of the mere Irish, shall be found most constantly and fiercely opposing England, it will be a difficulty all but insuperable to enact such laws as may, by tranquillizing a giddy populace, deprive their leaders of authority or emolument. The late parliament had an opportunity to witness how effectually the cause of turbulence may be defended, and how little, when party purposes require dissension, the interests of peace may be regarded. Mr. Stanley's proposed and abandoned Arms Bill is a document of much instruction. It would have furnished important facilities to prevent as well as to punish crime. It would have imposed no real inconvenience or restraint on those whose lives were peaceful. But it was not acceptable to an Irish member, and Mr. Stanley, mortified and humbled, confessed his rashness, and withdrew it.

We by no means confound Mr. Stanley with the men among whom he at present condescends to sit. We entreat him to use his own understanding, and consider this 'untoward event.' What lesson can he draw from it? Let Irish Representation be, as it is called, set free, while that country is subject to the influences which now afflict it, and the same engines of terror which dictate perjuries to the witness, will be found coercing the freeholder at the hustings. Terry Alt will be in the parliament as well as in the field—a union, not of 'oaths, but affection,' may subsist between his representatives and his men-at-arms. The councils of the legislature will be perplexed and interrupted—truth will be denied, and most disgraceful falsehoods perseveringly asserted—contempt and abhorrence of the Irish character will be rapidly increasing upon us—the inconveniences of a common legislature will be manifesting themselves under circumstances of varied and most opportune vexation, until, at last, sanguine men will call out for a separation, that again, if Europe permit, Ireland may be made a field of blood, and thoroughly conquered into obedience.

These are the evils we fear, and therefore we say now, give peace to a troubled land, by taking the guardianship of it into an effectual keeping. To do this, demands only the resolved will. Difficulties vanish before the determination to subdue them. Strength appears provided for him who would wisely and mercifully employ it. In Ireland, insurrection is a dastard, and loyalty is brave. We have only to call upon our friends, and we shall find

find no enemies. We have only to display a firm purpose of putting treason down, and very soon the crowds whom terror or frenzy brought together will disperse, and leave the more flagitious villains exposed for the just vengeance of law to strike them. We would not neglect the condition of the poor; it is, however, very important to discriminate between the just complaint of an aggrieved people, and the outbreaks of a discontented spirit. In one case we recognise the symptom of a disease which requires medical aid; in the other the indication of an evil purpose which calls for chastisement and coercion. Whatever be the law, let government uphold it; let not the anger of an ungrateful sect or party be an excuse for violating it. If it be, there never will be any want of outrages to indulge, and sacrifices to mourn over. Let Government persevere in its present course—let those who stimulate the people to outrage be condemned and promoted—let those who dare to support the law be plagued with vexatious prosecutions, acquitted, and ruined—let the false accusations of slanderers in high places be uttered without reprehension of their vileness—let the solemn allegations of injured men be dismissed with contempt—and there needs no prophet to pronounce what will be the result. We shall see protestantism parting, not in peace (if it do not contend in blood) from the Irish coasts; we shall see popery strengthening, and extending itself in all the provinces of Ireland; we shall have the animosity to which the clergy have been sacrificed, turning its rage upon our Saxon-Irish gentry; we shall have hatred of our laws and dominion as openly proclaimed as we now permit it to be denounced against our church and religion; and, in the end, at some conjuncture, when the peril will be greatest, we shall either be called upon to renounce a country grown too strong for ‘a step-mother’s rule’—or we shall have to fight a bloodier battle than yet has cursed that land—and then to break down, by sheer despotism, a spirit of opposition which could now be reclaimed and ruled by benevolence, and determination, and justice.

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ART. VI.—*Chansons de P. J. Béranger, anciennes, nouvelles, et inédites; suivies des Procès intentés à l'Auteur.* Paris. 1831.

THE poetical reputation and the political importance lately attained in France by one who originally was, and who still claims to be, no more than ‘*un pauvre chansonnier*,’ are too remarkable to be omitted from that general view of literary history which it is our duty to afford our readers.

M. Béranger was unknown—at least to the public—till about the

the latter end of the year 1815, when he published a small volume of songs, under the title—a strange one, as we shall see—of ‘*Chansons morales et autres.*’ This collection had very considerable success, and established at once the reputation of the author as the rival, if not the superior, of Panard and Collé. Many of the songs were very loose in morals and indecent in expression, and many more were of a political colour deeply adverse to the legitimate throne, which had been lately re-established. But these qualities only rendered them more popular with the French public; and the French government were too liberal, or too indulgent, or too new in authority, to take any hostile notice of these productions, which, although they began thus early to assume a very disloyal and seditious tone, were still *only songs*, in which the deeper designs were diluted, as it were, in the gaiety of wine and wit. This publication of December, 1815, therefore, passed off without official reprehension.

Encouraged alike by the circumstances of the times, which advanced in liberalism, (as it called itself,) and by the indulgence of the government, Béranger, who had now found where his real strength lay, produced a succession of songs—‘patriotic odes,’ his admirers call them, ‘equalling, if not surpassing, the highest flights of the Greek or Roman muse;’—which, as the subjects grew graver, and the language higher and bolder, produced a corresponding intensity of effect in the public mind; till, at last, about 1820, Béranger became so important a feature of the Liberal party, that they resolved to take a step which should have the treble advantage of insulting the existing government in a more formal manner—of ameliorating the pecuniary condition of the *Chansonnier* himself—and of exhibiting the strength and zeal of the anti-royalist array. A subscription, to the number of ten thousand names, was made for the republication of the volume of 1815, with the addition of a second volume of songs composed in the interval, and which, in manuscript or the daily papers, had excited a high degree of popular enthusiasm. This collection appeared accordingly, and presented a series of premeditated insults—sometimes gay and sometimes serious, always clever and effective—to the religion of the state, to the regal authority, to the rights of the reigning family, and to the very person of the sovereign.

There is, we believe, no problem in the actual exercise of authority more difficult to resolve than the exact line where the tolerance of calumny and libel should cease, and where prosecution for such offences should commence. It is urged, with great truth, that a prosecution always advertises and generally popularises the offensive work, and that legal vengeance often gives  
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vitality and permanence to the very evil which it intended to annihilate. It, therefore, has been of late rather the practice of all governments to endeavour to avoid the necessity of such proceedings—and to be much less astute in searching for libellous meanings, than in discovering decent excuses for overlooking those whose illegality was but too apparent. Such motives undoubtedly had induced the royal government to overlook Béranger's first edition and the individual songs which successively appeared in separate forms; but at last, the publication in 1821, deliberately and ostentatiously made—something in the character of the manifesto of a party—and sanctioned by the authority of ten thousand subscribers, appeared to take the case out of all the prudential or indulgent circumstances on which tolerance could be defended, and a prosecution was accordingly commenced by the government against the poet and his printer.

The Attorney-General, M. Marchangy, in opening the case, endeavoured to show why Béranger's collection was not entitled to that prescriptive indulgence so long conceded to *songs*:—

‘Gentlemen of the jury (said he), *song* has a kind of privilege in France; even its licence is readily excused—the spirit of our country protects it, and gaiety insures an acquittal. Such is, or rather such was, the real character of songs in France; but since the revolution, this spoilt child of the Muses has abandoned itself to wilder excesses. Emboldened by indulgence, songs have become the incentives to disorder; and some of the most atrocious scenes of the revolution have been acted to the sound of songs. Sarcastic impiety has taken the place of national gaiety—provocations to murder have succeeded to jokes and raillery—excesses of every kind have been stimulated by these hitherto innocent incentives, and the Popular Muse has become one of the direst Furies of our civil discords.’

He then proceeds to show, that Béranger's Muse partakes of this latter character; and very justly observes, that the circumstance of the publication, and as, to half the work, the *republication*, under the sanction of ten thousand subscribers,—the perseverance, the inveteracy, and the accumulation of the provocations against the existing government, ought to take these productions out of the indulgence usually granted to the giddy vivacity and unpremeditated raillery of the *chanson*.

On the other hand, M. Dupin, the advocate of the defendants, employs for his clients the argument which the Attorney-General had anticipated, and invokes the ancient privilege of *song*, quoting, as the saying of an anonymous *homme d'esprit*, what we in a former number attributed, justly, we still believe, to Chamfort,—that, ‘l'ancien gouvernement de la France était une monarchie absolue tempéré par les chansons;’ and he proceeds to give examples of the licence in which the *chansonniers* of the Fronde—the Regency—  
and

and the reign of Louis XV., were indulged. But the most important part of this defence, and that by which we have been chiefly induced to notice this trial, is the means by which M. Dupin, one of the greatest lawyers, and one of the most eminent statesmen of modern France, thought it proper to defend the passages which had been peculiarly selected for animadversion by the law-officers of the crown. We confess that we feel some hesitation and difficulty in risking to offend the morals and the taste of our readers, by alluding to the indecency and impiety of the original passages, and the still grosser impiety and still more offensive bad taste with which the advocate attempts to vindicate them: but such an exposure is, we think, necessary to an understanding of the state of the public mind in France; and we shall endeavour to exhibit specimens of the literary taste and legal eloquence of our neighbours, as little offensive as we can.

One of Béranger's songs on the intended 'Concordat of 1817,' between France and Rome, called '*Les Chantres de Paroisse*,' is a collection of stale jokes against the immoralities and intemperance of the clergy—jokes, which, as they and their causes are three or four centuries old, we have no doubt that the prolific originality of Béranger would have disdained, if he had not unfortunately found that the public appetite in France would relish anything however hacknied, however false, provided it appeared to degrade religion and insult authority. The burthen of this song runs thus:—

' *Gloria tibi, Domine!*  
Que tout chanfre  
Boive à plein ventre,  
*Gloria tibi, Domine!*  
Le concordat nous est donné.'

Our readers will not, we fancy, find much wit or even gaiety in this stanza—but they will see, not without regret, the parody of a portion of the divine service common to all Christian churches;—(*Glory be to thee, O Lord!*)—and they will smile, not at the pleasantry, but at the absurdity of charging luxurious intemperance on a class of his countrymen who, it is well known, so far from having the means of debauch, are hardly allowed those of subsistence. What is M. Dupin's defence? The impiety he does not think worth an excuse or even an explanation—cela va sans dire, in France—but the insult to the clergy is '*justifié d'avance par ce qu'en dit Boileau*—

' *Et de chantres buvans les cabarets sont pleins;*'  
which to any one who has read the two passages, is just as absurd as if Shakspeare's description of

' — the justice  
With fair round belly with good capon lined—'

should

should be quoted as a defence of some ministerial newspaper's libels against the morals and intelligence of the present magistracy of England. And then M. Dupin fancies that he shall propitiate the judge and the jury, by impressing on them, that Béranger had not only likened the poverty-stricken clergy of Liberal France to the jolly and rubicund friars of the olden time, but has accused them, in another song, of nourishing the atrocious fanaticism of Ravaillac and Jean Chatel.

' Par Ravaillac et Jean Chatel  
Plaçons dans chaque prône,  
Non point le trône sur l'autel,  
Mais l'autel sur le trône.'

Who would not suppose that Ravaillac and Chatel were two churchmen? Fanatics and assassins they were, like Ankerstroem and Louvel, but Chatel was little more than a schoolboy, and Ravaillac was himself that character, nowadays so dignified, a lay schoolmaster—but no matter; the modern clergy were to be identified with these old monsters, and Christianity with assassination, and Béranger and Dupin would have laughed at any one who had attempted to correct their historical examples, which were intentionally false.

Another instance is more serious. In a song, the very title of which, '*Le Bon Dieu*,' is itself very offensive, while the production itself is execrably irreverent—the Deity is supposed to review the proceedings of kings and governments in this world—*qu'on prétend que je gouverne*, and the burden of each of these batches of blasphemy is:—

' Si c'est par moi (the DEITY) qu'ils règnent de la sorte,  
Je veux bien que le diable m'emporte.'

This may be gaiety and good taste in France, but to us it seems (putting all religious feeling out of the question) to be mere stupid vulgarity—but Maître Dupin enters into an elaborate defence of it, which leaves poor Béranger far behind in the race.

' I admit,' he says, ' that these lines are rather light (*le refrain est un peu léger*) ; ' I will even go so far as to say, that the author ought not to have given way to the temptation of an *expression so original* ; but I also must avow my conviction, that he had not the culpable design of laughing at God Almighty, but saw, in this term, a *piquant contrast*, a *striking antithesis*.'

Thus, shocking profaneness becomes venial in the opinion of M. Dupin, as a *piquant contrast* ! a *striking antithesis* ! Pretty well—but what follows is even more extraordinary.

' We must not,' he proceeds, ' deny to poetry its admitted privileges, nor prevent the poet's availing himself of a fact which we find even in Holy Writ. Every thing is possible to God. We find in the Gospel  
" according



according to St. Matthew, iv. 8, 9, "The devil taketh Jesus up to an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and saith unto him, all these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." *There,* triumphantly adds Maître Dupin, '*There is the Holy Scripture.*'—p. 292.

The pen really almost drops from our hand at such profanation; but what can be thought of the understanding—we will not say the taste—but the common sense, the sanity of the advocate, who could think of such an argument? and then he proceeds still further to justify Béranger by the example of Milton, who, he says, in *Paradise Lost*, 'a mis l'esprit infernal aux prises avec la Divinité.' He goes on—

'But in his *Paradise Regained* he represents the *Devil taking Jesus Christ*, and showing him all the nations of the earth—'

and proceeds with an analysis of the state of the world as exhibited by Satan, which M. Dupin no doubt thought a most happy, and ingenious, and *liberal* pleasantry on the then existing state of the political world.

'Satan shows him the Britons, half subdued and enjoying but a shadow of their ancient liberties—Gaul disarmed, and Germany in darkness—Italy reeking with the blood of her slaughtered citizens—Greece struggling in her chains—the Parthians gathering on the confines of Asia—the Scythians assembling their hordes, and ready to invade the shores of the Bosphorus—and in his own country, the *Proconsuls of Rome!*—Herod, who, to reach *one single child*, has doomed all to death—and Pilate, a pusillanimous magistrate, who will suffer innocent blood to be spilt, and then say he washes his hands of it. Assuredly, in seeing the world thus governed, Jesus might well exclaim, that it was not by him nor his Father that the world was governed *de la sorte.*'—p. 293.

Our readers know, that there is not in Milton the least pretence for these epigrams against the governments of England, Italy, Germany, or France, any more than for the execrable impiety which M. Dupin affects to have gathered in the holy garden of *Paradise Regained*.

The result of the trial was—how could it be otherwise?—the conviction of Béranger for a libel; and the sentence was confinement for one year. But this was followed by a fresh outrage on the government: under the pretence of a report of the trial, not only was M. Dupin's defence given in all its disgusting details, but the whole of the condemned songs, which could not be otherwise republished, were inserted at full length as part of the proceedings, and this report, being printed in the same shape and type, became the envenomed supplement of Béranger's less offensive verses. This contumacious republication became the subject of another prosecution, in which the government were  
defeated,

defeated, and the obnoxious effusions thus obtained universal and licensed circulation throughout France.

We have been induced to enter into these details, not only as necessary to the true understanding of the work before us, even in its literary character, but as affording a curious and not unimportant indication of that state of France which led to the Revolution of 1830. When a song-writer could become a patriot of the first eminence by such works—when the advocate could raise himself to the very summit of his profession by such a defence—when such arguments were tolerated before a Christian tribunal—and when a government was devoted to general execration as bigots and persecutors, because they resented such seditious impiety, it required no great sagacity to foresee, that the united reign of religion and monarchy was drawing to a close. M. de Polignac hastened the catastrophe by the step which he unhappily fancied was the only chance of averting it; but if M. de Polignac had never been called to the ministry, or if he had never issued his absurd and deplorable (for they were alike ridiculous and fatal) *ordonnances*, the popularity of Béranger and his advocate satisfy us that the state of the public mind in Paris would—probably very little later—have led, under some variation of circumstances, to the same ultimate conclusion.

We now leave the politician, and turn with more pleasure to the man and the poet.

The perseverance with which Béranger affected, up to the revolution of July, to denominate himself as *De Béranger*, might lead to an impression, that he was originally not only a gentleman but a *feudalist*—such a pretension would contrast strangely with the spirit of his songs: but if he ever had that mania, he certainly gave it up early in his poetical career, for his songs contain the most candid avowals of the lowness of his birth, the meanness of his education and early employments, and the humility of his maturer life. We therefore cannot understand why he ever entitled himself *De Béranger*, since he now, as we perceive, signs himself simple *Béranger*: one or the other must have been a misnomer; and we suspect that it was not until he had, rather late in life, (as we shall see,) assumed the character of a ‘radical poet,’—(his own expression)—that he resigned himself to the confession of his low origin, and merely adopted the system of converting, by a frank confession, the humiliating circumstance into a proof of candour and independence on his own part, and into the vehicle of sarcasm against those, whose birth entitled them to the aristocratic prenomén. Thus, he tells us, in the clever epigrammatic song called *Le Vilain*, a term which he uses in its old sense of *plebeian*,—

Hé quoi ! j'apprends que l'on critique  
 Le *de* qui précède mon nom.  
 Etes-vous de noblesse antique ?  
 Moi, noble ? vraiment, messieurs, non.  
 Non, d'aucune chevalerie  
 Je n'ai le brevet sur vélin.  
 Je ne sais qu'aimer ma patrie...  
 Je suis vilain et très vilain.

Ah ! sans un *de* j'aurais dû naître ;  
 Car, dans mon sang si j'ai bien lu,  
 Jadis mes aïeux ont d'un maître  
 Maudit le pouvoir absolu.  
 Ce pouvoir, sur sa vieille base,  
 Était la meule du moulin ;  
 Ils étaient le grain qu'elle écrase.  
 Je suis vilain et très vilain.

Mes aïeux jamais dans leurs terres  
 N'ont vexé des serfs indigens ;  
 Jamais leurs nobles cimenterres  
 Dans les bois n'ont fait peur aux gens.

This seems to imply, that his real name was *De Béranger* ; but if it was, we confess we do not understand why he has lately adopted the more plebeian designation.

We are not of those who, like the editors of annuals, imagine that noble names make noble verses. We certainly are not liable to the sarcastic imputation of Pope against the critics of his day—

‘ That if a lord should chance to own the lines,  
 How the wit brightens ! how the sense refines ! ’

Nor are we, on the other hand, of the class of literary levellers, who fancy that genius can never be well born, and that no gentleman can ever be a man of talents. We should not have liked Béranger's verses the better or the worse if his name had been indeed *De Béranger* ; but we confess that we do not greatly admire either the aristocratical vanity which, for forty years, could assume a name not its own, or the democratic subservience which, for the last fourteen months, has abandoned a designation to which it was entitled. It excites in our mind an impression not favourable to the candour or the moral courage of the liberal poet. If his name was not *De Béranger*, he should never have assumed it ; if it was, he should never have abandoned it. This observation may seem trifling ; but those who know anything of the state of France, know how much importance was attached to this little feudal prefix. It was one of the accusations against the late *Royal Guard*, that many of them had the *De* prefixed to their names ; and their eloquent and able apologist, M. Bermond de Vachères, thought it worth while to notice that some of those who were most violent against such a distinction had yet condescended,

Aucun d'eux, las de sa campagne,  
 Ne fut transformé par Merlin  
 En chambellan de...Charlemagne.  
 Je suis vilain et très vilain.

Jamais aux discordes civiles  
 Mes braves aïeux n'ont pris part ;  
 De l'Anglais aucun dans nos villes  
 N'introduisit le léopard ;  
 Et quand l'église, par sa brigue,  
 Poussait l'état vers son déclin,  
 Aucun d'eux n'a signé la ligue.  
 Je suis vilain et très vilain.

Laissez-moi donc sous ma bannière,  
 Vous, messieurs, qui, le nez au vent,  
 Nobles par votre boutonnière,  
 Encensez tout soleil levant.  
 J'honore une race commune,  
 Car sensible, quoique malin,  
 Je n'ai flatté que l'infortune.  
 Je suis vilain et très vilain.

descended, not only to adopt, but to usurp it. We should really like, on this account, to know how the *Chansonnier* explains the former use and present disuse of the aristocratic particle.

Whatever may have been his name, he was, as he tells us in one of his songs, (*Le Tailleur et la Fée*), born in 1780, the grandson of a tailor, and his successive occupations in life were as a pot-boy, a printer's devil, and a clerk of the lowest class in one of the lowest public offices. Unpromising beginnings for the muse! He was, it seems, at best of a feeble constitution, and he had the additional misfortune of being stricken by lightning. His education was so slender, that he tells us the printer, his second master, discharged him, being unable to teach him how to spell. But nature surmounted all these impediments. He poetically tells us that a beneficent fairy endowed him in his cradle with the power of song; and in an interesting piece, called *Ma Vocation*, he gives a summary of his life and his calling.

Jeté sur cette boule,  
Laid, chétif et souffrant;  
Etouffé dans la foule,  
Faute d'être assez grand;  
Une plainte touchante  
De ma bouche sortit;  
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,  
Chante, pauvre petit!

Le char de l'opulence  
M'éclabousse en passant;  
J'éprouve l'insolence  
Du riche et du puissant;  
De leur morgue tranchante  
Rien ne nous garantit.  
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,  
Chante, pauvre petit!

D'une vie incertaine  
Ayant eu de l'effroi,  
Je rampe sous la chaîne  
Du plus modique emploi.

La liberté m'enchanté,  
Mais j'ai grand appétit.  
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,  
Chante, pauvre petit!

L'Amour, dans ma détresse,  
Daigna me consoler;  
Mais avec la jeunesse  
Je le vois s'envoler.  
Près de beauté touchante  
Mon cœur en vain pâtit.  
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,  
Chante, pauvre petit!

Chanter, ou je m'abuse,  
Est ma tâche ici-bas.  
Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuse  
Ne m'aimeront-ils pas?  
Quand un cercle m'enchanté,  
Quand le vin divertit,  
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,  
Chante, pauvre petit!

It cannot be doubted that his *vocation* came early; but it is singular that the earliest of his songs to which there is a date is *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, in 1813,—when he was thirty-three years old. This song is remarkable for some extraneous circumstances. Yvetot is a little district in Normandy, where there is a kind of burlesque monarch, something in the style of our Mayor of Garret; and the song of '*Le Roi d'Yvetot*' is a birthday ode to this rustic potentate, whose royal equipage was a donkey, his crown a night-cap, and his revenue a gratuitous draught at a pot-house.

When

When Béranger distinguished himself by so much poetical enthusiasm for liberty, people began to inquire how it was, that, under the despotic tyranny of Buonaparte, he had never struck the lyre of freedom; and M. Dupin, in the defence we have before alluded to, meets this objection by discovering that '*Le Roi d'Yvetot*' was an ingenious satire upon Napoleon: and thence he takes the opportunity of contrasting the magnanimity of that really great man with the pitiful jealousy of the Bourbons, who prosecuted a poor *chansonnier*, whom Napoleon had not condescended even to rebuke. Now if the thing had been true, the merit would have been somewhat attenuated by the fact, that the song was not written till 1813, *after Moscow*, and when certainly Buonaparte's star was on the wane; but we confess that we cannot trace in the song anything that Buonaparte, in the height of his power or in the depths of his tyranny, could have suspected of any undutiful allusion to him. As the song has been praised by M. de Chateaubriand for its intrinsic merit, and by M. Dupin for its political courage, we shall give it entire:—

Il était un roi d'Yvetot,  
 Peu connu dans l'histoire;  
 Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,  
 Dormant fort bien sans gloire,  
 Et couronné par Jeanneton  
 D'un simple bonnet de coton,  
 Dit-on.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!

Il faisait ses quatre repas  
 Dans son palais de chaume,  
 Et sur un âne, pas à pas,  
 Parcourait son royaume.  
 Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,  
 Pour toute garde il n'avait rien  
 Qu'un chien.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!

Il n'avait de goût onéreux  
 Qu'une soif un peu vive;  
 Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,  
 Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.  
 Lui-même à table, et sans suppôt,  
 Sur chaque muid levait un pot  
 D'impôt.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!

Aux filles de bonnes maisons  
 Comme il avait su plaire,  
 Ses sujets avaient cent raisons  
 De le nommer leur père:  
 D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban  
 Que pour tirer quatre fois l'an  
 Au blanc.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!

Il n'agrandit point ses états,  
 Fut un voisin commode,  
 Et, modèle des potentats,  
 Prit le plaisir pour code.  
 Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira,  
 Que le peuple qui l'enterra  
 Pleura.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!

On conserve encor le portrait  
 De ce digne et bon prince;  
 C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret  
 Fameux dans la province.  
 Les jours de fête, bien souvent,  
 La foule s'écrie en buvant  
 Devant:  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!

We think our readers will be puzzled here to find any trace of political satire or any proof of moral courage, and as M. Dupin felt it necessary

necessary to his client's character to vindicate him from a slavish submission to Buonaparte, we are sorry he was not able to produce a more satisfactory example. It is plain that Béranger did not, and it is certain that he durst not, have ventured even the slightest or most innocent pleasantry against the gigantic despot; and we do not blame his silence in an age and in a country, in which—when the ablest and the highest ran a disgraceful race of adulation and servility—even silence was a kind of merit; but such silence, however pardonable or even meritorious, affords no agreeable contrast with the violence and venom of the direct, odious, and reiterated slanders which, with the false courage of a bully, he directed against the patient and beneficent Bourbons.

Of the same date is the song of the *Sénateur*, which M. Dupin tells us, instead of offending, ‘*dérída le front austère de Napoléon.*’

‘Mon épouse fait ma gloire :  
Rose a de si jolis yeux !  
Je lui dois, l'on peut m'en croire,  
Un ami bien précieux.  
Le jour où j'obtins sa foi,  
Un sénateur vint chez moi.

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

De ses faits je tiens registre :  
C'est un homme sans égal.  
L'autre hiver, chez un ministre,  
Il mena ma femme au bal.  
S'il me trouve en son chemin,  
Il me frappe dans la main.

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Près de Rose il n'est point fade,  
Et n'a rien de freluquet.  
Lorsque ma femme est malade,  
Il fait mon cent de piquet.  
Il m'embrasse au jour de l'an ;  
Il me fête à la Saint-Jean.

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Chez moi qu'un temps effroyable  
Me retienne après dîner,  
Il me dit d'un air aimable,  
“ Allez donc vous promener :  
“ Mon cher, ne vous gênez pas,  
“ Mon équipage est là-bas.”

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Certain soir, à la campagne  
Il nous mena par hasard ;  
Il m'enivra de champagne,  
Et Rose fit lit à part :  
Mais de la maison, ma foi,  
Le plus beau lit fut pour moi.

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

A l'enfant que Dieu m'envoie,  
Pour parrain je l'ai donné.  
C'est presque en pleurant de joie  
Qu'il baise le nouveau-né ;  
Et mon fils, dès ce moment,  
Est mis sur son testament.

Quel honneur !

Quel bonheur !

Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,  
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

Individual liberty must have been in a glorious state in France when it is a matter of boast and applause, that the author of the *Sénateur* was not prosecuted for a *libel against the state* ! Finally, however,

however, these two songs—*Le Roi D'Yvetot* and *Le Sénateur*—which could have no possible allusion to Buonaparte, and were not written till that comet was disappearing, are all that can be quoted of *liberalism*, or even honest independence of sentiment in Béranger, up to the close of the empire. It is possible that there may have been something of gratitude in this silence, for we have heard that he owed to one of the Buonapartes (Lucien, we believe) his little place of *Expéditionnaire*, (occasional or extra clerk,) under the Board of Public Instruction, at about 40*l.* a year. But fear was likely to have been, in this instance, quite as powerful a motive as gratitude; for Napoleon was not a man to overlook in the meanest, any more than to tolerate in the highest, any criticism on the march of his government. But now follows a most remarkable circumstance of the story;—this little place, which constituted Béranger's whole livelihood, the fanatic and vindictive Bourbons permitted him to enjoy for many years, in every month of which he was exercising his great and popular talents in every kind of ridicule and invective, in insult to their persons, in defiance of their authority, and in sedition against their power. Nor was it till the publication with the ten thousand subscribers, and the consequent prosecution, that the government deprived him of a place, which he not only held during pleasure, but which was, in its nature, temporary. We really think that if anything like gratitude had 'bridled in the struggling Muse with pain,' during the empire, a little of the same quality ought to have prevented the gross and indecent personalities of his satire—his slanders against the princes who for many years had magnanimously tolerated his insolence.

This is the dark side of Béranger's character, but *defendit numerus*; the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*—and every French biography is a *dictionnaire des girouettes*—attests that every leading man in France is liable to imputations of the same or of an analogous kind—indeed, Béranger is one of the least inconsistent, and personally, one of the most respectable in the whole alphabet, while there is not one who has distinguished himself by such peculiarity of talent—to the consideration of which we gladly turn from the less agreeable view of his political career.

From the Revolution of July, to which he had so powerfully contributed, not by his poetical talents alone, but by an active, and at the same time, we are told, a most discreet and able co-operation in all the secret councils of the liberal party—from the Revolution, we say, which owed him so much, he has accepted nothing—he has seen his friends, his pupils, his colleagues in opposition, become ministers, and he has declined, it is said, the favours of the new government. Content with a very moderate income realized by the sale



sale of his works, his life does not belie the promise of his muse. If his odes have the spirit of the Spartan poet and patriot, he appears also to have the Spartan contempt for riches and for rank; and he seems not only personally to have declined taking a profitable part in the change of government, but his muse seems to have hung up her lyre, and disdained even to celebrate the victory. Indeed, he says himself, that with the expulsion of King Charles he felt that his 'occupation was gone;' and it is certain, that the bitter and sarcastic tone of his songs (and this is so generally their characteristic, that we suspect it to be the natural tone of the author) would be nearly useless except in *opposition*. He complains too that he grows old. This may be lucky for the new dynasty; for we strongly suspect that the day is not far distant, when Béranger might again find full employment for his satiric vein, and that the citizen-king and his rapid succession of citizen-ministers would afford occasions for personalities, even more cutting, and infinitely more just, than those with which he assailed the government and persons of the elder branch of the Bourbons. We should like to see the mixed strain of satire and pathos, of ridicule and indignation, which such a mind might pour forth, in a new ode, under the title of '*Le Testament du Duc de Bourbon*.' If, indeed, '*facit indignatio versus*' be Béranger's motto, we have little doubt that he has before this set about restringing his lyre, and that we may soon expect some poetical *Philippiques*, as much higher in flight and deeper in tone than his rhymes on '*les Barbons*,'—as his new subject will exceed the former in all the circumstances that can excite the detestation of the poet and the honest man.

*En attendant les Philippiques*, Béranger has published since the Revolution but three or four songs: two in favour of the Poles, which are rather feeble, and seem to justify his own impression that his forte is personality; another to his '*Amis devenus Ministres*,' in which he generously declines any share in the spoil; and a lyrical invitation to M. de Châteaubriand to return to his native country, to which his splendid talents, and still more the *courage* and *consistency* of his political conduct, have done such great and *such rare* honour. Of this ode, which is better than the *Polonaises*, probably because it is personal, and of which the personal and satiric points are, unfortunately, the best, we shall offer one or two specimens.

'Châteaubriand! pourquoi fuir ta patrie,  
Fuir son amour, notre encens et nos soins?  
N'entends tu pas la France, qui s'écrie  
"Mon beau ciel pleure une étoile de moins?"'

After a summary of Châteaubriand's life and works, he proceeds—

' Des anciens rois quand revint la famille,  
Lui, de leur sceptre appui religieux,  
Crut aux Bourbons faire adopter pour fille  
La Liberté, qui se passe d'ayeux.'

To this poetical and very just description of M. de Châteaubriand's endeavour,—in his *Monarchie selon la Charte*, as well as by his personal conduct as a statesman,—to hallow and consolidate the new institutions of France by ancient principles and national recollections, Béranger adds a very, we hope and believe, unjust, but certainly a bitter charge of ingratitude against the exiled house :

' Et tu voudrais t'attacher à leur chûte !  
Connais donc mieux leur folle vanité ;  
Au rang des maux qu'au ciel même elle impute  
Leur cœur ingrat met ta fidélité.'

Béranger's admiration of M. de Châteaubriand was, perhaps, a little stimulated into this panegyric by the Viscount's having, in the preface to his *Historical Essays*, lately published, quoted an historic stanza of one of Béranger's songs as 'digne de Tacite, qui faisait aussi des vers.'

Our readers may be curious to see the stanza so applauded : it is an allusion to Buonaparte, in the song called *Le Dieu des bonnes Gens*.

' Un conquérant, dans sa fortune altière,  
Se fit un jeu des sceptres et des lois ;  
Et de ses pieds on peut voir la poussière  
Empreinte encor sur le bandeau des rois.'—v. ii. p. 260.

This is certainly fine, but not very well placed in a drinking-song, every stanza of which, although thus sounding a high tone of poetry and politics, ends with a bacchanalian and somewhat profane chorus :

' Le verre en main, gaîment je me confie  
Au Dieu des bonnes Gens.'

This '*honourable mention*' probably, we say, quickened Béranger's admiration of Châteaubriand ; and Châteaubriand, in a letter addressed to Béranger, and prefixed to his last pamphlet, has repaid the *chansonnier's* compliments in like coin :—

' A great poet,' he says, ' whatever be the form in which he conveys his ideas, is always a writer of genius.'—(The phrase is somewhat tautologous.)—' Pierre de Béranger is satisfied with the title of *Le Chansonnier*, as Jean de la Fontaine was with that of *Le Fablier*, and like him he has taken rank among our immortals. I foretell you, Sir, that your fame, already without a rival, will rise still higher. Few judges, now-a-days, are capable of appreciating all the polish of your verses, few ears delicate enough to relish their harmony. The  
most

most exquisite finish is concealed under the most delightful simplicity.'—*Sur le Bannissement de Charles X.*, p. 10.

And then, protesting however against their political spirit, he instances several songs as models of happy pleasantries. Under the sanction of so good a judge, we shall select one of them, as being, not perhaps the best, but of general application, and likely to be almost as well understood in Downing-street, with the interpretation of Lord Althorp's cook, as it is in the Place Vendôme.

## LE VENTRU ; \*

ou,

COMPTE RENDU DE LA SESSION AUX ELECTEURS DU DEPARTEMENT DE —.

Electeurs de ma province,  
Il faut que vous sachiez tous  
Ce que j'ai fait pour le prince,  
Pour la patrie et pour vous.  
L'état n'a point déperî ;  
Je reviens gras et fleuri.

Quels dinés,  
Quels dinés,

Les ministres m'ont donnés !  
Oh ! que j'ai fait de bons dinés !

Au ventre toujours fidèle  
J'ai pris, suivant ma leçon,  
Place à dix pas de Villele,  
A quinze de d'Argenson ;  
Car dans ce ventre étouffé  
Je suis entré tout truffé.  
Quels dinés, &c.

Comme il faut au ministère  
Des gens qui parlent toujours,  
Et hurlent pour faire taire  
Ceux qui font de bons discours,  
J'ai parlé, parlé, parlé ;  
J'ai hurlé, hurlé, hurlé.  
Quels dinés, &c.

Si la presse a des entraves,  
C'est que je l'avais promis ;  
Si j'ai bien parlé des braves,  
C'est qu'on me l'avait permis.  
J'aurais voté dans un jour  
Dix fois contre et dix fois pour.  
Quels dinés, &c.

J'ai repoussé les enquêtes,  
Afin de plaire à la cour ;  
J'ai, sur toutes les requêtes,  
Demandé l'ordre du jour.  
Au nom du roi, par mes ris,  
J'ai rebanni les proscrits.  
Quels dinés, &c.

Des dépenses de police  
J'ai prouvé l'utilité ;  
Et non moins Français qu'un Suisse,  
Pour les Suisses j'ai voté.  
Gardons bien, et pour raison,  
Ces amis de la maison.  
Quels dinés, &c.

Malgré des calculs sinistres,  
Vous pairez, sans y songer,  
L'étranger et les ministres,  
Les ventrus et l'étranger.  
Il faut que, dans nos besoins,  
Le peuple dine un peu moins.  
Quels dinés, &c.

Enfin, j'ai fait mes affaires :  
Je suis procureur du roi ;  
J'ai placé deux de mes frères,  
Mes trois fils ont de l'emploi.  
Pour les autres sessions,  
J'ai cent invitations.  
Quels dinés,  
Quels dinés

Les ministres m'ont donnés !  
Oh ! que je fait de bons dinés !

We shall conclude our extracts with another song, which seems to us still more characteristic of the style of Béranger's political

\* That body in the Chambers which was supposed to support all ministries, was called *Le Ventre*. The title of the song happily expresses in one word the admirer of the policy and of the table of the minister.

pleasantries. We have supplied the names, which in the printed copy are only in initials, and which the reader will see are those of successive law-officers.

### LE SYSTEME DES INTERPRETATIONS.

A MARIE \*\*\*\* LE JOUR DE SA FÊTE.\*

Comment, sans vous compromettre, Vous tourner un compliment ?	Si je peins la bienfaisance Et les pleurs qu'elle trait ;
De ne rien prendre à la lettre Nos juges ont fait serment.	Si je chante l'opulence A qui le pauvre sourit,
Puis-je parler de Marie ? <i>Vatismenil</i> dira : " Non.	<i>Jacquinet de Pamplune</i> Dit : " La bonté rend suspect ;
C'est la mère d'un Messie, Le deuxième de son nom.	Et soulager l'infortune, C'est nous manquer de respect.
Halte-là ! Vite, en prison pour cela."	Halte-là ! Vite, en prison pour cela."
Ditai-je que la nature Vous combla d'heureux talens ;	En vain l'amitié m'inspire : Je suis effrayé de tout.
Que les dieux de la peinture Sont touchés de votre encens ;	A peine j'ose vous dire Que c'est le <i>quinze d'Août</i> .
Que votre ame encor brisée Pleure un vol fait par des rois ?	" Le quinze d'Août ! " s'écrie <i>Beilart</i> toujours en fureur :
" Ah ! vous pleurez le Musée," Dit <i>Marchangy le Gaulois</i> .	" Vous ne fêlez pas Marie, Mais vous fêtez l'Empereur !
" Halte-là ! Vite, en prison pour cela."	Halte-là ! Vite, en prison pour cela."
Si je dis que la musique Vous offre aussi des succès ;	Je me tais donc par prudence, Et n'offre que quelques fleurs.
Qu'à plus d'un chant héroïque S'émeut votre cœur Français :	Grand Dieu ! quelle inconséquence ! Mon bouquet a <i>trois couleurs</i> .
" On ne m'en fait point accroire," S'écrie <i>Hua</i> radieux :	Si cette erreur fait scandale, Je puis me perdre avec vous ;
" Chanter la France et la gloire, C'est par trop sédition.	Mais la clémence royale Est là pour nous sauver tous...
Halte-là ! Vite, en prison pour cela."	Halte-là ! Vite, en prison pour cela."

But we must conclude. We will pass over, with silent regret, the indelicacy of some of the songs: though the early life of Béranger may have familiarized him to that sort of language, we wonder the good taste which he shows in minor points, did not warn him to omit the gross and indecent passages,—and they are not many,—which must render his volumes offensive to well-bred men, and utterly unreadable by modest women. To the profaneness we have already alluded,—it is too frequent to be corrected without sacrificing the larger portion of his works,—we lament it, we nauseate it; but we are sorry to have been obliged to say, that we rather blame the state of manners and

\* Our readers will easily believe, that there was no real *Marie* \*\*\*\*, and that the *fête* and the name are a poetical invention to introduce Napoleon, Marie-Louise, the Duke of Reichstadt, and the 15th August, *Buonaparte's fête*.

society in France than the poet himself. As to the general merit of his verses we shall add one observation, which has escaped M. de Châteaubriand. The great peculiarity of Béranger is the mixture of gaiety and pathos, which he combines with the happiest effect. He, indeed, mingles 'the grave and gay, the lively and severe,' with a very original and singular felicity. This merit has not escaped the author himself; in his own behalf he claims, as his special praise, that—

'D'un luth joyeux il attendrit les sons.'

*La bonne Vieille*, v. i. p. 242

With one other remark we shall conclude—though, perhaps, it might be spared, for it can hardly have escaped our readers—that it is exceedingly surprising that a person, whose early life was so miserably mean and whose education appears to have been no better than his humble station, should have produced *odes* (as M. de Châteaubriand very justly denominates them) of an elegance of diction, a facility of expression, and a harmony of versification not exceeded in the language. It may aid our reader's speculations on this curious subject to be informed that this smooth facility, this apparently spontaneous flow, is the result of the most anxious care and deliberation; that M. Béranger's composition is slow to a degree that deserves the epithet of painful; that the conception of each song is the work of time, and that many couplets have cost him hours of labour.

ART. VII.—*The History of English Dramatic Poetry, to the time of Shakspeare, and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration.* By J. Payne Collier, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1831.

THE comprehensive and philosophic spirit of modern poetical criticism has fully recognised the high rank which the national drama of England may claim among the creations of the human imagination; the name of Shakspeare not only receives its just homage throughout the vast regions over which the English language is spread, on the shores of the Ganges, the Mississippi, and the St. Lawrence; but throughout the continent of Europe, he is read either in the original language, or in successive and multiplying translations. The admirers of the classical drama are at length obliged to admit 'a rival near the throne,' even where they are 'not driven from the field,' by what they consider the Gothic invasion of the romanticists. It is curious to observe the manner in which the best French writers now speak of Shakspeare, (the Germans, it is well known, go almost beyond our own national pride, in their admiration of our great dramatist,) and to contrast it with the half jealous, but half patronizing eulogy of

Voltaire,

Voltaire, and the still timid and apologetic phrase of La Harpe—‘*La tragédie fut violée par un géant.*’ Such is the lively expression of the latter critic, embodying his notion of the wonderful power, as well as of the utter lawlessness of the barbarous poet. Nor is the knowledge of the older English drama confined to Shakspeare; abroad as well as at home, curiosity and admiration are beginning to be excited, by the fertility as well as the genius of a theatre, in which poets like Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, occupy the second rank, while for the third, remain such names as Marlowe, Ford, Middleton, and Webster.\*

The origin and progress of this theatre, the slow or rapid manner in which so splendid a branch of the great works of human invention attained its perfection; the favourable circumstances which fostered its growth, or the adverse out of which it struggled by the creative power of its earliest masters—these questions would be legitimate objects of historical inquiry, even if they only served to throw light on the poetic life of Shakspeare. The history of the English stage would be a pursuit of the highest intellectual interest, if its only result should be to decide on the accuracy or inaccuracy of Dryden’s assertion, that ‘Shakspeare created the stage among us:’ whether the romantic drama of England, as has been finely said of Greek tragedy in relation to Æschylus, sprung from the head of Shakspeare, perfect and in complete armour, as Pallas from that of Jove. It would be but the legitimate homage to such genius, to examine, with the utmost minuteness, into the state in which he found and in which he left his art; how much he owed to his predecessors, and how far the character and circumstances of his age tended to foster and develop his powers. Yet, considering the long array of volumes to which our editions of Shakspeare have extended, the vast advanced guard of prolegomena, the countless rabble of notes which impede his triumphant progress, and the heavy baggage of dissertations which bring up the rear; considering the number and the avidity of the ‘black letter dogs,’ whom the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, at the close of the last century, described as hanging on the flanks, and draining the life-blood of the dramatic Actæon—we might have supposed the subject, by this time, completely exhausted; and, however some master-mind might be wanting to compress, to reduce into order—to extract all that was intrinsically valuable from the immense and discordant mass, and to cast it into one agreeable narrative—we should scarcely have ex-

\* We met with, some years ago, the first volume of a very interesting work by Tieck (one of the ablest and most learned of German critics, and we think, after Goëthe, decidedly the first of German novelists), entitled ‘*Shakspeare’s Forchule*:—we do not know whether he has published more,

pected that much further information could have been obtained, after the minute and laborious researches of the Stevenses and Malones. The volumes of Mr. Collier, however, prove that even in their own department the Shakspeare commentators have left much for future inquirers. The indefatigable diligence of this gentleman has led him to many unsuspected or unknown sources of information; while even in those which were open to former collectors, he has gleaned much, either overlooked by their negligence, or misrepresented by their haste. From our record offices, from public and private libraries, Mr. Collier, with infinite pains and perseverance, has brought together a vast mass of new and curious facts, illustrating that fertile and not altogether unprofitable subject, the amusements of our ancestors; and has traced the gradual though rapid manner, in which the religious representations of the monastic orders, and the barbarous but splendid shows of our Tudor Kings, were refined into the more intellectual and instructive romantic drama of the age of Elizabeth and James I. Had Mr. Collier displayed equal skill in the arrangement and distribution of his materials, as he has zeal and diligence in obtaining them, his work might have been, what it professes to be, a history of the English drama. At present, of great and varied interest to the antiquarian, and of inestimable value to the future historian of this branch of English poetry, it is rather a series of historical dissertations than a history; it is not one, but three separate works, the subjects of which the author has, after all, not been able to keep entirely distinct—*Annals of the Stage*, *Annals of Dramatic Poetry*, and an *Account of Theatres and their Appurtenances*. It is thus a sort of historic trilogy, but without any continuous interest; with three beginnings, three middles, and three ends: we are perpetually travelling onwards, and when we reach the goal, are called back again to start anew from the point at which we originally set forward. It might be difficult, but the increased popularity of his volumes would, we are persuaded, amply repay Mr. Collier for the trouble of recasting his whole work; of distributing it into one consecutive narrative, with its episodes skilfully interwoven, and some of the very curious documents, particularly the accounts, withdrawn from the text, (where they arrest and detain too long the attention of the common reader,) and thrown into an appendix. Unless Mr. Collier shall thus condescend to render his book more attractive, he must content himself with the praise of having made useful collections for the history of the drama, rather than of having adequately filled that chasm in our literary history of which he justly complains.

Religion was the parent of the modern, as of the ancient drama. Throughout the world, in India, as in Athens, the great religious festivals



festivals were the periods at which dramatic representations were exhibited; and in modern Europe the clergy were the first actors, and the Bible was to the rude dramatists of the dark ages what Homer was to Æschylus and Sophocles. It is even supposed by some, that the Thespis of the modern European drama was no less than a most learned and canonized saint, Gregory Nazianzen. This opinion, however, of Voltaire, to which Mr. Collier considers Warton to incline, is in fact entirely invalidated by the juster observations of Warton himself. In the fourth century, according to Voltaire,

'Gregory Nazianzen, an archbishop, a poet, and one of the fathers of the church, banished pagan plays from the stage at Constantinople, and introduced select stories from the Old and New Testament. As the ancient Greek tragedy was a religious spectacle, a transition was made on the same plan; and the choruses were turned into Christian hymns. Gregory wrote many sacred dramas for this purpose, which have not survived those inimitable compositions over which they triumphed for a time. One, however, his *Χρίστος πάσχων*, or *Christ's Passion*, is still extant.\* In the prologue it is said to be in imitation of Euripides, and that this is the first time the Virgin Mary has been produced on the stage. The fashion of acting spiritual dramas, in which at first a due degree of method and decorum was preserved, was at length adopted from Constantinople by the Italians, who framed in the depth of the dark ages, on this foundation, that barbarous species of theatrical representation called Mysteries, or Sacred Comedies, and which were soon afterwards received in France.'—*Warton's Hist. of Engl. Poet.*, vol. iii. p. 196, 8vo. edit.

This is a genuine Voltairian hypothesis, ever brilliant and

\* The *Χρίστος Πάσχων* is on many accounts a curious performance. It is nearly twice as long as any extant classical play, and must contain somewhere about three thousand lines. It infringes on the unities both of time and place. The scene changes from some part of Jerusalem, where the Virgin hears the tidings of the capture of Jesus, to the foot of the Cross, and our Saviour is introduced after his resurrection. Its contempt of quantity is very remarkable, as it does not appear to be in the least guided by accent. The following is a passage not without sweetness, and more than usually correct in metre. It is the Virgin's lamentation at the willing haste with which Jesus proceeds to his trial:

αἶ αἶ τι δράσω; καρδία γὰρ ὀκνηταὶ  
πῇ πῇ πορεύσῃ, τίκων; ὡς ἀπολλύμενη  
ἔκπῃ τοῦ νῦν (τόν) ταχύν τιλίς δρόμον;  
μὴ γάμος αὖθις ἐν Κανῇ, καὶ αἰ τοῖς χίλις,  
ἐν ἑξ ὕδατος εἰσπορεύσῃς ἕως;  
ἐφίψομαι σοί, τίκων; ἢ μὲν ὅς ἔστι;  
δοῦς, δὲς λόγον μοι, τῷ θίῳ πατρός λόγῳ,  
μὴ δὴ παρίλθῃς σίγα διίλην μητίαν.  
νῦν γὰρ στέμματος φίλιον χερσίν σείδῃ  
Φωνῇ ἀκούσαι, καὶ προσιπεῖν, ὡς τίκων;  
δοῦς μοι πρὸς αὐτὸν πατρός, ὡς τίκων, σείδῃ,  
σὲ εἰσπορεύῃς χρωτὸς ἀψάσαι χερσίν,  
ψάσαι σὸν ὅσον τι καὶ σπερματίζεσθαι σι.

The authorship of this play is, after all, very doubtful.

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seductive, but negligent or disdainful of fact and evidence. We are not aware that any proof has been adduced that these sacred dramas of Gregory, and his more prolific poetical rival, the heretic bishop Apollinaris, were ever acted. Warton himself has suggested, what appears to be the fact, that these dramas were composed, not for the theatres of Constantinople, to expel their rightful lords, Sophocles, Euripides, and Menander, but for the Christian schools, into which were introduced a sacred Homer (that is to say, the Old Testament, as far as the life of Saul, thrown into hexameters)—a sacred Pindar—and a sacred Plato (into an imitation of whose Dialogues the Gospels were cast), as well as sacred dramas on scriptural subjects. The ecclesiastical historians assert that this practice originated in a prohibition issued by Julian against the use of the pagan poets and philosophers in the Christian seminaries,—an edict strangely at variance with the profound policy of the apostate emperor for the subversion of Christianity. It is far more probably to be ascribed to the pious apprehensions of the church, than to the short-sighted jealousy of the emperor. The date of these productions, the reign of Julian, when the church (for a period however short) was standing on the defensive, is irreconcilable with the notion that they were composed with a view of assailing paganism in its last strong-hold, the theatre. However difficult it is to trace, in the vague language of the ecclesiastical writers and Byzantine historians, the decay and gradual extinction of the legitimate Grecian drama, it is most probable that the degenerate taste of the pagans contributed to its downfall as much as the holy zeal of the Christians. The tragedies of Æschylus and Euripides waned before the furious excitement of the hippodrome, which, notwithstanding the devout thunders of the patriarchs, deluged Christian Constantinople with blood; and those more shameless exhibitions, which were yet better suited to the passions of a dissolute and rapidly barbarizing populace. At all events, however the genuine ancient drama may have struggled for existence, both against a religion which denounced it as forming an integral part of the great system of pagan idolatry; and against the spirit of an unworthy age, incapable of refined and intellectual amusements, and only stimulated by the coarser and more violent excitement of the gladiator, the chariot race, the conjurer, and the buffoon;—there is still a vast chasm which separates the dissolution of the ancient from the birth of the modern drama. The connexion between the Christian drama of the fourth century in Constantinople modelled on the Athenian, if it ever existed as a public spectacle,\* and the ruder miracle plays of western Europe, which

\* The few expressions in the tragedy of Gregory, which have been relied on, are merely the conventional terms which so close an imitator of the ancient stage would naturally transfer to his poem, and by no means imply the actual representation of the piece.

at their earliest date cannot be carried higher than the beginning of the twelfth, or the end of the eleventh century, has never been established but on pure conjecture. The opinion of Schlegel, a critic whose knowledge is as accurate and extensive as his views are original and profound, may perhaps be somewhat overstated, but is not much beyond the truth. We quote the French translation, which we have at hand.

‘ Les restes des anciens spectacles des Grecs et des Romains furent abolis à l’époque de l’introduction du Christianisme, soit parce qu’ils avoient rapport au culte des faux dieux, soit parce qu’il s’y étoit introduit une grande licence de mœurs. Mille ans se passèrent à peu près sans qu’on vit se relever de théâtre.’

The sacred Christian drama arose out of the strong religious excitement, the *revival*, in modern phrase, which prevailed at the time of the first Crusades. The miracle plays, the dramatic representations of the history of our Lord, and of the more popular saints, appear on a sudden, and almost simultaneously, in Italy, France, England, we have little doubt likewise in Germany and in Spain. Their origin in Italy is thus traced in a recent work, full of curious research and ingenious observation, the ‘*Antichità Romantica d’Italia di Dipendente Sacchi*.’ The view of the subject is not new, but we do not know where to find it more clearly and elegantly developed.

‘ Peregrinavano que’ nostri padri in terra santa e visitavano per penitenza, per divozione, o per vanità que’ luoghi famosi: esaltavano la mente, ed il cuore fra queste mistiche recordanze; e ripatriando inebbriati da questo entusiasmo, desiderosi di partecipare negli altri le grate sensazioni che ne avevano conseguite, dipingevano loro e il lungo viaggio, e i corsi pericolosi, e i deserti, e la santa Città, e il sacro monte, e ritesseano la storia del Salvatore, come se la avessero attinta a novelle fonti. Questi uomini vestiti con abiti in parte stranieri, col bordone, colla cappa da pellegrino, doviziosi de’ reliquie, di croci, di lontane ricordanze, destavano la curiosità nel popolo che li seguiva e attendeva con mostra di maraviglia e di ansietà a quanto essi faceansi volenterosi a narrare, spesso sulle pubbliche piazze, talora vicino ai cemeteri, o nel vestibolo delle chiese. A un pellegrino se ne associava un secondo, e spesso un terzo, e nel fuoco della narrazione l’uno interrompeva l’altro; questi declamava, quegli cantava, e sovente avvenia fra loro partissero il racconto, sicchè ne riusciva una specie di rappresentazione. Viaggiavano a loro posta in Palestina anche i sacerdoti, e reduci in patria, a infondere ne’ credenti l’entusiasmo onde aveansi ispirati in quella sacra terra, nella celebrazione de’ divini misteri devisarono novelle pompe, e cerimonie, che meglio accennassero l’ordine, con cui seguirono i patimenti del Giusto, e la fiera de’ Giudici, e i tribunali, e Gerusalemme e il Golgota. Quindi leggermente prendea forma una maniera di rappresentazione che in breve ordinandosi si transmudò in una festa che giovò ripetere a divisato tempo. In fatti intorno al mille praticavasi  
nelle

nelle chiese, allorchè si commemoravano i divini misteri, di cantare dia sacerdoti, quali sui pulpiti, quali all' altare, e quali in chiesa, gli evangelii, e le sacre nenie, e i laici vestirsi in forme stranie, altri tener la parte de' Nazzareni, altri di Farisei; e talvolta nel sostenerle recare sì innanzi il clamore, che transmutavano i tempj in teatri, e anzichè ispirare religiosa pietà, tenersi per cosa da giuoco e da diletto; pernicioso abuso, cui posero severo divieto l' autorità di molti concili. Pure a nulla giovavano quelle querele e minacce; e la vaghezza di novità potè di tanto, che que' recenti riti in breve vennero disposti a modo di spettacoli: e si tennero o nelle chiese, o nelle pubbliche vie a giorni stabiliti; e ne fu sì grande la splendidezza e se ne menò tanto rumore, che gli Storici ne fecero ricordanza. Una assai grande ebbe luogo in Padova nel 1243, alle ferie di Pasqua, in cui si ripeté la passione di Cristo, da varie persone vestite in modi diversi, colla pompa della religione, col lusso della vanità associato a preci, a grida, ed a follie; e nel Friuli, appunto nelle case del Patriarca nel 1298, si fè per molti sacerdoti rappresentazione di tutti i misteri del Nuovo Testamento, e nel 1304 lo stesso capitolo della cattedrale recò ad azione con lungo studio la creazione de' primi uomini, le gioie e i dolori della Vergine.'

The authors of the '*Histoire du Théâtre Français*' have adopted the same view of the origin of their own drama; their opinion, indeed, is more briefly and much more brilliantly expressed in the well-known lines of Boileau:—

' Chez nos dévots ayeux, le théâtre abhorré  
Fut long-tems dans la France un plaisir ignoré,  
De pèlerins, dit-on, une troupe grossière  
En public à Paris y monta la première,  
Et sottement zélée, en sa simplicité,  
Joua les Saints, la Vierge, et Dieu par piété.'

But, although these writers adduce an ambiguous expression in an ordonnance of Charlemagne (A.D. 789) in which *histriones* are prohibited, there is no direct evidence to invalidate the claim advanced by Mr. Collier in favour of England, as possessing much earlier recorded instances of the exhibition of religious dramas. A passage in Fitzstephen's '*Life of St. Thomas à Becket*,' quoted by Warton, and written before 1182, speaks of sacred plays (*sanctiores ludos*) as regular spectacles in London; and there is good evidence that the miracle-play of St. Catherine was performed at Dunstable, under the auspices of Geoffrey, afterwards Abbot of St. Alban's, as early as 1110, if not at the close of the previous century. It is thought that the Chester mysteries commenced in 1268. Yet, as Geoffrey was a Norman, and as Mr. Collier is of opinion that the Chester mysteries were either originally performed in French, or translated from that language, it

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is most probable that their date was at least as early in France as in England. In fact, in all Christian countries the state of the general mind was much the same; and the same fruits sprung up everywhere naturally and spontaneously out of the necessities of the times. The strong religious impulse which the Crusades had spread through the whole Christian world—or of which the Crusades themselves were but the first visible outburst—the sacred enthusiasm which had seized all orders, sought out every possible means of awakening, of communicating, of maintaining its contagious influence over the universal soul of man. Of the clergy, the pious hailed with devout joy this golden opportunity of propagating the saving doctrines of the cross; the worldly, that of more strongly riveting on the very heart of man their own spiritual influence. Every means must be adopted to further the great end. The wiser knew by observation, the more practical discovered by experience, that among barbarians, such as the mingled population of Europe had become, the imagination and the senses must be addressed, rather than the reason. The mind of Europe was in a state of second childhood, of universal barbarism. The pure *doctrines* of Christianity might have been preached unheard; but the beautiful, the striking, the tender, the appalling *facts* of the Scripture history came home to the simplest understanding, and touched the rudest heart. Faith then would be communicated far more successfully if addressed to the sight as well as to the hearing.

The religion of the south of Europe is still essentially dramatic; and it may be questioned how far this adaptation to the genius of the people has tended to perpetuate the influence, not only of the Roman Catholic, but also of the Greek church. Even in the pulpit, not merely does the earnest preacher, by vehement gesticulation, by the utmost variety of pause and intonation, *act*, as far as possible, the scenes which he describes; but the crucifix, if the expression may be permitted, plays the principal part; the Saviour is held forth to the multitude in the living and visible emblem of his sufferings. The ceremonies of the Holy Week in Rome are a most solemn, and to most minds, affecting religious drama. The oratorios, as with us, are in general on scriptural subjects; and operas on themes of equal sanctity are listened to without the least feeling of profanation. Nor are the more audacious exhibitions of the dark ages by any means exploded. Every traveller on the continent who has much curiosity, must have witnessed, whether with devout indignation or mere astonishment, the strange manner in which scriptural subjects are still represented by marionnettes, by tableaux parlans, or even performed by regular actors. In the unphilosophized parts of modern Europe, these  
scenes

scènes are witnessed by the populace, not merely with respect, but with profound interest; and if they tend to perpetuate superstition, must be acknowledged likewise to keep alive religious sentiment. But if this be the case in the nineteenth century, how powerfully must such exhibitions have operated on the general mind in the dark ages! The alternative lay between total ignorance and this mode of communicating the truth. For the general mass of the clergy were then as ignorant as the laity; and as the wild work, which in these sacred dramas is sometimes made of the scripture history, may be supposed to have embodied the knowledge of a whole fraternity, we may not unfairly conjecture the kind of instruction to be obtained from each individual. The state of language in Europe must have greatly contributed to the adoption of public instruction, by means of dramatic representation. The services of the church were in Latin, now become a dead language. This *originated*, perhaps, rather in sincere reverence, and the dread of profaning the sacred mysteries by transferring them into the vulgar tongue, than in any systematic design of keeping the people in the dark; for, from the gradual extinction of the Latin, as the vernacular idiom, and the gradual growth of the modern languages, there was no marked period in which the change might appear to be called for, until the question became involved with weightier matters of controversy. The confusion of tongues, almost throughout Europe, before the great predominant languages were formed out of the conflicting dialects, must greatly have impeded the preaching the Gospel, for which, in other respects, only a very small part of the clergy were qualified. Though, in these times, most extraordinary effects are attributed to the eloquence of certain preachers, for instance, Fra. Giovanni di Vicenza, yet many of the itinerant friars, the first, we believe, who addressed the people with great activity in the vulgar tongue, must have been much circumscribed by the limits of their own patois.\* But the spectacle of the dramatic exhibitions everywhere spoke a common language; and the dialogue, which, in parts of the Chester mysteries, is a kind of Anglicized French, and which, even if translated into the native tongue, was constantly interspersed with Latin, and therefore, but darkly and imperfectly understood, was greatly assisted by the perpetual interpretation which was presented before the eyes. The vulgar were thus imperceptibly wrought up to profound feelings of reverence for the purity of the Virgin; the unexampled sufferings of

\* It is related in the life of St. Bernard, that his pale and emaciated appearance, and the animation and the fire, which seemed to kindle his whole being as he spoke, made so deep an impression on those who could only see him and hear his voice, that Germans, who understood not a word of his language, were often moved to tears.—Neander, *Der Heilige Bernard*, p. 49.

the Redeemer; the miraculous powers of the apostles, and the constancy of the martyrs; we must add, (for after all it was a strange Christianity, though in every respect the Christianity of the age,) with the most savage detestation at the cruelty of Herod or Pilate, and the treachery of Judas; and the most revolting horror at the hideous appearance, and blasphemous language of the Prince of Darkness, who almost always played a principal part in these scriptural dramas.

We have been detained too long from Mr. Collier's volumes, from which we must select such illustrations of these curious dramas, as may be quoted without offending the delicacy of feelings which we trust are common to most of our readers. There are extant three collections of these mysteries, or, as Mr. Collier calls them, miracle-plays, formerly represented in this country. 1. The Townley Collection, supposed to have belonged to Widkirk Abbey, containing xxx plays. 2. The Ludus Coventriæ, probably performed at Coventry, at the feast of Corpus Christi,\* XLII plays. On these Mr. Sharpe has written a dissertation abounding in antiquarian research. 3. The Chester Mysteries, edited with great care, and admirably illustrated by Mr. Markland. There is also a curious miracle play, in the Cornish language, which has been printed by Mr. Davies Gilbert, the late President of the Royal Society. Each of these sets of dramas comprehended the whole scripture history, from the creation to doomsday. The first of the pageants in each of the three collections is occupied with the creation, the rebellion, and expulsion of Lucifer; and the Chester collection has the temptation and fall of man. The third represents the death of Abel; the fourth, the deluge. In both these last there are some strange comic passages interspersed, on which we shall hereafter make some observations. The exquisite beauty of situation in 'Abraham and Isaac' could not escape even these rude dramatists. In the Widkirk play on this subject, the father and son are accompanied on their way 'forth of toune,' by two boys and a jackass, whom, before the sacrifice, they leave behind. When Abraham is about to slay his son, Isaac exclaims—

\* The feast of Corpus Christi appears to have been the great season for these exhibitions in the churches. The more serious of the clergy, as Mr. Collier has shown by some curious quotations, were much scandalized by the performance of such dramas, by unauthorized actors, at fairs and markets. They fondly thought that, in churches, and in their own hands, they were secure against profanation. Yet though interludes were performed in churches, (as appears by an inhibition of Bishop Bonner,) as late as the reign of Queen Mary, in most large towns, the wealthy burghers, whether from their greater willingness to bear the expense, or from some other cause, assumed the management of the miracle-plays; they were represented by the guilds at their own charges: at least it is clear that the Chester and Coventry plays were performed by the laity.



'The shyning of your bright blade,  
It gars me quake for ferde to dee.

ABRAHAM. Therefore, grofing thou shalt be layde,  
Then when I stryke, thou shalt not se.'

In order to delay the fatal stroke, Abraham pretends that he has lost something, and turning away, he says very tenderly—

'What water shotes in both myn eyn!  
I were lever than all warldly wyn,  
That I had fon hym onys unkynde;  
Bot no default I faund hym in.  
I wold be dede for hym or fynde;  
To slo him thus I thynk grete syn.'

The angel prevents the blow, but Abraham will not talk, even with the heavenly messenger, till he has released and kissed his son.

The Chester play treats this story even more pathetically.

'ISAACKE. Yf I tresspassed in any degree,  
With a yarde you may beate me:  
Put up your sworde, yf your will be,  
For I ame but a childe.

ABRAHAM. Oh! my deare sonne, I ame sorye  
To doe to thee this great anoye.  
God's commandement doe must I:  
His workes are aye full mylde.

ISAACKE. Woulde God, my mother were here with me!  
She woulde kneele doune upon her knee,  
Praying you, father, yf yt might be,  
For to save my life.

'Isaac expresses his readiness to submit to the will of God, and reminds Abraham that he hath older sons at home whom he may love. Abraham "wrings his hands," entreats him not to add to his agony, and calls upon Christ! to have pity upon him. The stage direction at the close is, "Here let Abraham make a signe, as though he would slaye, and cut off his head with his sworde; then let the Angell come and take the sworde by the ende, and staye it." . . . The Coventry pageant, which relates, like those of Widkirk and Chester, solely to the sacrifice of Isaac, is much inferior. There is one natural touch in it, however, which deserves notice: during the whole way, Abraham is dumb with grief at the contemplation of the sacrifice he is compelled to make; and Isaac remarks, unconsciously and innocently—

'Fayre fadyr, ye go ryght style;  
I pray you, fadyr, speke unto me.†

\* Or in other words—'What water shoots into both mine eyes? I should have been more glad than of all worldly gain, if I had found him once unkind; but I never found him in fault. I would willingly die or endure suffering for him; to slay him I think a great sin.'

† The French mystery on the same subject has fallen into the same pathetic vein. See the *Histoire du Théâtre Français*, vol. ii. p. 318.

But

But these gleams of tenderness and genuine poetry are rare ; in general the poet of the mysteries trusted entirely to the religious emotion which might be awakened by the dramatised narrative of the evangelist, or the apocryphal writer, for the Prot-Evangelium and the Gospel of Nicodemus received an equal share of honour with those of the apostles. The ' Harrowing of Hell ' was a favourite subject, founded on the description of Christ's descent ' to preach to the spirits in prison,' as pictured in the latter curious work. Of all the apocryphal *Christian* writings, this alone displays boldness and almost dignity of invention. While all the rest of them may, we conceive, be generally traced to the creed of some particular sect, and might perhaps be assigned, by one profoundly versed in the earlier varieties of opinion, to a particular date, the Gospel of Nicodemus seems a work of pure poetry ; as essentially imaginative as the *Paradise Regained*. Nor are we sure that the author had any more serious design of imposing his vision upon the Christian world as a genuine history than Milton himself. To the miracle dramatists it offered some fine images, and a legend which seems to have been remarkably well adapted for this kind of exhibition. Mr. Collier's abstract of the mysteries of the three different series which relate to the New Testament, is therefore curious, not only as illustrating the rude origin of the drama, but as exhibiting the popular Christian history of the dark ages—the history which is still current in most Roman Catholic countries, and of which the indelible vestiges linger to this day, after centuries of Protestant teaching, and in despite of Bible societies and tract distributions, among our own common people. Our Christmas carols still repeat to old familiar tunes the puerile miracles of the Gospel of the Infancy, just as they were dramatised by the monks of the twelfth century, and almost in the words of the miracle-plays ; nor, in the beautiful language of Wordsworth,—

' Nor yet hath pleasure ceased to wait  
On those expected annual rounds,  
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Calls forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offered at the door  
Which guards the lowliest of the poor.'

The different pageants of the miracle-plays, answering perhaps in some degree to the acts of a modern drama, or to the separate parts of an Athenian trilogy, appear usually to have preserved something like an unity. But the representation of a long continuous history, though subdivided into distinct parts, led most probably to that great characteristic of the modern

romantic

romantic drama, its incessant changes of scene, its overleaping long intervals of time, and its introducing and dismissing its characters, as they are wanted, without preparation, and often without the least intimation of their future destiny. But there is another still more peculiar characteristic of the romantic drama, which we should scarcely expect to find in exhibitions on sacred subjects, even in so rude an age, and though performed by ignorant monks before a scarcely more ignorant audience—the intermixture of comic with serious scenes. We do not mean the unintentional air of burlesque, which, to our more sensitive taste and more accurate knowledge, is thrown over the most solemn subjects by the poverty of contrivance; by the attempt to impersonate preternatural beings, even the Deity himself, by means of clumsy machinery; the quaintnesses of language; the whimsical absurdities into which the writer is betrayed by his ignorance of chronology or geography—as when Pharaoh swears by ‘Mahound’ and by ‘Mars;’—and when the kingdom of Herod is thus described;—

Tuskane and Turkey, all Inde and Italy,  
Cecyll and Surry, drede him and dowyts,  
And hym lowtys :  
From Paradise to Padwa, to Mount Flascon,  
From Egyp to Mantua unto Kemp toune ;  
From Sarceny to Susa, to Grece it aboune ;  
Both Normandy and Norwa lowtys to his croune ;  
His renoune  
Can no tong tell : from heven unto hell,  
Of hym can none spell,  
But his cosin Mahoune.—

Such strange incongruities as these might naturally be expected in the works of those barbarous times, and are familiar to all who are in the least acquainted with the poetry of the dark ages; but in these miracle-plays there are passages evidently intended to excite laughter at their broad buffoonery; whole scenes of farcical merriment, which alternate with the most grave and solemn events in the sacred history. In the play of Cain and Abel, the ploughboy of Cain, Garçon, is a regular Gracioso. In the Widkirk play of Noah, still greater liberty is taken with the unwillingness of his wife to enter the ark. She remains drinking with her ‘good gossippes,’ notwithstanding the remonstrances and actual castigation of her husband, and the whole of her behaviour is placed in the most ludicrous light. Even where we should suppose that Christian feeling would have hallowed the subject with a far deeper jealousy of desecration, a comic interlude is introduced—one in which the soldiers who ‘cast the dice’ for our Saviour’s raiment bear the principal parts. But the most singular

of all these strange scenes is a kind of prelude to the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' which is a complete pastoral farce, as Mr. Collier observes, and by no means destitute of humour. The three Shepherds are transformed into honest Cheshire boors, and, 'after conversing about their shrewish wives and other familiar topics, are about to sing, (the first agreeing to take "the tenory," the second "the treble so hye," and the third "the meyne,") when they are interrupted by an acquaintance, named Mak, who, it seems, does not bear the best reputation for honesty. After supper they all lie down to sleep; but the shepherds take care that Mak shall lie down between them, that he may not get up unobserved and steal their sheep. While they are snoring, he contrives to escape, and makes off with a fat wether, which he carries home to his wife, as he had done many before. She is afraid of his being at last discovered and hanged, for

— "So long goys the pott  
To the water, men says,  
Comys it home broken."

'Mak is himself in considerable alarm lest the shepherds should wake, and finding both him and the sheep missing, conclude that he had stolen it. The wife proposes this scheme:—that if the shepherds come, Mak should pretend that she had just been brought to bed, and that the sheep, which was to be covered up in the cradle, was the child she had produced. Mak agrees to the plan, but, to avoid suspicion, returns, and lies down with the shepherds without his absence having been noticed. When the shepherds wake, they are so refreshed, that one of them says, "As lyght I me feyll, as leyfe on a tre;" but Mak complains that he has lain awkwardly in one position so long, that it has given him a crick in the neck. The shepherds walk to the fold, and Mak hastens home, where he takes care that his wife and the dead sheep are put to bed and cradled in due form. The shepherds soon miss their wether, and swear by *St. Thomas of Kent* that they suspect Mak: they go to his cottage, and making a noise to be admitted, Mak entreats them not to disturb his wife, telling them what has happened. She, too, joins in the entreaty, as the least sound goes through her head, and the shepherds are for a time imposed upon. They are on the point of departing, but return and ask to see the child, and one of them offers to give it sixpence: Mak replies that it is sleeping, and that it cries sadly when it is waked; but he cannot keep them from lifting up the coverlet of the cradle. There they see their sheep, and recognise it by the ear-mark, although the wife would fain persuade them that it is a child which had been transformed by an evil-spirit.'

We must considerably shorten Mr. Collier's quotation from this curious performance, though we would not altogether omit some specimen of its style.

'PRIMUS PASTOR. Syr, our lady hym save,  
Is your child a knave?

MAK,

- MAK. Any lord myght him have,  
This chyld to his son.
- TERT. PAST. But who was his gossypp,  
So sone rede (*ready*) ?
- MAK. So fare fall their lypis—
- PRIM. PAST. Hark, now a le (*lie*).
- MAK. So God theym thank,  
Parkyn and Gybon Waller, I say,  
And gentill John Horne, in good fay,  
With the great shank.
- TERT. PAST. Mak, with your leyfe,  
Let me gyf your barne, but vi pence.
- MAK. Nay, do way ; he slepys,
- TERT. PAST. Me thynk he pepys.
- MAK. When he wakyns he wepys :  
I pray you go hence.
- TERT. PAST. Gyf me lefe hym to kys,  
And lyft up the clowtt.—
- PRIM. PAST. What the devil is this ?  
He has a long snowte.
- SEC. PAST. Ill spon weft, I wys,  
Ay commys foull owte.—Ay so !  
He is like to our shepe.
- TERT. PAST. Wyll ye see how thay swedyll  
His foure feytt in the medyll ?  
Sagh (*saw*) I never in a credyll  
A hornyd lad ere now.
- MAK. Peasse bid I. What !  
Lett be your fare.  
I am he that hym gatt,  
And yond woman him bare.
- UXOR. A pratty child is he,  
As sytts on woman's kne,  
A dylly downe, pardie,  
To gar a man laghe. (*To make a man laugh.*)
- TERT. PAST. I know him by the eare marke,  
That is a good token.
- PRIM. PAST. This is a fals wark:  
I wold fayn be wrokyn (*revenged*).—Lett wepyn (*cease crying*).
- UXOR. He was takyn with an elfe ;  
I saw it my self :  
When the clok stroke twelf,  
Was he forshapyn (*changed*).  
.....The Shepherds beat Mak till they are tired, and lie down  
to rest, when the Star in the East appears, and *Angelus cantat gloria*  
*in excelsis.*

Does then this strange approximation, not merely of what we  
should call profane, but even low and vulgar matter, with subjects

of the utmost sanctity, argue intentional irreverence either in the writers or the spectators of these exhibitions? Were the devotional or respectful feelings of the audience, the Cheshire boor or the Coventry artisan, disturbed or weakened by these associations with ludicrous and familiar images? In the present day, the question would not bear discussion; the indignant feelings of the great majority would revolt at what would be considered little less than blasphemy. Here was the error of Mr. Hone, who compiled an extremely amusing volume on the mysteries and absurd superstitions of our ancestors, to justify certain parodies on the Liturgy, which had excited general indignation; he overlooked the important difference, that in his case, the religious feelings of the great mass of his countrymen were deeply wounded, and it was difficult for the most charitable to doubt the *animus* with which he has written; in the other, no offence was either meant by the writer, or taken by the spectator; nor, whether it be 'wise policy' to restrain the 'right' of outraging public decency by law or not, can there be the least doubt, that it must be morally wrong and inconsistent with the brotherly kindness of Christian society, thus, with no adequate purpose, to inflict pain on the most sensitive and susceptible feelings of so large a part of the community.\* But, in a state of society so totally different, it is a curious question, how far the endurance of such incongruities betrays a culpable obtuseness of religious sensibility; how far the unintentional transition to lighter feelings must, of necessity, have deadened those more salutary emotions excited by the serious part of the performance. It is a remarkable, and not an uninteresting fact in the history of the human mind, that the same licence has been admitted in other quarters, besides the Christian plays of the dark ages. Even the Greeks relieved the severe dignity of the tragic trilogy by a satiric drama, which approached, it should seem, very near to religious burlesque. In the Frogs of Aristophanes, the Deity, in honour of whose sacred festival the theatric representations took place, is exhibited in the basest and most contemptible light, as a sot, a buffoon, and a coward. Yet, far from being considered hostile to the religion of his country, Aristophanes belonged to that which his victims, the Sophists, would, if they had taken a leaf from modern phraseology, have been inclined to denounce as the high church party among his countrymen—he was the John Bull of Athenian politics. Even on the Indian stage, though the dramas

\* We are very happy to acquit Mr. Hone of having subsequently trespassed in that way. His recent Day-Books and Year-Books are innocent as well as amusing, and even instructive, compilations—perhaps the best parlour-window miscellanies of their order.

are usually represented at assemblages for religious purposes, the Brahminical character is by no means sacred against the privileged jibes of the *Vita* or *Gracioso* of the piece. In fact, in a less refined age, and among a more imaginative people, the human mind seems to pass with a transition at once more sudden and complete from one extreme to another; laughter and tears alternate with greater rapidity; nor does the depth or intensity of either emotion appear to be moderated by its quick interchange, by its thus almost blending with its opposite. Men are not less profoundly serious during the time that serious objects engross their attention, because they can pass instantaneously and almost without effort to a totally different train of thought and feeling. Moreover, all authority, both civil as well as religious, becomes jealous of insult, or disrespect, in proportion as it feels its awe and influence diminished. While it knows itself to be firmly rooted in the public mind it may safely permit much, which would appear full of danger, while it is trembling, as it were, for its existence. In the tenth century, the Papacy might pass unnoticed, and disdain expressions of hostility, which in the days of Luther were of awful omen. But however ineffective, as a form of faith leading to pure and gentle morals, the religion of the dark ages maintained the most despotic and universal authority over the subject mind of man. Whatever disobedience there might be, there was no doubt; and however the more refined piety of some might disapprove of these exhibitions, with the mass, the most remote suspicion that religion could be brought into contempt never entered the mind; it stood secure from profanation in its own inherent awefulness. To the laity, the representation of these scenes by the clergy was a sufficient guarantee that they were intended for the advancement rather than the desecration of religion; and when the clergy bribed, as it were, the attendance and secured the attention of the laity, by thus indulging them in what appeared to be but harmless merriment—or, perhaps, followed, without much thought, the bent of their own scarcely less ignorant minds, in thus allowing coarse buffoonery to mingle with grave sentiments—it cannot be supposed that they had any deliberate *design*, or even apprehension of doing disservice to that cause, which, by the more serious parts of their exhibitions, they hoped to promote.

Many strange things are said, and always have been said, by the preachers, who address the lower classes with the greatest effect: in our own day there is at least one pulpit humorist, whose pious jests are repeated, but whom no one ventures to suspect of religious insincerity; nor do his ludicrous sallies appear in the least to impair the authority of his more solemn admonitions. Such things are the indications rather of coarse manners than of an irreligious heart; and however desirable it may be to promote the



the utmost refinement of the pious feelings, our judgment on points of this nature must have constant reference to the state of society, the character and manners of the age; and, although an extreme case, it touches a part of the great question at issue between the modern classical drama and the romantic school—that, namely, whether the serious and profound tragic emotions are deadened by the intermixture of comic scenes; or whether the whole reality of life, with all its sudden changes and transitions, is not the noblest, at least a perfectly legitimate, subject for dramatic imitation. The fool in Lear, who, to the English reader, immeasurably deepens the harrowing effect of that most tragic scene, to the Frenchman of the old school would not only have been offensive, but positively painful. The modern philosophy of taste is so strongly in favour of the school of Shakspeare and Calderon, that we do not think it necessary to enter further into this interesting question.

The miracle-plays survived in England, and even in the country of John Knox, later than is generally supposed. Mr. Collier's book was published before the very curious 'Extracts from the Kirk Session Records of Perth;' otherwise he would not have failed to notice the repeated enactments of the Presbyters of that place, from 1577 down as late as 1600, against the 'playing of Corpus Christis play on the 6th day of June, whilk day was wont to be callit Corpus Christis day, to the great slander of the Kirk of God, and dishonour of the haill toun.\*' Our author says that a miracle-play was performed at Kendal as late as James the First; but their time was passed; they had been, long before, gradually superseded, as the most attractive public exhibitions; nor did we expect to see them revived in our own day. The miracle-play of the Gift of Tongues, now performing under the pulpit-management of Mr. Irving, has not the excuse of the barbarity and rudeness of the times to palliate its offensiveness to all sober and rational piety—a serious burlesque, betraying scarcely credible ignorance of the real nature and design of that extraordinary event in apostolic history.

But though in most countries, particularly the Protestant, in general a complete separation took place between religion and the stage, it is remarkable that among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French theatre, the *Polyeucte* of Corneille, and the *Athalie* and *Esther* of Racine, are founded, the two latter on scriptural, the former on a strictly religious subject. The *Saul* is, perhaps, the most splendid dramatic poem of Alfieri; and is highly effective in

\* The work we quote is one of the latest productions of the Maitland Club of Glasgow, and presents as graphic a picture of the state of society in a Scotch town of the days of Mary and her son, as do 'Low's Memorials' (a publication of the Bannatyne Club of Edinburgh) of that in a rural district of the same country in the times of Cromwell and Charles II.

representation.

representation. In England, the *David and Bethsabe* of Peele, and the *Looking Glass for London and England* by Greene, indicated a lingering inclination for sacred themes; and still later, the *Virgin Martyr* of Massinger, and the *Raving Maximin* of Dryden, attempted, with different success, to appeal to the Christian emotions of the audience. In the Most Catholic country alone, as might be expected, the religious drama assumed a statelier and more beautiful form. For the first time it awoke to life, under the inspiration of a true poet. Many of the dramas of Calderon, for instance, the celebrated '*Devocion de la Cruz*,' delighted still more the devout audience, because their interest appealed to religious emotions. A Spanish apologist for the drama thus strongly expresses his conviction of the proper and salutary effect of religious performances.

'Si son (las comedias) de santos, el exemplo mueve, los milagros se imprimen, y la devocion se estiende: quantos me afirman, que lloran mas, que en el mas ardiente sermon.'

But it was in the *Autos Sacramentales* that the poetical religion of Calderon poured itself forth with the most boundless prodigality, and excited the rapturous admiration of his devout countrymen.

'Donde con publica admiracion de todos se excedió a si este eminente varon, fue en los *Autos Sacramentales*: la devocion de su espiritu le encendia el animo, y inflamado el discurso en arrebatado vuelo, volaba como la *Aquila* de *Ezechiél* sobre sus compañeros y sobre si. Allí se debía de verificar la mentira bien recibida, que engrandece *Ciceron*, de ser los poetas divinos altamente inflamados. Son tan divinos los argumentos que sigue, tan hermosos los conceptos, tan galanes los vestidos, tan embebidas las moralidades, tan gustosas las doctrinas, tan taracado lo discreto con lo santo, tan compañero del gusto el provecho, que de un golpe admira el entendimiento y enciende la voluntad. Salen los animos admirados y devotos, gustosos y atentos, recreados y encendidos; y entre los alhagos del oído introduce venerables respetos al Sacramento.'—*D. M. Guerra y Ribera*.

The *autos* of Calderon unite the miracle-play and the morality; they are crowded with allegorical, as well as real personages. The adoration of the Host is their great end and object; they are, as it were, a splendid poetical argument for Transubstantiation;—from whatever part of sacred history, or from whatever moral or religious allegory the poet forms the groundwork of his piece, it still returns to this one point, the dignity, the divinity of the mass. But so extraordinary is the fertility of invention—the dramatist has thrown so rich a vesture of poetry over his polemics—so luxuriant is the fancy, so exquisite the harmony—that it is impossible to wonder if, thus embodying the profoundest religious sentiment of the people and 'marrying it with immortal verse,' these productions should be listened to with unbounded rapture.

rapture. Their very extravagance was but the overpouring of zeal; which disdained restraint; the oriental prodigality of imagery, which seems to betray the Arab blood so deeply mingled with that of Spain, harmonized with the scriptural or early Christian theme, and tended powerfully to heighten the general effect of these wild and fantastic compositions.

In England many circumstances conspired slowly to supersede, and at length to extirpate, the more purely religious drama, the miracle-play. It is sufficient to mention the increasing strength of Protestant feeling, which rejected the legendary and imaginative part of the ancient creed; and the fierce spirit of controversy, which on both sides attempted to obtain possession of the public dramatic representations, and to turn to ridicule or bitterly to satirize its antagonists. Mr. Collier has discovered a curious fact, that in a splendid pageant, described in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, and in *Hall's Chronicle*, both writers have omitted the introduction of Luther and his wife, who of course were not exhibited in a very favourable point of view. On the other side, the dramatic productions of John Bale, partly miracle-plays, partly morals, were avowedly composed to favour the cause of the Reformation. The farcical interludes of John Heywood—the Pardoner, Friar, Curate, and Neighbour Pratt; and the Four P's,—the Palmer, the Pardoner, the Poticary, and the Pedlar,—which belonged to a later period of Henry the Eighth's reign, were avowedly intended to expose the vices and frauds of the Romish clergy. In the reign of Queen Mary, the revival of the miracle-plays was rather encouraged, while severe inhibitions were issued against the interludes, in which 'lewd players,' (among whom the Protestant interest seems to have prevailed,) brought the old re-established orthodoxy into contempt. In Elizabeth's reign the tables were again turned; the Popish players were restrained, the Protestant reassumed their licence. The Moralities, however, had, even before this, begun to encroach upon the miracle-plays. Allegorical personages seem early to have forced their way into the scriptural drama; and at length the moralities altogether superseded in popularity the strictly religious dramas of the former generation. Mr. Collier has given abstracts of some curious manuscript dramas of this kind, in the possession of Mr. Hudson Gurney, as well as of those which have been already printed. We cannot, however, afford space for these performances, which—however interesting, and perhaps useful, in the days when the novelty of moral instruction rendered it acceptable even in the form of the most simple and clumsy allegory—to modern readers would certainly seem the dullest and least attractive of all our older dramas. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with referring to Mr. Collier those of our readers who may be interested in knowing the nature of 'Mind,

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Will, and Understanding,' Hick Scorne, and Lusty Juventus, and the rest of these personages, who, with the Vice, the perpetual buffoon of the Morality, constitute the *dramatis personæ* of this our middle *tragi-comedy*.

We have been somewhat moved to this course by a significant incident in one of these dramas, full of grave and valuable instruction, suited to all times : ' Wit strikes off the head of Tediousness after a severe contest.' We fear, however, that Tediousness is something of a hydra, and is not quite so easily dispatched at one blow. Characters from real life gradually mingled themselves with these most uninteresting abstractions ; the titles of some of the later moralities, Tom Tiler and his wife, Cambyzes, and Appius and Virginia, (though Tom Tiler's lady bears the awful name of Strife—and though ' history and allegory ' are blended in the two latter works,) indicate nevertheless an approximation to genuine comedy and tragedy. The allegoric character of the morality survived to a much later period in the dumb-show pageants, which were represented before our kings, and in the more splendid and poetical masques of James I.'s reign ; but in the more regular theatres, before they ventured to attempt ' a local habitation,' and in the performances in schools and universities, something like a genuine drama began to appear. ' Gammer Gurton's Needle ' has long enjoyed the dignity of being ranked as the earliest comedy in the English language. Mr. Collier has degraded this coarse farce from its eminence, and asserts the priority of a much superior piece, a copy of which was discovered in 1818, ' Ralph Roister Doister.' The author of ' Gammer Gurton's Needle ' was John Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells ; that of ' Ralph Roister Doister,' Nicholas Udall, successively master of Eton and Westminster schools, and celebrated, if we remember right, in old poetry, as the renowned Orbilius of his day. His performance is a comedy, at least a clever farce of plot and intrigue, representing the unsuccessful love of Ralph Roister Doister for a gay and wealthy widow. The life of the piece is a kind of servant or companion of Ralph, something between the Vice of the Morality, and the Scapin of modern farce, though with a touch of our friend Poin. This character, Matthew Merrygreek, (it is comical enough to trace the schoolmaster in this whimsical compound,) opens the play singing. We must somewhat shorten Mr. Collier's agreeable abstract of this rare work.

' Ralph Roister Doister joins him in lamenting that God had made him " such a goodly person," and that he had fallen in love with Christian Custance, " the faire woman that supped with us yesternyght," but whose name he cannot at first remember : she is a gay widow, as Ralph observes, with " a thousande and more ;" to which Merrygreek replies—

" Yea,

"Yea, but learne this one lesson of me afore;  
 An hundred pounce of marriage money, doubtlesse,  
 Is ever thirtie pounce sterlyng, or somewhat lesse;  
 So that her thousande pounce, yf she be thriftie,  
 Is much neere aboute two hundred and fiftie."

'Ralph's principal cause of grief is, that he has a rival in a merchant of the name of Gawin Goodluck, to whom he bears Dame Custance is promised: Matthew consoles him by dilating on the excellence of his figure, which may command the love of any woman, observing that as he passes along the street people admire him, and think him Lancelot du Lake, Guy of Warwick, Hector of Troy, Goliath, Sampson, Colbrand, "Brute of the Alie lande," Alexander the Great, Charlemaine, or the tenth Worthy. Ralph swallows all these praises greedily, and promises Matthew a new coat. After they have done talking, and Merrygreek has gone out, Madge Mumblecrust, who is spinning, Tibet Talkapace, who is sewing, and Annot Alyface, who is knitting, come upon the stage and converse about the good fare allowed them by their mistress, Dame Christian Custance. They then sing, while Ralph overhears them, after which Alice goes out and returns just as Ralph has kissed the old nurse, Madge, and wishes to kiss Tibet, who is a little coy: Ralph and Madge being left together, he tells her how much he loves her mistress. Matthew Merrygreek returns with Dobinet Doughty and Harpax, (two other of Ralph Roister Doister's retainers and singing men,) as Ralph is telling Madge "a great long tale in her eare," and they pretend for some time to mistake the old nurse for the lady of Roister Doister's love. Ralph is at first very angry, but forgives the blunder upon due submission, and they join in a song upon matrimony, which is appended at the close of the piece, to show, perhaps, that it might be omitted in the performance. They "go out singing," leaving old Madge to give her mistress (who comes in just afterwards) a letter which Ralph had left for her, and which Dame Custance receives, but does not then open. This forms the business of the first act, which is bustling and lively.

'A night passes before the second act, in the opening of which Dobinet Doughty brings "a ring and a token" for Dame Custance from his master: Dobinet dilates on the hard lives of servants and singers, when their masters are in love—

"So fervent hotte wooyng and so farre from wiving,  
 I trowe, never was any creature livyng:  
 With every woman is he in some loves pang,  
 Then up to our lute at midnight, twangledome twang;  
 Then twang with our sonets, and twang with our dumps,  
 And heyhough! from our heart, as heavy as lead lumps:  
 Then to our recorder with toodleoodle poope,  
 As the howlet out of an yvie bushe should hoope.  
 Anon to our gitterne, thrumpledum, thrumpledum thrum.  
 Of songs, and balades also he is a maker,  
 And that can he as finely doe as Jacke Raker."

• Old

‘Old Madge, having been scolded by her mistress on the preceding day, for taking the letter, refuses to deliver the ring and token; but Truepeuny (Dame Custance’s man), Tibet, and Annot entering, Do-binet introduces himself to them, as a messenger from their mistress’s intended husband, without mentioning who that husband is. They are delighted with a prospect of a change in the family, and Tibet Talk-apace observes—

“ I would it were tomorrowe ; for till he resorte,  
Our mistresse, being a widowe, hath small comforte ;  
And I hearde our Nourse speake of an husbande to-day  
Ready for our mistresse, a riche man and a gay :  
And we shall go in our Frenche hoodes every day,  
In our silke cassocks (I warrant you) freshe and gay ;  
In our tricke ferdegews and biliments of golde,  
Brave in our sutes of chaunge seven double folde.  
Then shall ye see Tibet, sirs, treade the mosse so trimme ;  
Nay, why sayd I treade ? ye shall see hir glide and swimme,  
Not lumperdee, clumperdee, like our spaniel Rig.”

‘ After another song, they almost quarrel which shall deliver Ralph’s ring and token to Dame Custance. Tibet snatches them and runs away, while the others go out; and in the next scene we find Dame Custance blaming her and the rest for indiscretion in receiving rings and tokens without knowing from whom they come. Here the second act ends, which is short, and does not much advance the plot.’

‘ Matthew Merrygreek is sent in the beginning of Act iii. to see how the land lies, and how the ring and token work. He is brought before Dame Custance, from whom he learns, that she is engaged to Gawin Goodluck, that she will never marry Ralph Roister Doister, and that she has not even read his letter. Merrygreek then returns to his master and “cousin” with the tidings that Dame Custance will have nothing to say to him, but abuses him for “a calf, an ass, a block, a lilburn, a hoball, and a lobcock.” Ralph, mortified and disappointed, declares that he will die on the spot; and to carry on the joke, Merrygreek pretends that Ralph is really dying, and calls in the parish-clerk, and four servants, to sing and ring a mock *requiem* over him. However, Merrygreek recovers his master soon afterwards, and advises him to put a good bold face upon the business, and to go to the Dame himself and demand her hand, making his approaches first by a serenade. Ralph agrees to this plan, and Custance enters while they are singing and playing. Ralph declares his passion, which she scornfully rejects, producing the letter he had sent her, which Merrygreek reads, *so neglecting and varying the punctuation*, that (as Wilson says in his “Rule of Reason”) it has “a double sense and contrary meaning;” and Roister Doister, not recognising the composition, denies it to be his. She leaves them, and Merrygreek descants on the weakness and perverseness of women—

“ When ye will, they will not; will not ye, then will they.”

He

He consoles Ralph again by praising his person, and by wishing that he was a woman for his sake: he advises him "to refrain from Custance a while," which will soon bring her creeping on her knees to him. Roister Doister consents, and in the meantime vows to take vengeance on the Scrivener, whom he had employed to copy fair the letter for him. The Scrivener being sent for, reads it with due observance of the stops, and his employer is compelled to acknowledge that a better epistle for the purpose could not have been penned.

'The fourth act introduces us to Sim Suresby, who has been sent by his master, Gawin Goodluck, to salute Dame Custance on his return from a voyage. Ralph impudently calls Dame Custance his "wife and spouse," and Sim goes out, (under the impression that they are married,) to inform his master of what seems to have happened during his absence at sea. Dame Custance, in grief and anger that Ralph has thus "stained her name for ever," calls forth her maids and Truepenny to drive out him and his follower, who prudently and precipitately retreat, but threaten to return. She sends for her friend Tristram Trusty to advise her, and Merrygreek entering, declares that he has only joined with Doister for the sake of mirth, and to make him ridiculous. He tells them that Ralph is about to return to the assault with "sheepe's looke full grim," and she undertakes "to pitch a field with her maids" for his reception. In the next scene, which is one of mere broad farce, Doister, armed with kitchen utensils and a pop-gun, and attended by Merrygreek, Doughty, and Harpax, threatens to destroy all with merciless fire and sword. The conclusion of the act is, that Dame Custance and her maids (with the aid of Matthew Merrygreek, who pretends to fight on the side of Ralph, but in the scuffle belabours him soundly) drive off their cowardly assailants at point of mop and broom.'

The fifth act contains the return and jealousy of Goodluck, the vindication of the lady's innocence, their marriage—the forgiveness of Ralph, and his invitation to the marriage-supper. We have only room for her protestation of innocence.

'O Lorde, how necessarie it is nowe of dayes,  
That eche bodie live uprightly all maner wayes;  
For lette never so little a gappe be open,  
And be sure of this, the worst shall be spoken.  
How innocent stande I in this for deede or thought,  
And yet see what mistrust towards me it hath wrought.  
But thou, Lorde, knowest all folkes thoughts and eke intents,  
And thou arte the deliverer of all innocents.'

The antiquity of this piece, its rarity, as only a limited reprint has been made of it by the Rev. Mr. Briggs, of Eton, its life and cleverness, its curious picture of manners, have induced us to extract thus largely. Ralph Roister Doister will in future stand at the head of every collection of our ancient drama.

Ferrex and Porrex still enjoys its unmolested dignity as our  
earliest



earliest tragedy.\* Like that of France and Italy, the early drama of this country was in danger of forming itself on the cold and formal manner of the pseudo-Seneca; fortunately she speedily reasserted her liberty, and disdained to trammel herself with the fetters of antiquity. Yet *Ferrex* and *Porrex* has passages of redeeming power, one in particular which we do not remember having seen quoted with the praise it deserves. It is worthy of the author of the most vigorous parts of the 'Induction' to the *Mirror of Magistrates*. *Porrex*, the younger son, is slain by his mother *Videna*, in revenge for his murder of his elder brother *Ferrex*.

' But heare hys ruthfulle end.

The noble Prince, pearst with a sodaine wound,  
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start;  
Whose strength now failing, straight he overthrew,  
When in the fall, his eyes even now unclosed,  
Behelde the queen, and cryed to her for helpe;  
We then, alas! the ladies which that time  
Did there attende, seeing that heinous deede,  
And hearing him oft call the wretched name  
Of mother, and to crye to her for aide,  
Whose direfull hand gave him the mortal wound—  
Pitying, alas! (for nought else could we do)  
His ruthful end, ranne to the wofull bedde,  
Despoiled straight his brest, and all we might  
Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand  
The sodeine streames of blood that flushed fast  
Out of the gaping wound. *O what a look,*  
*O what a ruthfull steadfast eye me thought*  
*He fixt upon my face, which to my death*  
*Will never part from me, when with a braid (a sudden start)*  
A deepe fet sigh he gave, and therewithall  
Clasping his handes, to heaven he cast his sight,  
And straight, pale death pressing within his face,  
The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook.'

Yet, powerful as this is, it is narrative rather than dramatic poetry—the description, not the living impersonation of passion; passages of the like force and character may be found in many of the stiff and extravagant old Italian tragedies, and in the works of the earlier French dramatists. Notwithstanding this model, and the dangerous example of a translation of Seneca, made about this period, the succeeding dramatists chose rather to follow the form of the earlier mysteries, in which the story was not related,

\* There is an important error (of the press no doubt) in Mr. Collier's work. In one part of page 485, vol. ii., he says rightly, that the three (first) acts are assigned to Norton; below we find, that 'the printer of the earliest impression assigns the two last acts to Norton:' for Norton read *Sackville*.

but brought into action. Little regard was paid to any unity, but the essential unity of interest; new characters were introduced or dismissed as became necessary for the development of the tale—in short, according to the simple principle of the romantic drama, divested of its more abstruse metaphysics, it was not, as among the Greeks, some single tremendous event, with only the circumstances which led to the fatal catastrophe, but a continuous history, sometimes almost the whole life of some great character, which the poet, as it were, re-awakened into existence: no part of it was related, but the whole naturally unfolded itself from the speeches and conduct of the persons in the drama. It was human life again set in action, selected only and modified according to the genius of the poet; it was history, real or fictitious, stripped again of its narrative form, and reproduced in closer imitation of the manner in which it appeared to the contemporary generation. The writers before Shakspeare chiefly trusted to the amusement of the story, the life and variety of incident, until that which, in their hands, was but a dramatised novel of incident, in his became the most sublime moral painting.

The form of the romantic drama existed long before Shakspeare; and many subjects, which were afterwards touched with his immortal colouring, existed before in their feebler outline. On this part of the subject, Mr. Collier's collections are particularly copious and valuable. The drama arose, it might be said, out of the necessities of the age. The expanding mind, both of the nobility and the middle classes, yearned for some more intellectual amusement than the dumb-show pageants and the cold allegories, the disguisings and masques, of the reign of Henry VIII. and the early part of Elizabeth. The old feudal amusements, the tournament, the ridings at the ring, were becoming antiquated and obsolete: and though the bear-baitings at Paris Garden (an amusement characteristically enough brought into vogue by Richard III., who first appointed to the place of royal bearward) rivalled the Globe and the Curtain, yet the court, the nobility, and the citizens seem equally to have taken delight in the more refined and more instructive performances of the regular theatre. In the intellectual world, thus opening on the general observation, everything was new, surprising, exciting. The classical mythology, the history of Greece and Rome, the national annals, the romantic writers and novelists of Italy, were all bursting upon the fresh and ardent youth of the English mind. Still, however, readers were probably not numerous, and books, though beginning to multiply with extraordinary rapidity, by no means in general circulation, even among those who visited the metropolis. Whoever, therefore, could gratify this intellectual appetite in a more rapid and compendious manner

manner—whoever could communicate knowledge and minister to this excitement—obtained speedy popularity; and of this feeling the increasing companies of actors eagerly availed themselves. To the many the theatre imparted instruction and information as well as amusement. Multiplying translations of the classic poets furnished the dramatists with the incidents and characters of ancient mythology, Plutarch with the Greek and Roman heroes, Holinshed and Hall with English history, Boccaccio, the Hecatombithi, and the whole range of Italian novellieri with fictitious tales of the deepest interest; and all this was reproduced in a popular form, and exhibited at the various theatres, which at first retained something of a feudal character. The company were either actual retainers, 'the servants' of Lord Leicester, Lord Oxford, the Lord Admiral, or some other potent nobleman, or sheltered themselves under the protection of his great name from the jealous interference of the magistracy, or the stern anathemas of the puritans. They soon, however, became strong enough to stand alone, and grew up into independent companies, who were frequently summoned before the Master of the Revels, to perform in the royal presence those pieces which had delighted her subjects.\* The dramatist and the actor had not yet admitted the division of labour; the poet constantly played in his own piece. Mr. Collier is of opinion, that Greene, Peele, Munday, Chettle, Kyd, Nash, as well as Shakspeare himself, and subsequently Ben Jonson, Heywood, Dekker, Field, Rowley, and many more, were actors as well as poets. The fertility of the early stage; the extraordinary activity with which its managers availed themselves of all the resources within their reach; the manner in which they seized and appropriated every literary work as soon as it appeared, and converted every stirring event as it took place to their own use, shows the extraordinary demand for these productions, and the increasing popularity and influence of the rising theatre. Even before most of the above-named ante-Shakspearian dramatists had begun to write for the stage, Mr. Collier gives the following list of dramas represented at court between 1558 and 1580.

\* *Upon Classical Subjects drawn from Ancient History or Fable.*—

1. Orestes.—2. Iphigenia.—3. Ajax and Ulysses.—4. Narcissus.
  5. Alcmaeon.—6. Quintus Fabius.—7. Timoclea.—8. Perseus and Andromeda.—9. Mutius Scævola.—10. History of Cynocephali.—11. History of a Greek Maid.—12. Rape of the second Helen.—13. Titus and Gesyppus.—14. Four Sons of Fabius.—15. Scipio Africanus.—16. Sarpedon.—17. Pompey.—18. Mamillia . . .
- On Modern History, Romances, and Stories of a more general Kind:* 1. King of Scots.—

\* The distinction between public and private theatres was long kept up. On this point see Collier, vol. iii., p. 535.

2. Lady Barbara.—3. Cloridon and Radiamanta.—4. History of Alucius.—5. Paris and Vienna.—6. Theagenes.—7. Pedor and Lucia.—8. Herpetulus and Perobia.—9. Philimon and Felicia.—10. Phædrastus.—11. Love and Fortune.—12. Pretestus.—13. Painter's Daughter.—14. Solitary Knight.—15. Irish Knight.—16. Three Sisters of Mantua.—17. Cruelty of a Stepmother.—18. Knight in the Burning Rock.—19. Murderous Michael.—20. Duke of Milan.—21. Portio and Demorantes... *Under the Head of Comedies*: 1. As plain as can be.—2. Six Fools.—3. Jack and Gill.—4. Panacæa.—5. Tooley.—6. History of the Collier.—7. History of Error.'

Six moralities make up the number of fifty-two pieces known to have been performed before the court in that short period:—such was the versatility and variety of these nameless dramatists. They were, in one sense, the news-writers of the time. The terrible incident, the fearful crime, the murder, which in the present day would be blazoned abroad from one end of the land to the other in the pages of the 'Herald' or 'Despatch,' and either trolled as a doleful ballad, or screamed as a 'last dying speech and confession' through the streets, obtained its publicity, or, at least, was perpetuated in the memory of the times, by being thrown into a dramatic form. Two plays of this class of domestic tragedy have been attributed to Shakspeare, 'Arden of Feversham,' (this murder was of an earlier date,) and the 'Yorkshire Tragedy.' To these Mr. Collier adds, 'A Warning for Fair Women,' 'Two Tragedies in one,' 'The Fair Maid of Bristol,' 'The Stepmother's Tragedy,' 'The Tragedy of John Cox of Cullumpton,' 'The Lamentable Tragedy of Page of Plymouth,' 'Black Bateman of the North.' Most of these were founded on facts of recent date, or still fresh in the remembrance of the audience.

But, after all, these were mere tales or histories cast into dramatic dialogue. Here and there the appalling or exquisitely interesting nature of the subject would strike a spark of fire out of the dull flint of the playwright's heart; or a comic situation might betray the unconscious writer into some natural humour; but poetry, passion, character were alike wanting;—the language was usually plain prose; the metre, rhyme more or less regular, interspersed here and there with blank verse, which had all the cadence of rhyme without its final assonance. The form of the romantic drama was there, but the life was wanting. There were plays in 'numbers numberless,' but scarcely as yet either tragedy or comedy. In this twilight Christopher Marlowe may be considered the first morning star to usher in the dawn of the great luminary. In the period of the English drama at which this writer appeared, as well as in the character of his mind, there is some remote analogy to the great father of the genuine classical drama. We

need

need not disclaim the absurd heresy of exalting Kit Marlowe to the most remote approximation of rivalry with Æschylus—in his nobler moods neither surpassed, nor approached, nor approachable even by Sophocles himself. He also, indeed, endeavoured to raise tragedy upon the cothurnus;—but, with the Grecian, her tread, though bold and irregular, was still firm and majestic: with him she made some few noble and stately steps—but, from over exertion, perpetually stumbled, fell, and grovelled on the earth. His mind, however, seemed to be perpetually yearning after those vast and gigantic, and sometimes vague and mysterious, conceptions which crowded on the daring imagination of the Greek:—as the fine lines of Drayton express it—

‘ Our Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,  
Had in him those brave translunary things  
That your first poets had: his raptures were  
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;  
For that fine madness still he did retain,  
Which rightly should possess a poet’s brain:—

and if his vaulting ambition did overleap itself, ‘and fall on the other side,’ the contemporaries of Æschylus considered that his somewhat Oriental mind ventured on images and on language which the severer Attic taste proscribed as swollen and turgid. If the rant of Tamburlaine, addressed to the subject kings who drew his chariot as he entered the stage—

‘ Holla! ye pamper’d hordes of Asia,  
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a-day!’

became the proverbial extravagance which the poets of his day delighted to quote—on the other hand, the wicked wit of Aristophanes was as little inclined to spare the more than sesquipedal compounds and lawless metaphors of the Persæ. There is likewise something of singular coincidence in the lives and fates of these two poets,—though here too it must be acknowledged that the comparison is as much to the disadvantage of Marlowe as that on the score of genius. Æschylus was arraigned on a charge of irreligion; his daring mind was supposed to have penetrated into the most awful mysteries of his faith, and profanely divulged them to the public:—Marlowe was accused of tampering with forbidden thoughts,—of having admitted dark doubts, if not of having treated the Christian revelation with open scorn. And if, when the useful and patriotic life of Æschylus was untimely closed by a destiny which is said to have been prophetically foreshown, his more orthodox countrymen beheld in his appalling end the manifest vengeance of the gods; so when the profligate course of Marlowe was cut short in a disgraceful fray, a thrill of trembling awe seems to have run through his once dissolute companions,

while a fierce shout of triumph, at this fearful providence, burst from the puritanical opponents of the stage.

Such are some of the singular points of resemblance between the earliest poet among our dramatists, and the unrivalled creator of the Athenian stage; and, though our drama can by no means be said to owe its existence to Marlowe, as that of Athens to Æschylus—it owes to him, nevertheless, a most important innovation, the rejection of rhyme and the adoption of blank verse. According to Mr. Collier's ingenious and satisfactory argument, 'Tamburlaine' was the first play which cast off the shackles of jingling rhyme and loose prose, which had been hitherto the language of the drama;—and much of its extravagance was intended to conciliate the audience to the innovation, and to the reception of what his contemporaries called 'Marlowe's mighty line.' This was, in fact, the creation of English *dramatic poetry*;—this noblest form of verse immediately (notwithstanding the remonstrances of the rhymers, who vainly attempted to ridicule the 'swelling bombast of braggard blank verse') took full possession of the stage. Marlowe himself, in his later efforts, greatly contributed to perfect what we may almost call his own invention. Mr. Collier has traced, with judgment, the manner in which his fine ear taught him a more easy flow,—a statelier march,—a more varied cadence,—the skill of floating the pause with greater boldness and felicity; the drawing it out from single lines, which never admitted the eleventh syllable, into a continuous stream of versification which embodied a whole speech, or, at least, a long passage, in one harmonious system. The reader, whose acquaintance with our old drama is confined to Shakspeare, will appreciate the service rendered by Marlowe, by contrasting the patches of rhyme, which occur in some of the earlier comedies, and the monotonous succession of single lines in the greater part of the three plays of Henry VI. with the freer and richer versification of the great poet's later productions. Some of these pieces of rhyme may be the remains of the old dramas, which Shakspeare worked up anew; or they may have been inserted in deference to the popular taste, which might yet retain a lingering affection for the jingle; and, in the other instance, so much of the old fabric remained, at least in the first part of Henry VI., that Shakspeare's additions may be discriminated as much by the difference of versification as of style.

The finer passages of Marlowe have been so often quoted that we almost scruple to repeat them. Even from 'Tamburlaine' Mr. Collier has selected some thoughts of a nobler and less exaggerated tone; and some lines of great richness and luxuriance of fancy. The close of Faustus is well known, where  
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the poet represents the unhappy Doctor as watching the motion of the clock, and counting the hours and half hours as they slowly glide away and are heard to strike; and, occasionally breaking out into ejaculations of despair, feels the irresistible fatality which binds him to the fulfilment of his diabolic compact. This passage, which probably inspired Goethe, and which if the great German had finished the legend, even he could hardly have surpassed, was printed in Mr. Lamb's admirable *Specimens*, and has been adduced in many subsequent publications. We cannot, however, restrain ourselves from extracting at length some passages, though equally familiar to the lovers of our early poetry, from his 'Edward II. ;' for on this play chiefly rests the right of Marlowe to be considered the legitimate forerunner of Shakspeare. The abdication of Edward II. is surpassed, indeed, by that of Richard II. ; but it would have been dangerous for less than Shakspeare to have attempted to cope with Marlowe. Edward's allusion to his son even adds a tenderness to Marlowe's scene which is wanting in Shakspeare's.

'LEICESTER.—Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament;  
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,  
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,  
Not for compulsion or necessity.

EDWARD.—Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,  
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows :  
For kind and loving hast thou always been.  
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,  
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,  
Runs to a herb that closeth up the wounds ;  
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,  
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,  
And highly scorning that the lowly earth  
Should drink his blood, mounts up to th' air.  
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind  
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,  
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,  
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison :  
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,  
As with the wings of rancour and disdain,  
Full often am I soaring up to high heaven,  
To 'plain me to the gods against them both.  
But when I call to mind I am a king,  
Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs  
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.  
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,  
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day ?  
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king ;  
I wear the crown, but am controll'd by them,



By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,  
 Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;  
 Whilst I am lodged within this cave of care,  
 Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,  
 To company my heart with sad laments,  
 That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.  
 But tell me, must I now resign my crown,  
 To make usurping Mortimer a king?

WINCHESTER.—Your grace mistakes; it is for England's good,  
 And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

EDWARD.—No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head,  
 For he's a lamb encompassed by wolves,  
 Which in a moment will abridge his life.  
 But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,  
 Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire,  
 Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,  
 Engirt the temples of his hateful head;  
 So shall not England's vine be perished,  
 But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

LEICESTER.—My lord, why waste you thus the time away?  
 They stay your answer, will you yield the crown?

EDWARD.—Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook  
 To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;  
 To give ambitious Mortimer my right,  
 That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,  
 In which extremes my mind here murdered is.  
 But what the heavens appoint I must obey!  
 Here take my crown; the life of Edward too;  
 Two kings in England cannot reign at once;  
 But stay awhile, let me be king till night,  
 That I may gaze upon this glittering crown:  
 So shall my eyes receive their last content,  
 My head, the latest honour due to it,  
 And jointly both yield up their wished right.  
 Continue ever, thou celestial sun:  
 Let never silent night possess this clime;  
 Stand still, you watches of the element;  
 All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,  
 That Edward may be still fair England's king;  
 But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,  
 And needs I must resign my wished crown.  
 Inhuman creatures! nursed with tiger's milk!  
 Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow!  
 My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.  
 See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again:

*[He puts on the crown.]*

What! fear you not the fury of your king?  
 But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led;

They

They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,  
But seek to make a new elected king ;  
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,  
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments ;  
And, in this torment, comfort find I none,  
But that I feel the crown upon my head ;  
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

TRUSTY.—My Lord, the parliament must have present news :  
And therefore say, will you resign or no.

EDWARD.—I'll not resign, but while I live be king !

Traitors, begone, and join with Mortimer.

Elect, confirm, install, do what you will ;

Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries.

WINCHESTER.—This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

LEICESTER.—Call them again, my Lord, and speak them fair ;

For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

EDWARD.—Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

LEICESTER.—My Lord, the king is willing to resign.

WINCHESTER.—If he be not, let him choose.

EDWARD.—O would I might ! but heaven and earth conspire

To make me miserable ! Here, receive my crown.

Receive it !—No, these innocent hands of mine

Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.

He of you all that most desires my blood,

And will be called the murder of a king,

Take it. What, are you mov'd ? pity you me ?

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,

And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,

Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.

Yet, stay ; for rather than I will look on them—

Here—here ! Now sweet God of heaven,

*[He gives them the crown.]*

Make me despise this transitory pomp,

And sit for ever enthroned in heaven !

Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,

Or if I live, let me forget myself.

WINCHESTER.—My lord—

EDWARD.— Call me not Lord.

Away, out of my sight ! ah, pardon me,

Grief makes me lunatic.

Let not that Mortimer protect my son ;

More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,

Than his embracements.—Bear this to the queen,

Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs ;

If with the sight thereof she be not moved,

Return it back, and dip it in my blood.

Commend me to my son, and bid him rule

Better than I. Yet how have I transgressed,

Unless it be with too much clemency ?—Act v. sc. i.

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The appalling scene of the murder has not been heightened even by Shakspeare.

' EDWARD.—Who's there ? what light is that ? wherefore comest thou ?

LIGHTBORN.—To comfort you and bring you joyful news.

EDWARD.—Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.

Villain ! I know thou comest to murder me.

LIGHT.—To murder you, my most gracious lord !

Far be it from my heart to do you harm ;

The queen sent me to see how you were used,

For she relents at this your misery :

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state ?

EDWARD.—Weep'st thou already ? list awhile to me,

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,

Or as Matravis', hewn from the Caucasus,

Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.

The dungeon where they keep me is the sink,

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

LIGHT.—O villains !

EDWARD.—And there in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space ; and, lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water, being a king :

So that for want of sleep and sustenance,

My mind's distempered, and my body numb'd,

And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.

O would my blood drop out from every vein,

As doth this water from my tatter'd robes !

Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,

When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,

And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

LIGHT.—O speak no more, my lord ! this breaks my heart ;

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

EDWARD.—These looks of thine can harbour nought but death :

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,

And let me see the stroke before it comes,

That even thus when I shall lose my life,

My mind may be more steadfast to my God.

LIGHT.—What means your highness to mistrust me thus ?

EDWARD.—What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus ?

LIGHT.—These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

EDWARD.—Forgive my thought for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left, receive thou this.

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,

But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

Oh, if thou harbourest murder in thy heart,

Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul !

Know,

Know, that I am a king ; oh, at that name  
I feel a hell of grief ; where is my crown ?  
Gone, gone,—and do I remain ?

LIGHT.—You're overwatch'd, my lord : lie down and rest.

EDWARD.—But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep ;  
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.  
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear  
Open again—O wherefore sitt'st thou here ?

LIGHT.—If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

EDWARD.—No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,  
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

LIGHT.—He sleeps.

EDWARD.—O let me not die ; yet stay, oh stay awhile.

LIGHT.—How now, my lord ?

EDWARD.—Something still buzzeth in my ears,  
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake ;  
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.  
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come ?

LIGHT.—To rid thee of thy life—Matravis, come.

*Enter MATRAVIS and GURNEY.*

EDWARD.—I am too weak and feeble to resist.

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.'—Act. v. sc. 6.\*

We have quoted these passages at length, because we conceive that they are the only truly dramatic, the only Shakspearian, the only scenes of sustained passion and vigorous character which have yet been discovered in the ancient drama before Shakspeare began to write for the stage. The works of Marlowe's contemporaries Mr. Collier has read with great care, and criticised with equal judgment. Of some of these, the plays have become generally accessible, by modern republications ; and we take the opportunity of expressing our very high opinion of the diligence, skill, and judgment of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, whose editions of Peele, Green, and Webster leave little to desire and less to improve. These writers may be divided into two classes, the feebler, yet more agreeable, Peele, Greene, Nash, and Lodge, whose 'Wounds of Civil War' contains, perhaps, the most forcible writing of this class ; and John Lily, whose euphuistic dramas, in which he pours forth classical images with anything but classical taste, could scarcely have been endured, but for the novelty of all this rich mythological illustration in the youthful state of the public mind. The utmost that can be said of the best dramas of these writers is that they are lively and amusing, with occasionally pretty and fanciful passages, graceful thoughts, and more or less easy and liquid versification, but entirely devoid either of tragic force or comic humour, and never aspiring to bold and masterly conception of

\* We quote from the very elegant edition of Marlowe's works published by Mr. Pickering, in 3 vols. 12mo. 1826.

character. They must have diverted, but could never have powerfully moved their audience; they were listened to like the tale-tellers of the East, for the mere interest of the story, not for the poetry, either of passion or of style. The other class may contain Kyd, the author of the *Spanish Tragedy*, and Chettle, the author of *Hoffman*, a writer—witness the scene quoted by Mr. Collier from the ‘pleasant comedy of Patient Grizzle’—capable of better things. These writers attempted to strike the truly tragic chords of terror and pity, but with coarse and violent hands. They were ever ‘in King Cambyzes’ vein.’ They spilt blood like water, and fortunate was the hero or heroine who escaped alive out of their hands; torture and mutilation were among their ordinary means of exciting emotion; and with them the excellence of tragedy seemed to consist in the extent of the general massacre; the grandeur of the catastrophe in the number of corpses which strewed the stage.

Such was the state of the theatre when, in 1591, according to Mr. Collier, Shakspeare began the humble work of reproducing the standing dramas of the stage; and, in 1593, first ventured upon original composition. During his course his genius was unquestionably excited; and no doubt his dramatic skill improved and quickened by the competition of writers more powerful than any who preceded him: still he was first in the field, and it is far more probable that the lamps of his greater rivals were kindled at his central fire, than that his fire burned much brighter by any light which flowed back from them. Perhaps, however, this question cannot be fairly discussed till we have a much more accurate chronology of Shakspeare’s plays, and those of his more distinguished contemporaries, than we possess at present; and for this important continuation of the history of the drama we trust that we shall soon stand indebted to Mr. Collier, than whom no one can be better qualified for the undertaking. The result of the present investigation may be stated thus:—that Shakspeare was by no means, strictly speaking, the creator of the English drama, if by the drama be meant the public representation of pieces, as numerous and diversified as the stock possessed by the players in *Hamlet*, and recited with such minuteness by good old Polonius. If the skill of casting into a dramatic form, developing with more or less art, and eliciting, from the language of the interlocutors, a continuous narrative either of real or fictitious history,—if even to sketch a broad and rude outline of character, but with little individuality,—if the use of blank verse, more or less skilfully constructed, be all that constitutes the dramatic art—all this existed long before the appearance of Shakspeare;—but if he first embodied all this in the most splendid poetry,—if he allied, so as

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did never poet, the utmost liberty of the imagination with the truth and reality of nature ;—if, by his intuitive philosophy, he had such an insight into the human mind, that metaphysicians adduce his characters, as they would those of living men, to illustrate their doctrines ;—if—but we scarcely knew how to commence, and we certainly shall not know how to close our account of all those points in which he rose above his predecessors—and if in the sphere of his own unrivalled excellence he was alike without precedent or example—what shall be said ? Let the reader compare his *King John*, his *Lear*, and his *Measure for Measure*, with the old plays on these subjects, published by Steevens ; or his ‘*Shylock*’ with even Marlowe’s ‘*Jew of Malta*,’ and he will scarcely form too high an estimate of the distance to which, after a few, perhaps, less vigorous efforts, he sprung in advance of all his predecessors, and reached at once that summit, towards which even his own most worthy contemporary rivals, and all succeeding poets, have toiled in vain. Shakspeare did not create the stage\*, but he created dramatic poetry,—that poetry which enables us not only to rival, but even to surpass, the most perfect forms of the art ever exhibited either on the ancient or the modern scene.

The reader who is curious in such matters will find in Mr. Collier’s work a rich store of information on all subjects connected with the early stage—with the theatrical manners of the times, the size and position of the theatres, the scenery, the properties, and the different companies of actors. It presents an extraordinary contrast between the poverty, the miserable make-shift contrivance of the scenery, the meanness of the building, and, we cannot help suspecting, the general inferiority of the acting,—and the splendid poetry, the unparalleled perfection of the dramas which were represented. On the modern stage, how strangely is all this reversed ! We will preserve a prudent silence on the latter part of the comparison ; but we are inclined to believe that, as far as the dramatic art can owe its excellence or degradation to external cir-

\* We have been disappointed in the personal anecdotes of Shakspeare, of which we expected, from Mr. Collier’s language, both new and more important details. Some of the players’ petitions and accounts, in which his name appears, are, no doubt, valuable, as throwing light upon his early life ; and there is one story not tending to raise the moral character of the poet, which, though by no means unlikely to be true, may also be one of those *ben trovato* anecdotes which are not more likely to be true from being currently repeated. The following specimen of his convivial humours ‘at the Mitre’ is not without interest :—

*Shakspeare’s Verse.*

‘ Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,  
Which was the Mitre’s (*drinks*) and now is mine,  
Of which had Horace or Anacreon tasted,  
Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted.’

Why has not Mr. Collier favoured us with the other song, ‘*From the rich Lavinian Shore*,’ contained, he says, in the same manuscript ?

cumstances,

cumstances, the very magnificence to which we have attained in the construction of theatres, our modern perfection in scenic mechanism, even our superiority in the histrionic art, have had rather a detrimental than a favourable influence on the genius of the dramatic writer. On the last-mentioned point, of course, we have little more than conjecture, though the advice to the players in *Hamlet* seems to be in our favour, and the number of rival companies, in which no one maintained an acknowledged and incontestable superiority, would rather indicate general mediocrity than transcendent excellence in any one; but we cannot help suspecting that as the rush-strewn boards of the Blackfriars—the Globe, with its straw-thatched stage, the audience, as usual, being exposed to the open air—and the Fortune, the external measurement of which extended to the vast size of eighty square feet,—would cut but a sorry figure by the side of our Covent Garden or Drury Lane;—as the immovable scene, and the balcony, which served for battlement or window, or any other purpose, would have small chances with the exquisite perspectives or constantly shifting views of Stanfield;—as the ‘damask coat with copar lace,’ ‘the gowne of caleco for the queene,’ or even Tamberlayne’s ‘breches of crimson vellvet,’ and ‘a robe for to goe invisebell,’ would shew rather dingily amid the accurate and classical costume of Kemble’s *Coriolanus*, or his churchman’s magnificence in *Wolsey*; in like manner, to those who have seen Kemble and Siddons in their glory, or witnessed the dawn of their gifted relative, Miss Kemble—or are now watching the last efforts of Mr. Young—the performances of Lewin, and Heming, and Alleyne, and even of Richard Burbage himself, would have appeared, at best, of the order of our provincial stars—of our better itinerants. On this point we are at issue with Mr. Collier: but, at all events, he must acknowledge that the boy queens and heroines must have been but poor substitutes for our accomplished actresses.

The decline of the stage has been the constant complaint in every country where it has risen to any great height. It might seem that, like empire, dramatic excellence never revisits the same region: having reached its zenith, it hastens to its setting, and sinks for ever. The indignant Athenian complained that his degenerate countrymen abandoned to marionettes the theatre where the plays of Euripides had worked the audience to the noblest enthusiasm, and that they raised a statue to a ventriloquist by the side of *Æschylus*:—*Ἀθηναῖοι δὲ Ποσεινῶ τῷ νευροσπάστῃ τὴν σκηνὴν ἔδωκαν, ἀφ’ ἧς ἐνεθεσίαν οἱ περὶ Εὐριπίδην. Ἀθηναῖοι δὲ καὶ Εὐρυκλείδην ἐν τῷ θεάτρῳ ἀνέστησαν μετὰ τῶν περὶ Αἰσχύλον.*—*Athenæus*, I., 35. The lines of Horace are too well known to be adduced as a prophetic

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phetic anticipation of the English, rather than a real description of the Roman theatre ; but many a prediction has made its fortune with less resemblance to its later antitype.

Indocti stolidique, et depugnare parati,  
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt  
Ant ursum aut pugiles : his nam plebecula gaudet.  
Verum equiti quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas  
Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia vana.  
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas,  
Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ ;  
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis :  
Esseda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves ;  
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.  
Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus ; seu  
Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,  
Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora.'

This season presents us with the wild beasts—the next will probably have the bruisers at hand, at the call of the upper gallery ; and Horace must certainly have had in his 'second sight' the royal white elephant of Siam, enacted, without regard indeed to complexion, by the distinguished four-footed debutante of last year. As to the procession, described to the very life, what piece has any chance of success without something equally brilliant to dazzle the eyes of 'the knights' of Cornhill ?

But these are obvious evils, the natural consequences of that monopoly, unknown in the history of the earlier stage, which, having begun by doing its utmost to ruin the drama, with more than poetic justice ends by ruining the proprietors. Hence the absolute necessity of show and decoration in theatres which have far outgrown the ordinary faculties both of actors and spectators ; where no one can be heard without an exertion of voice, almost always fatal to its melody and to its variety of intonation ; and where no one can hear without an overstrained attention, the effort of which is often so painful as to destroy all the interest of the scene. Hence, a more serious evil ! in order, at all events, to people this enormous edifice—those disgraceful arrangements, which would not be endured in the most dissolute capital of the Continent, and which seem intended to justify the moral denunciations of those who entertain religious scruples about the stage. Hence, at all events to dazzle the eyes, the body of the house is lighted and gilt with such excessive splendour, as to be highly detrimental to scenic effect, which requires that the light should be concentrated as much as possible upon the stage ; while the scenery, obliged to out-glitter the body of the theatre, can rarely venture on chaste or quiet colouring. These, however, as we have observed,

observed, are obvious evils; but we are inclined to take into the account another circumstance, little suspected to be highly prejudicial to the genuine drama,—the perfection of the histrionic art. The actor, from a subordinate part of the general illusion, has usurped the principal, and claims as his own the whole undivided interest of the audience. With our simpler ancestors the play was everything—the actor, we conceive, of much less importance. At the theatre their imaginations were excited, their minds instructed, their hearts moved, and, according to the old Grecian doctrine, purged by terror and pity;—provided the story riveted their attention—if the characters were but true to nature—if the poetry elevated their souls—so they wept and laughed, they were little fastidious about the decorations or appointments; they were too much the willing slaves of the illusion to be easily disturbed; they were too deeply absorbed, for the cold and deadening process of criticising the performers. Who now, when the first ardour of early youth is passed, goes to the theatre to see a tragedy? It is to see the popular actor sustain a certain part:—Shakspeare or Massinger, or Otway, attract us not; it is Young, or Miss O'Neill, or Miss Kemble. No new comedy even has the least chance of popularity, unless the characters happen to suit the peculiar talent of the Listons and Mrs. Yateses of the day. Since the departure of Mrs. Siddons, how many of our noblest dramas remain undisturbed on the shelf—or, if rashly revived, must be played to empty walls? Would we evoke Shakspeare from the grave, we must call up Garrick also. But, to say nothing of Shakspeare, we will venture to predict, that so long as the dramatic writer is sunk to a subordinate station in the general 'corps dramatique,' second to the mechanist and scene-painter, as well as to the actor—only in somewhat higher relative position than the opera poet to the composer of the music; so long as even a really good play, feebly or inadequately performed, would have no chance of success,—so long the drama will remain far below the poetic average of the elder period.

But, after all, the present is an undramatic age—nor is this the case only in England. Even in Paris, now-a-days, there is rarely more than one theatre open, and that of moderate dimensions, for the genuine drama of Racine and Molière; nor is that one, at least since the exit of Talma, by any means well attended. Political excitement will indeed draw crowds to new tragedies like Jouy's *Sylla*, and great sensation may be excited by such daring dramatic revolutionists as Victor Hugo; but in general the French capital is as indifferent to the *affiches* of the Theatre Français, as our own, beyond a certain circle, to those of Covent Garden. Had we space we could enlarge on the

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the causes of this change in the popular sentiment: at present we must restrict ourselves to a few brief observations. Something, no doubt, may be attributed to the hours of the different ranks of society, which are still receding farther from each other, making it extremely difficult to accommodate the time of performance to the several classes who must meet together to fill the various parts of the theatre; but the cause lies still deeper. The immense increase of the *reading public* has reduced the part of the community who have the power to enjoy, and the inclination to support the drama, to comparative insignificance. The novelist, as we on a former occasion said,\* has supplanted the dramatist in public interest. Where the theatre has one visiter, the circulating library has a hundred subscribers. The author, who in former times would have strained every nerve to obtain success on the stage, who would have listened with trembling delight to the fiat of the manager for the reception of his piece, as sealing his hopes of fame and even of profit—instead of concentrating whatever of poetry, passion, or wit, he may have at his command, into five acts, now beats it out into three volumes of prose, and awaits his doom from Messrs. Colburn or Cochrane. Even the dramatic poet does not consider success upon the stage as essential to his fame: he trusts to the power of his poetry over the public mind, read only in the quiet chamber, not performed in the crowded theatre;—well knowing, that for one spectator he may thrill the bosom of a thousand readers;—that while his theatric success must be confined to the metropolis, and some of the larger provincial towns, he may find his way in the printed volume into every house throughout the kingdom, and win the applause of multitudes, who have never even witnessed the humblest dramatic performance—where the barns are undisturbed by the most adventurous itinerant. In our day, Shakspeare, unless the connexion of the merry deer-stealer with a troop of comedians had fettered his genius, would have been another Scott; Macbeth would have furnished matter for a rival series of *Tales of my Landlord*, and King John would have grown into a second *Ivanhoe*.

Still—regarding the perfect drama in either of its forms—the drama of Sophocles or of Shakspeare—as the noblest, and, in its consummate excellence, the most difficult effort of human imagination—if we despair, at least under the present circumstances of

\* See No. LXVIII.—Review of Ballantyne's *Novelist's Library*. That work has not been continued—probably the size of the volumes was considered inconvenient; but we hope better success will attend '*Roscoe's Novelist's Library*,'—a series of neat and portable 12mos. recently started by a judicious editor, and copiously illustrated with etchings from the hand of an exquisite humourist; in truth, a great original master in his art,—Mr. George Cruikshank. The designs for Smollett, in particular, are of first-rate merit.

society, of its re-asserting its ancient power over the general mind, we trust that, for its few lingering worshippers, it will be able to triumph over those impediments to its success which are independent of the state of public feeling. We would venture to hope, that, in deference to common sense, one theatre at least will shrink to rational dimensions; that one company will embody all the strength of acting, to which our taste is now so closely wedded as to consider it indispensable to the enjoyment of the theatre; that it will break for ever its unholy association with open vice and immorality, by imitating the stricter police of the continental theatres; and thus offer to those, whose taste it may suit, an highly intellectual amusement—so far chastened as to be presented, without offence, *virginibus puerisque*—and, in this respect, uniting the severe propriety of the Greek or French tragedy with the free, picturesque, and animating variety of our own national romantic drama.

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ART. VIII.—*Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the Years 1828 and 1829, with Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, and Anecdotes of distinguished public Characters.* By a German Prince. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1831.

IT would appear that the German publishers are before even our own in the arts of the puff; at least we have not yet seen a 'fashionable novel' of the Burlington Street manufactory ushered into public life with the trumpettings of a first-rate English author. This 'celebrated tour,' as the advertisements style it, has, however, the advantage of a preliminary flourish from no less a person than Meinherr von Goethe, who, among other things, extols the tourist for the accuracy of his descriptions of English scenery and society, particularly 'the hunting-parties and drinking-bouts, which succeed each other in an unbroken series,' and which 'are made tolerable to us' (*i. e.* M. Goethe) 'only because he can tolerate them.' 'The peculiarities of English manners,' continues the puff, 'are drawn vividly and distinctly, without exaggeration;' but how the sage of Weimar should have fancied himself qualified to form so decided an opinion upon the accuracy of his protégé, we do not presume exactly to understand; inasmuch as we have reason to believe, that he has suffered eighty-three years of his youth to slip away, without availing himself of an opportunity of judging of our peculiarities from personal experience.

'Like other *unprejudiced* travellers of modern times, (he proceeds) our author is not very much enchanted with the English *form of existence*

existence—his cordial and sincere admiration is often accompanied by unsparing censure. . . . He is by no means inclined to favour the faults and weaknesses of the English; and in these cases—(what cases?)—he has the greatest and best amongst them,—those whose reputation is universal,—on his side.’

‘The great charm, however, which attaches us to his side, consists in the *moral* manifestations of his nature, which run through the book: his clear understanding, and simple natural manner, render him highly interesting. We are agreeably affected by the sight of a right-minded and kind-hearted man, who describes, with *charming frankness*, the conflict between *will and accomplishment*.’! (What does the Patriarch mean?)

‘We represent him to ourselves as of *dignified* and *prepossessing* exterior. He knows how instantly to place himself on an *equality with high and low*, and to be welcome to all;—that he excites the attention of women is natural enough—he attracts and is attracted: but his experience of the world enables him to terminate any little *affaires du cœur* without *violence or indecorum*!’

We shall presently enable the reader to judge for himself as to some points of this eulogy.—Meantime, we turn the leaf, and find a second flourish from—the *translator* of these wonderful letters.

‘A rumour,’ says this cautious and disinterested critic, ‘*has ascribed them to Prince Puckler-Muskau, a subject of Prussia, who is known to have travelled in England and Ireland about the period at which they were written. He has even been mentioned as the author in the Berlin newspapers: as, however, he has not thought fit to accept the authorship, we have no right to fix it upon him, though the voice of Germany has perhaps sufficiently established his claim to it. At all events, the Letters contain allusions to his rank which fully justify us in ascribing them to a German Prince.*’

After Goethe, and the translator, or, in German phrase, *oversetter*, comes the *editor*!—who, in the midst of some would-be-pathetic cant, drops two bits of *information*, both entirely false; namely, that ‘the letters, with very few and unimportant exceptions, were written *at the moment*;’ and, secondly, that ‘the *author is dead*!’ The *editor* adds that there actually exist four volumes of this correspondence, but from ‘various circumstances, which cannot be explained, it has been found necessary to publish the two *last volumes first*;’—the pair, as yet unprinted, containing his highness’s opinions and illustrations of London society, as these, now before us, exhibit the ‘manners and customs’ of the provinces, and of Ireland.

As to the alleged demise of the author—Shakspeare mentions a certain class of persons who ‘die many times before their deaths;’ and perhaps his highness may have thought it as well to feel his ground with our provinces, before venturing upon what he calls  
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'the *grand foyer* of European aristocracy.' However—unless the whole affair is an impudent juggle—we are justified in fixing this performance upon the Prince Puckler-Muskau; and we only wonder how any *English* reviewer of the book could have hesitated about doing so, provided he had read as far as to page 284 of the first volume, where we find our 'German prince' at Limerick, in company with Mr. O'Connell, a relation of the great agitator.

'We quitted the church, and were proceeding to visit the rock near the Shannon, upon which the English signed the treaty after the battle of the Boyne; a treaty which they have not been remarkably scrupulous in observing. I remarked that we were followed by an immense crowd of people, which increased like an avalanche, and testified equal respect and enthusiasm. All on a sudden they shouted "Long life to Napoleon and Marshal ———." "Good God," said I, "for whom do the people take me? As a perfectly unpretending stranger I cannot, in the least degree, understand why they seem disposed to do me so much honour." "Was not your father the Prince of ———?" said O'Connell. "Oh no," replied I; "my father was indeed a nobleman of rather an older date, but very far from being so celebrated." "You must forgive us then," said O'Connell incredulously; "for, to tell you the truth, you are believed to be a natural son of Napoleon, whose partiality to your supposed mother was well known." "You joke," said I, laughing: "I am at least ten years too old to be the son of the great emperor and the beautiful princess." He shook his head, however, and I reached my inn amid reiterated shouts. Here I shut myself up, and *shall not quit my retreat to-day*. The people, however, patiently *posted* themselves under my windows, and *did not* disperse till it was nearly dark.'

We make no apology for anticipating here the arrival of his highness at Limerick, because, by showing in the outset the mistake that Mr. O'Connell made between the titles of Prince de la Moscowa and Prince Muskau, we establish at once the identity of Goethe's 'unprejudiced traveller,' and a 'right-minded' and 'decorous' terminator of *affaires de cœur*—of whom many of our readers have had some personal knowledge—and whose imposing mustachios are still fresh in our own recollection. The cold nights of November do not more surely portend to the anxious sportsman in the country the approach of woodcocks, than do the balmy zephyrs of May foretell the arrival of illustrious foreigners in London; each succeeding season brings its flock of princes, counts, and barons, who go the ordinary round of dinners, assemblies, concerts, and balls; yawn each of them, one night under the gallery of the House of Commons; one day take their position on the bench at the Old Bailey; visit the Court of Chancery; snatch a glimpse of the House of Peers; mount St. Paul's; dive into

into the Tunnel; see Windsor; breakfast at Sandhurst; attend a review on a wet morning in Hyde Park; dance at Almack's; try for an heiress—fail; make a tour of the provinces; enjoy a battue in Norfolk; sink into a coal-pit in Northumberland; admire grouse and pibrochs in Scotland; fly along a rail-road; tread the plank of a steam-packet, and so depart,—‘and then are heard no more.’

Such was this Prince Puckler Muskau; and such were his qualifications and opportunities for depicting that

‘strange insular life which’ (according to the clear and consistent summary of M. Goethe) ‘is based in boundless wealth and civil freedom, in universal monotony and manifold diversity—formal and capricious, active and torpid, energetic and dull, comfortable and tedious, the envy and the derision of the world’!

His first letter, addressed, as all his letters are, to his ‘dear Julia,’—(that is to say, no doubt, his highness’s consort, Princess Puckler, to his alliance with whom, we believe, he owed his prince-ship—) is dated Cheltenham, July 12, 1828; and the first observation which his highness is pleased to make upon his arrival at that popular watering-place is one of a mixed character, political, statistical, and philosophical, whence may be derived a tolerably fair estimate of his highness’s accuracy and knowledge of ‘things in general.’ He is describing to his ‘dear Julia’ the nature and character of the distress amongst the lower orders in England, and its causes and origin.

‘The distress,’ says his highness, ‘IN TRUTH, consisted in this; that the people, instead of having *three or four meals a day, with tea, cold meat, bread and butter, beefsteaks, or roast meat*, were now obliged to content themselves with two, consisting *only of meat and potatoes*. It was, however, just harvest-time, and the want of labourers in the fields so great, that the farmers *gave almost any wages*. Nevertheless, I was assured that the mechanics would rather destroy all the machinery and actually starve, than bring themselves to take a sickle in their hands, or bind a sheaf, *so intractable and obstinate are the English common people rendered by their universal comfort*, and the certainty of obtaining employment if they vigorously seek it. From what I have now told you, you may imagine what deductions you ought to make from newspaper articles.’

This valuable information is followed by an anecdote.

‘Yesterday, “entre la poire et le fromage,”’—(at what period of a Cheltenham dinner that might be, his Highness does not condescend to explain.)—‘I received the twice-declined visit of the master of the ceremonies, a gentleman who does the honour of the baths, and exercises a considerable authority over the company of an English watering-place, in virtue of which he welcomes strangers with most anti-English officiousness and pomposity, and manifests great care and zeal



for their entertainment. An Englishman invested with such a character has *mauvais jeu*, and vividly recalls the ass in the fable, who tried to imitate the caresses of the lapdog. I could not get rid of my visitor till he had swallowed *some bottles of claret* with me, and devoured *all the dessert the house afforded*. At length he took his leave, first extorting from me a promise that I would honour the ball of the following evening with my presence. However, I had so little inclination for company and new acquaintances, that I made "*faux bond*," and left Cheltenham early in the morning.'

Who the master of the ceremonies at Cheltenham, thus uncourteously likened by his Highness unto an ass, may be, we have not the advantage of knowing; but certain it is that, however derogatory such an office might at first sight appear, the characters and profession of some of the individuals filling it prove that it is not so considered; and it is, at all events, highly improbable that a gentleman, paying an official visit to a foreign prince, would force his society upon his illustrious host for a sufficient length of time to drink *several bottles of claret*; and still more improbable is it that any man—gentleman or not—could contrive to 'devour all the dessert the Plough at Cheltenham afforded,' at a sitting. If, however, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Cheltenham did really conduct himself in the manner described, he followed the example of Hamlet with the daggers,—he spoke of ceremony, but used none.

At page 14, we reach Llangollen, where his Highness is pleased to make an observation, which, coming from a prince, sounds strange. He tells his Julia that 'where *he pays well*, he is always the first person!' 'We represent him to ourselves (quoth Goethe) as of a dignified appearance;' but the landlords and waiters seem to have wanted such discrimination. He then informs us—

'that his appetite, enormously sharpened by the mountain air, was most agreeably invited by the aspect of the smoking coffee, fresh Guinea-fowls' eggs, deep yellow mountain butter, thick cream, "toasted muffins" (a delicate sort of cake eaten hot with butter), and lastly, two red spotted trout just caught; all placed on a snow-white table-cloth of Irish damask;—a breakfast which Walter Scott's heroes in "the highlands" might have been thankful to receive at the hands of *that great painter of human necessities*. "*Je dévore déjà un œuf*."—Adieu.'

It is laid down by Hannah, in 'Hamilton's Bawn,' that a captain of horse

'—has never a hand that is idle;

For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle:—'

and we infer, from the animated account given by his Highness of his own activity, that he must have been either a dragoon or a hussar,

hussar, for, while with one hand he is describing to the sentimental Julia the delights of his breakfast, he is, by his own showing, actually eating an egg with the other.—His notion of being served with Guinea-fowls' eggs we presume to have arisen from the price which the innkeeper charged for them, for although eggs are plenty in Wales, princes are scarce; but what his highness means by describing Sir Walter Scott as a *great painter of human necessities*, is quite beyond us.—After breakfast, he impudently intrudes himself on Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, and quizzes them and their pretty cottage in a style which, all the circumstances considered, one might almost be tempted to call brutal. Those amiable spinsters are, however, no more—and we may pass on.

By a reference to page 27, we find that his highness slept '*admirably*,' on the night of the 15th of August, at his inn in Wales, where he describes himself sitting at the window, looking at the sea, and the ships thereon. 'On the landward'—whatever that means—he says, 'rises a castle of *black marble*, surrounded by ancient oaks.' And in this retirement he finds, '*very unexpectedly*,'—we should think so,—a 'thin' friend of his, with '*magnificent calves*, elegantly dressed;' a gentleman who is 'so good-natured and yet so sarcastic, so English and yet so German,' &c. &c.; and this so delightful personage tells him a story, which, in order to fill up a certain number of pages, his highness is good enough to repeat, though it contains nothing worthy of notice, except an ill-natured slap at the poor Duke of St. Alban's, who treated him with every mark of civility when he was in England:

His highness is tempted to visit the marble castle which he has seen from his window, and is 'remarkably well received there.'

'The bells of the various rooms,' says his highness, 'are suspended in a row on the wall, numbered, so that it is immediately seen in what room any one has rung; the sort of pendulum which is attached to each wire continues to vibrate for ten minutes after the sound has ceased, to remind the sluggish of their duty.'

'The females of the establishment,' continues his highness, 'have also a large common room, in which, when they have nothing else to do, they sew, knit, and spin; close to this is a closet for washing the glass and china which comes within their province. Each of them, as well as of the man-servants, has her separate bed-chamber in the highest story. Only the "housekeeper" and the "butler" have distinct apartments below. Immediately adjoining that of the housekeeper, is a room where coffee is made, and the store-room, containing everything requisite for breakfast, which important meal, in England, belongs specially to her department. . . . Near the butler's room is his pantry, a spacious fire-proof room, with closets on every side for the reception of the plate, which he cleans here, and the glass and china used at dinner, which must be delivered back into his custody

as soon as it is washed by the women. All these arrangements are executed with the greatest punctuality. A locked staircase leads from the pantry into the beer and wine cellar, which is likewise under the butler's jurisdiction.'

Of the cordiality of his highness's reception at the marble castle we have no doubt; but he leaves us in the dark as to whether he had been the guest of the housekeeper or the butler, though we confess we rather incline to the former, not only because, according to his guarantee, the author of the Sorrows of Werter, he attracted women and was attracted by them, but because he refers, with something of a regretful feeling, to the '*locked staircase*' of the wine-cellar: had the butler been at home there is every reason to hope that his highness would not have found it closed against him, but, like another Archer, would have been kindly welcomed by the Cambrian Scrub.

His highness next visits a slate-quarry, over which he tells us it '*took him a considerable time to take even a hasty glance.*' He then gives us the average of casualties which happen annually, and breaks off into a profane medley of nonsense, impiously entitled '*Reflections of a Pious Soul,*' upon which we decline commenting, lest we should be compelled to extract even the smallest portion of it.

In his highness's account of Carnarvon Castle we are favoured with an historical fact so interesting and so new withal, that we must extract it bodily, from page 77; which page is moreover ostentatiously headed, '*Origin of the Prince of Wales's Motto.*'

'On descending, my guide showed me the remains of a vaulted chamber, in which, according to tradition, Edward II., the first prince of Wales, was born. The Welsh, in consequence of the oppressions of English governors in the earlier times of partial and momentary conquest, had declared to the king that they would obey none but a prince of their own nation. Edward therefore sent for his wife Eleanor in the depth of winter, that she might lie-in in Caernarvon Castle. She bore a prince; upon which the king summoned the nobles and chiefs of the land, and asked them solemnly whether they would submit to the rule of a prince who was born in Wales, and could not speak a word of English. On their giving a joyful and surprised assent, he presented to them his new-born son, exclaiming in broken Welsh, *Eich dyn!* i. e. "This is your man!" which has been corrupted into the present motto of the *English arms*, *Ich Dien.*'

It seems hardly worth while detailing the true history of this motto, since every child knows it—yet to prove, *on the spot*, the deplorable ignorance of this pretender, every child does know that the distinguishing device of the Prince of Wales (*having nothing to do with the English arms*), viz. the plume of three ostrich feathers, with the motto *Ich Dien*, which, in Prince Puckler's own mother-

tongue,

tongue, signifies '*I serve*,' was assumed by Edward the Second's grandson, the Black Prince, in memory of the death of John, king of Bohemia, the lawful owner of the said device, in the battle of Cressy. One might have expected a little heraldry at least from the Chateau of *Thonderdentronek*.

Ten pages of stupid blasphemy bring us to page 88, where the baser propensities of his mind give place to its overweening passion—personal vanity. The hero of '*moral manifestations*' thus confides to his dear princess the conquest he has made of a bar-maid at Bangor.

'I had read thus far when the little Eliza appeared with my breakfast, and with an arch good-nature bid me good morning "after my long sleep." She had just been to church, had all the consciousness of being well-dressed, and was waiting upon a foreigner; three things which greatly incline women to be tender-hearted. She accordingly seemed almost embarrassed when I inquired about my departure early the following morning. . . . After dinner I went, under her guidance, to visit the walks around the town. One of these is most romantically placed on a large rock. We saw from hence Snowdon, in almost transparent clearness, undimmed by a single cloud. . . . After this pastoral walk, tender mutton closed the day.'

Who is not inclined to exclaim with the Welsh, according to his highness's version, '*Eich dyn!*' This is your man!

Skipping some more blasphemies, we find ourselves at Kennell Park, the seat of Colonel Hughes.

'Towards evening,' says his highness, 'I arrived at the house of my worthy colonel—a true Englishman in the best sense of the word,' (from being a Welshman, we presume.) 'He and his amiable family received me in the friendliest manner. Country-gentlemen of his class, who are in easy circumstances, (with us they would be thought rich,) and fill a respectable station in society; who are not eager and anxious pursuers of fashion in London, but seek to win the affection of their neighbours and tenants; whose hospitality is not mere ostentation; whose manners are neither "exclusive" nor outlandish, but who find their dignity in a domestic life polished by education and adorned by affluence, and in the observance of the strictest integrity; such form the most truly respectable class of Englishmen. In the great world of London, indeed, they play an obscure part; but, on the wide stage of humanity, one of the most noble and elevated that can be allotted to man. Unfortunately, however, the predominance and the arrogance of the English aristocracy is so great, and that of fashion yet so much more absolute and tyrannous, that such families, if my tribute of praise and admiration were ever to fall under their eye, would probably feel less flattered by it, than they would be if I enumerated them among the leaders of "ton."—pp. 137, 138.

Little did his highness think that a few short months only would elapse before the brow of his '*worthy colonel*, filling a respectable station

station in society,' would be encircled with a baronial coronet; little did he imagine that his 'country gentleman,' who 'played an obscure part' in London, was so soon to be converted into one of the 'leaders of ton,' from amongst whom he had so flatteringly excluded him; little did he think that his hospitable friend was destined so soon to adorn the British peerage as LORD DINORBEN.

On the 5th of August he walked, while all the rest of the family were yet in bed, 'with the charming little Fanny, the youngest daughter of the house, who is not yet out.'—'She took me,' says his highness, 'round the park and garden, and showed me her dairy and aviary.' His highness then describes the dairy, which, we presume, from a laudable desire of the 'worthy colonel' to bring the article into fashion, is surrounded with lumps of copper, forming 'a gorgeous bed for rare and curious plants.' His highness enumerates the comforts of the colonel's cocks and hens, and the ducks and the pigeons—he feels at the sight thereof a fit of 'pastoral sensibility' come over him, and 'turns homewards to get rid of his fit of romance before breakfast:—' Miss Fanny,' he adds, 'exclaimed, with true English pathos,

"We do but row,

And we are steered by fate."

'Yes, indeed, thought I,' says the prince, 'the little philosopher is right—things always turn out differently from what one intends, even in such *small events* as these.' What 'the little philosopher' meant by her pathetic exclamation, we cannot, of course, divine; nor what his highness alludes to as an *event*; but the story, as his highness has here printed and published it, may serve as a caution to Lord Dinorben how he suffers the familiar visits of princes, and subjects himself to the jokes of such illustrious personages as feel themselves privileged, in return for the honour they confer upon him by their presence, to laugh at his 'want of ton,' and ridicule the kindnesses which 'people of his class' are so apt to bestow.

After dinner the prince tells us that he mounted the colonel's horse—'unwearied as a machine of steel,'—(copper would have been as fair a simile):—he gallops over the stones, *up hill and down,*

'leaps with undisturbed composure over the gates which continually intercept my way across the fields, and tires me long before he feels the least fatigue himself. This, to me, *is the true pleasure of riding*—[a friend's horse.]—I love to traverse mile after mile of country which I had never seen before, where I know not whither I am going, and must find out my way back as I can.'

But will it be believed, notwithstanding the comfort, the good cheer, the aviary, the dairy, the untireable horse, &c. &c.—the prince, although he had promised to stay with the 'worthy colonel'

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for some weeks, gets amazingly bored, and 'therefore took leave;' and had been, as he intimates, so *genéd* by Kenmell Park, that, proceeding from it to the house of 'another country gentleman who had invited him,' he makes his visit 'of some hours instead of days.'

This grateful recipient of Cambrian hospitality is presently discovered at the seat of Mr. Owen Williams, where he is obliged to amuse himself 'after dinner with reading the newspaper.' This slur upon the gaiety and conviviality of Mr. Williams's table must be as groundless as is an assertion which he also hazards, that there was nothing for dinner but fish—and that after dinner oysters formed the dessert. But whether it be true that his highness felt dull and was driven to the newspaper, or not, glad we are that he has *said* he was; for he favours us with an extract from the Journal, whatever it might have been, which affords a new and convincing proof of the universal correctness of his highness's information and remarks:—

'In this vast desert (the newspaper) I met with only one thing which I think worth quoting to you. The article treated of the speech from the throne, in which *were the words* "THE SPEAKER is commanded to congratulate the people on their universal prosperity." "This," says the writer, "is too insolent; openly to make a jest of the miseries of the people." It is indeed a settled point, that truth is never to be expected in a speech from the throne; and if ever a king were mad enough to wish to speak the real truth on such an occasion, he must begin his speech, "My knaves and dupes," instead of the wonted exordium, "My Lords and Gentlemen."

That no such words appeared in any king's speech as those which his highness is pleased to comment upon, we need not take the trouble to say; but it is rather strange, since we have already recorded his highness's view of the real causes of popular distress in this country, that he should so entirely coincide in the vindictiveness of the *supposed* newspaper upon the *fictitious* expression.

We next find the prince visiting Colonel Hughes's copper-mines; and, while he is standing by the furnace, he receives an invitation from the colonel's brother, the major-commandant of the loyal Chester local militia, to dine with him. His highness not only declines the invitation, which he was quite at liberty to do, but sneers at the hospitality which was offered him; and forthwith starts from Lord Dinorben's copper pots, for Holyhead, to embark for Dublin;—where, after a dose of sea-sickness, he arrives in good preservation. He says—'As I knew not what else to do—(for all the notables who *inhabit the town are in the country*)—I visited a number of show-places; and among the first was the theatre,—a very pretty house, with a somewhat *less rough and obstreperous* audience than in London!' *Eich dyn!*

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The descriptions which the 'attracting and attracted' prince gives to 'Julia' of his little adventures during his rides upon the horses of his friends are edifying. In Wales he discovers a sylph weeding in a field, half naked, but 'shy as a roe, and chaste as a vestal.' In Ireland he meets with another interesting female, whose personal and mental qualities he thus details to his 'beloved soul':—

'The scene was yet further animated by a sweet-looking young woman, whom I discovered in this wild solitude, busied in the humble employment of straw-platting. *The natural grace* of the Irish peasant-women, who are often truly beautiful, is as surprising as their dress, or rather their want of dress; for though it was very cold on these hills, the whole clothing of the young woman before me consisted of a large very coarse straw hat, and *literally* two or three rags of the coarsest sackcloth, suspended under the breast by a piece of cord, and more than half disclosing her handsome person. Her conversation *was cheerful, sportive, and witty; perfectly unembarrassed, and, in a certain sense, free*; but you would fall into a great error if you inferred from that any *levity or looseness of conduct*. The women of this class in Ireland are, almost universally, *extremely chaste, and still more disinterested*.'

Truly, indeed, does the illustrious Goethe say, that this prince knew how to put himself on a level with the highest and lowest; we are, however, compelled to quit this rustic half-clad Venus for brighter scenes and more intellectual pleasures. On his return from his ride, his highness proceeds to call on Lady Morgan, who receives him with much grace and urbanity.

'I was very eager (says the distinguished stranger) to make the acquaintance of a woman whom I rate so highly as an authoress. I found her, however, very different from what I had pictured her to myself. She is a *little, frivolous, lively woman, apparently* between thirty and forty, neither pretty nor ugly, but by no means disposed to resign all claim to the former, and with really fine and expressive eyes. She has no idea of "*mauvaise honte*" or embarrassment; her manners are *not the most refined*, and affect the "*aisance*" and levity of the fashionable world, *which, however, do not sit calmly or naturally upon her*. She has the English weakness, that of talking incessantly of fashionable acquaintances, and trying to pass for very "*recherché*," to a degree quite unworthy of a woman of such distinguished talents; she is not at all aware how she thus underrates herself.

'She is not difficult to know, *for, with more vivacity than good taste*, she instantly professes perfect openness, and especially sets forth on every occasion *her liberalism and her infidelity*; the latter of the somewhat obsolete school of Helvetius and Condillac. In her writings she is far more guarded and dignified than in her conversation. The satire of the latter is, however, not less biting and dexterous than that of her pen, and just as little remarkable for a conscientious regard to truth.'

Now



Now is this fair,—is this gallant,—is it princely,—is it gentlemanlike?—hunted, followed, worshipped, and besought as his highness was by Lady Morgan; dogged, baited, ferreted out, and *fetéd* as he had been, was it to be expected that he would denounce his kind hostess as frivolous, affected, a liberal and an infidel,—(and *he*, too, of all men in the world)—with more vivacity than taste, and no regard for truth!—and, worst of all, ‘neither pretty nor ugly’!

He does, indeed, slyly drop one lump of sugar into his bowl of gall, and thinking he knows her ladyship’s mind to a nicety, no doubt believes that the one sweet drop will ‘property the whole.’ ‘She is apparently between thirty and forty.’ Miss Owenson, however, was an established authoress six and twenty years ago; and if any lady, player’s daughter or not, knew what *she* knew when she wrote and published her first novels, at eight or nine years’ of age, (which Miss Owenson must have been at *that* time, according to the prince’s calculation,) she was undoubtedly such a juvenile prodigy as would be quite worthy to make a ‘case’ for the ‘Gentleman’s Magazine,’ and as fit to fill a show-waggon at Bartholomew Fair, as her ladyship’s namesake who was born with double joints, and could lift a sack of corn with her teeth when she was only six years old.

His highness now determines to explore county Wicklow, and starts for Bray,—‘a town twenty miles from Dublin!’—having ‘left his carriage and people in town.’—Of this carriage and people we are often told much, and they seem to give him no more trouble or inconvenience in the management of them than his hat or his gloves,—when he wants them he has them,—when he does not, they vanish into thin air. What did he do with his ‘carriage and people’ while he was flirting with the bar-maid at Bangor? When did they cross the water to Ireland? for we have seen he came quite alone through Wales; and we shall see presently that he made all his excursions in Ireland in noddies, jingles, jaunting cars, and went back quite alone through England upon the tops of coaches. But, not to dwell on such trifles—for we suppose one might, without much injury, say, both of ‘principality’ and of ‘people,’ *de minimis non curat Prætor*—let us attend his highness (or, to give him the exact title which the Germans bestow on princes of this calibre, ‘his thorough-illustriousness,’)—to his supper-table at Bray.

‘I supped with a young parson of good family, who made me *laugh heartily* at his orthodoxy in matters of religion, interspersed with talk, which was by no means remarkable for severe decorum or virtue. But such is the piety of *Englishmen* (qu.?)—it is to them at once a party matter and an affair of good manners; and

as

as in politics they follow their party implicitly, through thick and thin, reasonable and unreasonable, because it *is* their party;—as they submit to a custom for ever because it *is* a custom; so they regard their religion, (without the least tincture of poetry,) in exactly the same point of view: they go to church on Sundays, just as regularly as they dress every day for dinner; and regard a man who neglects church, just in the same light as one who eats fish with a knife,—p. 175.

We may afford to despise this infidel's sneer at English piety. As for his ideas of English manners, the secret of his 'thorough-lustre' on that head now begins to peep out. He had evidently been studying the poor puppyisms of what has been well enough called 'the silver-fork school of novelists.' In the genuine spirit of the doctors of this precious 'sapientia,' he says—

'The common people in England put the knife as well as the fork to their mouths. The higher classes, on the contrary, *regard this as the true sin against the Holy Ghost*, and cross themselves internally when they see a foreign ambassador now and then eat so;—it is an affront to the whole nation.'

This specimen of his highness's 'decorum' is sufficient. With reference to his highness's horsemanship, we leave the following exploit of the succeeding morning to the consideration of the reader.

'About a mile and a half further on, the path suddenly ends in a ha-ha, over which my horse utterly refused to leap. As the wall was on my side, and the turf below very soft, I hit upon a new expedient; I tied my handkerchief over the eyes of the refractory beast, and pushed him down backwards over the wall. He was very little frightened, and not at all hurt by the fall, as I had expected, and grazed peaceably blindfold till I rejoined him. This manœuvre saved me at least five miles.' (No doubt *German* miles.)

We presume this experiment was performed upon a friend's horse. In the execution, however, of his 'new expedient,' he had, it appears, dropped his purse: and we give the account of its restoration to its owner in his highness's own words, in order to show the opinion his highness entertains of the numerous fools who were civil enough to make 'feasts for him' while he was in this country.

'Scarcely had I seated myself at table (at Avoca), when I was told that some one wished to speak to me. A young man, whom I had never seen, was shown in, and presented to me a pocket-book, which, to my no small astonishment, I recognized as my own; containing, besides other important papers which I *always carry about me!!* all the money I had taken for my journey. I had, Lord knows how, dropped it out of my breast-pocket; and had, therefore, no small reason to congratulate myself on so honourable and obliging a finder. In Eng-  
land

land I should hardly have had the good fortune to see my pocket-book again, even if a "gentleman" had found it; *he would probably have let it lie in peace,—or kept it.*

Whatever we might have been likely to do by his pocket-book, we may, on this particular occasion, allow his highness's tour-book to '*lie in peace.*'—He proceeds to exhibit his intimate knowledge of the '*insular life.*'

'A really poor man, who is not in a situation to contract debts, can on no terms be a "gentleman." On the contrary, a rich scamp, who has had what is called a good education, so long as he preserves his "character" (reputation) dexterously, passes for a "perfect gentleman." In the exclusive society of London there are yet finer "nuances." A man, for instance, who were to manifest any timidity or *courtesy towards women*, instead of treating them in a familiar, confident, and "nonchalant" manner, would awaken the suspicion that he was "no gentleman;" but should the luckless man *ask twice for soup at dinner*, or appear in evening dress at a breakfast which begins at three in the afternoon and ends at midnight,—*he may be a prince* and a "millionnaire," *but he is "no gentleman."*'

Had his highness named *none* of his English (and Welsh) associates, one might have found a charitable apology for the above: as it is, we are bound to express our cordial agreement with one of his observations—viz. that a man '*may be a prince*' without being a gentleman.—His highness now threads the Dargle; a coarse attack, full of blasphemous allusions, upon Lord Powerscourt, follows; and we then are carried to Donnybrook fair. A description of the bestialities of that festival is given, which concludes with an account of a *flirtation*, to call it by the gentlest name, between a pair of lovers '*excessively drunk*,'—the whole of which is introduced merely to usher in this remark:—'*My reverence for truth compels me to add, that not the slightest trace of English brutality was to be perceived.*' We hope the Lady Janes and Lady Marys, who waltzed and galloped with this '*thoroughly illustrious*' prince—their fathers, whose wines he drank—and their brothers, whose horses he rode,—will not forget this passage, in case his '*noble and prepossessing aspect*' should again chance to enlighten our '*insular gloom.*'

Once more safe in his quarters at Dublin, our Prince lays down as an axiom that '*nobody eats soup in England.*' '*This,*' says his highness, '*is the reason, by the bye, for which my old Saxon left me; he declared that he could not exist any longer in a state of barbarism—without soup.*' Now that his highness's '*Saxon*' should have quitted '*his ground*' on this score seems odd,—inasmuch as his highness himself has just before told us, that '*the luckless man who asked for soup*  
*twice*

*twice at dinner*' could be 'no gentleman;' in other words, that such is an usual mark of what our superfine novelists call 'vulgarity!' For the rest, his highness appears to have lived much more in coffee-houses than anywhere else; and, as everybody knows, whole seas of soup—black, grey, red, and green—are daily and hourly bubbling and smoking in all such quarters. Of one of these same coffee-houses, after denying the existence of soup, and explaining that the Irish boil their potatoes 'in water,' his highness thus continues his description:—

'But now follows the second stage:—the table-cloth is removed; clean plate, and knife and fork laid; wine and wine-glass, and a few miserable apples or pears, with stony ship-biscuits, are brought: and now the diner seems to begin to enjoy tranquillity and comfort. His countenance assumes an expression of satisfaction; apparently sunk in profound meditation, leaning back in his chair, and looking fixedly straight before him, he suffers a sip of wine to glide down his throat from time to time, only breaking the death-like silence by now and then laboriously cravching his rocky biscuits.

'When the wine is finished, follows stage the third,—that of digestion. All motion now ceases; his appetite being satiated, he falls into a sort of magnetic sleep, only distinguishable from the natural by the open eyes. After this has lasted for half an hour or an hour, all at once it ceases; he cries out, as if under the influence of some sudden possession, "Waiter, my slippers;" and seizing a candle, walks off gravely to his chamber to meet his slippers and repose.'

It appears to us very odd that the gallant prince should have, in this luculent sketch of 'insular life,' suppressed all mention of his 'attracted' friends, the chambermaids. He proceeds,—

'Englishmen who do not belong to the aristocracy, and are not very rich, usually travel without a servant by the mail or stage-coach, which deposits them at the inn. The man who waits on strangers to the coach, cleans their boots, &c. has the universal appellation of "Boots." It is, accordingly, "Boots" who brings your slippers, helps you to pull off your boots, and then departs, first asking at what time you will have, not, as in Germany, your coffee, but your hot water to shave. He appears with it punctually at the appointed hour, and brings your clothes cleanly brushed. The traveller then hastens to dress himself and to return to his beloved coffee-room, where the ingredients of breakfast are richly spread upon his table. To this meal he seems to bring more animation than to any other, and indeed I think more appetite; for the number of cups of tea, the masses of bread and butter, eggs and cold meat, which he devours, awaken silent envy in the breast, or rather in the stomach, of the less capable foreigner. He is now not only permitted, but enjoined (by custom, his gospel) to read. At every cup of tea he unfolds a newspaper of the size of a table-cloth. Not a single speech, crim con, murder, or other

other catastrophe, invented by the "accident maker" in London, escapes him.

'Like one who would rather die of a surfeit than leave anything uneaten which he had paid for, the systematic Englishman thinks that, having called for a newspaper, he ought not to leave a letter of it unread. By this means his breakfast lasts several hours, and the sixth or seventh cup is drunk cold. *I have seen this glorious meal protracted so long that it blended with dinner*; and you will hardly believe me when I assure you, that a light supper followed at midnight without the company quitting the table.'—p. 209—212.

The correctness of this picture is striking; but we do not exactly trace the sequence of thought within his highness's illustrious breast, which conducts him from this analysis of coffee-house breakfasts, through a few more uncalled-for insinuations of contempt for the individuals at whose houses he had been visiting, to the grand reflection with which it pleases him to close, p. 214, viz. 'Nevertheless, the English nobleman, *even the least of the Lords*, in the bottom of his heart, thinks himself a better man than the king of France.' This, written A.D. 1828, appears to be gratuitous malice; though as to being a better man than the king of France, if there be truth in Hennequin, we certainly hope there is hardly an Englishman, whether great lord or little gentleman, amongst us—liable as we are to the charge of stealing pocket-books from living princes,—who would, in January 1832, be ambitious to change characters with the actual occupant of the Tuileries.

At page 217, this exemplary advocate of Popish emancipation in Ireland, lets slip the following simple and natural observation:—

'I returned to Dublin just at the moment of a meeting of the "Catholic Association," and alighted at the door of their house: unfortunately, however, *neither Shiel nor O'Connell* was present, so that there was no great attraction. Heat and bad smells ("*car l'humanité Catholique pûe autant qu'une autre*") drove me out in a few minutes.

'In the evening I was better amused by the performances of *some other charlatans*,—a company of English horse-riders who are here.'

This is complimentary, and quite consistent with what will be found in the sequel.

The prince now starts for the south of Ireland—visiting and ridiculing a variety of families on his route. On one particular household he is especially jocose, and instances, in illustration of the state of their domestic information, a 'long and patient' search which was made '*in a map of Europe, for the United States!*' (p. 221.) He adds—

'The occasion of the search was, that the old gentleman wanted to show

show me Halifax and B—— town, which latter takes its name from him.'

For one moment we must beg leave to stop his highness; no Englishman, or Irishman, ever talks of the United States; we always speak of America; and as, unfortunately for his highness, America is the distinctive appellation of one quarter of the globe, no Englishman, or even Irishman, would ever expect to find America in a map of Europe. If indeed, it had been a question about Puckler Muskau, or any such place, if place it be, we should, in common with all the rest of the world, the prince himself perhaps excepted, have hunted with the greatest alacrity to find it. But why was this old 'country squire' so anxious to find the two American towns, which, by his anxiety, it is clear he thought his illustrious visiter knew nothing about?—why?—why, because he '*laid the first stone of both during the American war, in which he commanded seven hundred men, and loves to recall those days of his youth and importance.*' In the preceding page he tells us that his host 'is seventy-two years old, and hale and vigorous as a man of fifty.' Now mark:—Halifax, the capital of the province of Nova Scotia, was founded in May, 1749, being exactly *seventy-nine* years before the year 1828, in which his highness had the good fortune to meet with its 'hale' founder, *anno ætatis* seventy-two, in Ireland, he having, according to his highness's account and calculation, commanded seven hundred men, and laid the first stone of a city, exactly seven years and four months *before he was born*. Whether this 'vigorous' personage waited for the *accouchement* of his respectable mother to begin operations at B——, we cannot determine—the *initial* (so delicate!) baffles us; but we ought to be contented with his early exertions in the public service at Halifax.

These innocent, or rather imbecile, blunders or fictions are followed by another blasphemous satire upon our church service—coupled with the remark, that Ireland is 'debased by the stupid intolerance of the English priesthood,' and that, *therefore*, out of a party of twenty persons, nobody knew where Carlsbad or Prague was; they did not even know where Bohemia was; in short, 'everything out of Great Britain and Paris was a country in the moon.' All this is at Limerick,—where the sexton of one of the 'Catholic churches' told him that they had rung the bells as soon as they had heard of his arrival, and begged ten shillings as a gratuity; though we strongly suspect, that in 1828, the 'Catholic churches' had no bells; where his highness is offered the order of the Liberators, which he declines, and compounds for dining with the Agitators; and where also occurs that scene

of

of his being mistaken for young Ney, which we took leave to transpose to the earlier part of our observations, in order to identify the author.

The great object, however, of his highness's Irish excursion was, as might have been anticipated, to visit Mr. O'Connell; and accordingly he gets a horse (a friend's of course) to ride to Derinane, by a route which man on horseback never went before. On the journey a 'soft rain began to fall,' and his delicate highness (who, be it remembered, always prefers, or, at least, adopts the fashion of 'travelling outside') writes thus:—'As I am seldom in the way of enjoying such a bath in the open air, I waded with a great feeling of satisfaction and pleasure through the streams, throwing myself in some degree into the pleasurable state of mind of A DUCK. Nothing of that kind is, as you know, impossible to my mobile fancy.' What are we to make of this?—his 'thorough-lustre,' the Prince Puckler Muskau—the 'dignified,' 'prepossessing,' all-accomplished, admired of Goethe, the frank and favoured correspondent of Julia, and the personal friend of Lady Morgan,—to be able to throw himself into the pleasurable state of mind of a duck! and then appealing to his 'beloved soul' to bear public testimony that he is capable of such an exertion. But perhaps the translator is in fault, and *duck* is not the right word.

In his progress to Derinane, a series of Munchausen adventures await his highness:—he contrives to keep his seat in the saddle six miles after having broken his saddle-girths—he subsequently saddles himself, and leads his horse, (his carriage and people not being there,)—and at length, after fording bottomless torrents, ascending inaccessible hills, and avoiding various inevitable accidents, the least of which would have been mortal, he reaches 'the Abbey,' and, after much thumping and ringing, obtains admission. As many of our readers may never have had the honour of inspecting this distinguished *interieur*, we must let his highness speak.

'The tower clock was striking eleven, and I was, I confess, somewhat anxious as to my dinner, especially as I saw no living being, except a man in a dressing-gown at an upper window. Soon, however, I heard sounds in the house; a handsomely-dressed servant appeared, bearing *silver candlesticks*, and opened the door of a room, in which I saw with astonishment a company of from fifteen to twenty persons sitting at a long table, on which were placed wine and dessert. A TALL HANDSOME MAN, OF CHEERFUL AND AGREEABLE ASPECT, rose to receive me, apologized for having given me up in consequence of the lateness of the hour, regretted that I had made such a journey in such terrible weather, presented me in a cursory manner to his family, who formed



formed the majority of the company, and then conducted me to my bedroom. *This was the GREAT O'Connell!*

'On the whole, he exceeded my expectations. His exterior is attractive; and the expression of intelligent goodnature, united with determination and prudence, which marks his countenance, is extremely winning. He has, perhaps, more of persuasiveness than of *genuine, large, and lofty* eloquence; and one frequently perceives too much design and manner in his words. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to follow his powerful arguments with interest, to view the martial dignity of his carriage without pleasure, or to refrain from laughing at his wit. It is very certain that he looks much more like a general of Napoleon's than a Dublin advocate. This resemblance is rendered much more striking by the perfection with which he speaks French,—having been educated at the Jesuits' Colleges at Douai and St. Omer. His family is old, and was probably one of the great families of the land. His friends, indeed, maintain that he springs from the ancient kings of Kerry,—an opinion which no doubt adds to the reverence with which he is regarded by the people. He himself told me,—and not without a certain *pretension*,—that one of his cousins was Comte O'Connell, and 'cordon rouge' in France, and another a baron, general and chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria; but that he was the head of the family. He is about fifty years old, and in excellent preservation, though his youth was rather wild and riotous . . . .

'If he should succeed in obtaining emancipation, of which I have no doubt, his career, so far from being closed, will, I think, only then properly begin. The evils of Ireland, and of the constitution of Great Britain generally, lie too deep to be removed by *emancipation*. His understanding is sharp and quick, and manners, as I have said, winning and popular; although somewhat of the actor is perceivable in them, they do not conceal his very high opinion of himself, and are occasionally tinged by what an Englishman would call "*vulgarity*." Where is there a picture entirely without shade!

'Another interesting man, the real, though not ostensible, head of the Catholics, was present, Father L'Estrange, a friar, and O'Connell's confessor. He may be regarded as the real founder of that Catholic Association so often derided in England, but which by merely *negative* powers, by dexterous activity in secret, and by universally organizing and training the people to one determinate end, attained a power over them as boundless as that of the hierarchy in the middle ages; with this difference, that the former strove for light and liberty, the latter for darkness and slavery. This is another outbreak of that *second* great revolution, which solely by intellectual means, *without any admixture of physical force*, is advancing to its accomplishment; and whose simple but resistless weapons are public discussion and the press. L'Estrange is a man of philosophical mind and unalterable calmness. His manners are those of an accomplished gentleman, who has traversed Europe in various capacities, has a

thorough

thorough knowledge of mankind, and *with all his mildness cannot always conceal the sharp traces of great astuteness*. I should call him *the ideal of a well-intentioned Jesuit*. As O'Connell was busy, I took an early walk with the friar to a desert island, to which we crossed dry-footed over the smooth sand now left by the ebb. Here stand the genuine ruins of Derrinane Abbey, to which O'Connell's house is only an appendix. It is to be repaired by the family, *probably when some of their hopes are fulfilled* . . . .

'I wondered, when I afterwards found both O'Connell and L'Estrange entirely free from religious bigotry, and even remarked in them very tolerant and philosophical views, *though they persisted in choosing to continue true Catholics*. I wished I had been able to conjure hither some of those furious imbeciles among the English Protestants, who cry out at the Catholics as irrational and bigoted; while they themselves alone, in the true sense of the word, cling to the fanatical faith of their politico-religious party, and are firmly predetermined to keep their long ears for ever closed to reason and humanity.'—vol. i. p. 334—338.

Tearing himself from 'the Man of the People,' Father L'Estrange, and the rest of 'the court of Derrinane,' our prince transports himself to Killarney; inspects Mucruss, rows about the lakes, repeats some of Mr. Crofton Croker's stories of the great O'Donoghue, and again falls into one of those *affaires du cœur*, his clever management of which has so moved the admiration of the venerable Goethe.

'The Irish *naïveté* of the innkeeper's daughter made such an agreeable impression on me, that on my return to her father's inn I scarcely talked to anybody else, *and thus won her good graces*. She had never quitted her native mountains, and was as ignorant of the world as it is possible to conceive. I asked her, *in jest*, if she would go with me to Cork. "Oh no," said she, "I should be afraid to go so far with you.—Do tell me now who you really are: *You are a Jew!!!—THAT I KNOW ALREADY!*" "Why, are you mad?" said I; "what makes you think I must be a Jew?" "Ah, you can't deny it; hav'n't you a black beard all round your chin, and five or six gold rings on your fingers?" *My disclaimer was of no use*. At last, however, she said good-humouredly, that if I positively *would not allow that I was one*, she wished at least that I might "become as rich as a Jew," (an English phrase.) I confirmed this with a Christian "Amen."

Barring the last bit of blasphemy, this is a laughable page. We only ask, whether any prince, who had *not* the mind of a duck, would record such an adventure as this? Another bar-maid—another pot-girl—and she to whom he exclusively devoted his attentions, to set him down for a Jew, and not to be convinced to the contrary!—Where were his 'peoples'—where the evidence to counteract this calumny? The mere nastiness of encouraging a tuft of unseemly hair under his chin could hardly have led the girl to this conclusion.

The second volume presents us with a series of visits to Protestant country gentlemen, whose manners and dinners he derides, and whose wives and daughters are talked of as 'imbecile bigots,' because they 'remember the Sabbath-day, and keep it holy,'—interspersed with scenes on which his highness dwells with more satisfaction, but of which we regret to find we can afford but few specimens. At Cashel he passes several of his *white days*, chiefly, of course, in the company of persons unconnected with the 'stupid, dull, Anglican system.' *Inter alia*, he is invited by 'the Catholic dean to meet the archbishop and sixteen other clergymen at dinner.'

'The table did honour to a chaplain of the Holy Father. . . . The conversation then turned on religious subjects, and was in a perfectly free and impartial spirit: never did I perceive the least trace of bigotry, or of the disgusting affectation of puritanical rigour. At the dessert, several sang their national songs, some of which had no pretension to sanctity. As the one who sat next me remarked some little surprise on my countenance, he said in my ear, "Here we forget the foreign \* \* \*", the archbishop, and the priest,—at table we are only gentlemen, and meet to enjoy ourselves.'"—vol. ii. pp. 47, 48.

'Before the archbishop retired,' says his highness, 'he said to me, in a most obliging manner, "You are as you tell us!!! a bishop! consequently you owe obedience to the archbishop. I employ this, my authority, to command you to dine here to-morrow with your colleague the Bishop of Limerick, whom we expect to-day;—I must hear of no excuse." I answered, taking up the jest, "I readily confess that it does not beseeem me to withstand the discipline of the church, and your grace and the dean know so well how to sweeten obedience, that I submit the more willingly."

'I passed the evening in the society of the \* \* \*. I have seldom found Protestant clergymen so frank and sincere as these Catholics. We came to the conclusion, that we must either receive blindly the hereditary faith the church prescribes; or, if this be not in our power, form our own religious system as the result of individual thoughts and individual feelings,—which may rightly be called the religion of philosophers. The \* \* \* spoke French most fluently, I therefore quote his own words: "Heureusement on peut en quelque sorte combiner l'un et l'autre; car, au bout du compte, il faut une religion positive au peuple." "Et dites surtout," replied I, "qu'il en faut une aux rois et aux prêtres; car aux uns elle fournit le 'par le grace de Dieu,' et aux autres, de la puissance, des honneurs, et des richesses; le peuple se contenterait, peut-être, de bonnes lois et d'un gouvernement libre." "Ah," interrupted he, "you think like Voltaire,

'Les prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense,  
Et sa crédulité fait toute notre science.'

"Ma foi," said I, "si tous les prêtres vous ressembaient je penserais bien autrement."

'I was, unfortunately, unable to keep my word with my friendly Amphytrion.

Amphitryon. A "megrim" confined me all day to my bed. The archbishop sent me word that he would cure me; and, if I would but bring firm faith, would be sure to drive away the headache-fiend by a well-applied exorcism. I was, however, obliged to reply, that this devil was not one of the most tractable, and that he respected no one but Nature, who sends and recalls him at her pleasure, which, alas! is seldom in less than four-and-twenty hours. I must, therefore, cut off even you, dearest Julia, with a few words.'

This is a pleasant specimen of communication between a 'frank and sincere' Irish \* \* \* \*, and a Lutheran liberal, who, in order to quiz the very idea of a Protestant episcopacy, announces himself at a drinking, singing party of papists, of which an archbishop makes one, to be a bishop himself.

When the prince has done with the popish archbishop, he takes to the pipers, and is safely delivered of this sapient remark:—'These pipers, who are almost all blind, derive their origin from remote antiquity. They are gradually fading away, for all that is old must vanish from the earth.' This is a truism:—but, as pipers, like other men, to whatever age they may attain, are all born young—even in Ireland—his highness may still encourage the hope, that when the old ones die off, others will succeed them. The chapter of pipers is succeeded by a not very delicate one on game-cocks; but we must pass over this, and accompany the prince to the Phoenix Park, where he is in his proper sphere.

'Lord Anglesea invited me to dinner,' says his highness, 'and the party was brilliant. He is beloved in Ireland for his impartiality, and for the favour he has always shown to the cause of emancipation. His exploits as a general officer are well known—no man has a more graceful and polished address in society—A more perfect work of art than his false leg I never saw!'

This climax of compliment will, no doubt, be felt and appreciated by his Excellency: he adds—

'The power and dignity of a Lord Lieutenant are considerable as representative of the king; but he holds them only at the pleasure of the ministry. Among other privileges he has that of creating Baronets; and in former times inn-keepers, and men even less qualified, have received that dignity.'

Baronets, as everybody knows, the Lord Lieutenant never could create, and the knighthoods the prince refers to most ungracefully, considering the 'free and easy' manner in which, as we shall presently see, he treated Sir Charles Morgan and Sir Arthur Clarke—the individuals to whom he obviously points—and their 'womankind.' But, indeed, his malignity towards unfortunate Lady Morgan is worthy of severer reprehension. The following passage appears to us entirely indefensible:—

'I spent a very pleasant evening to-day at Lady M——'s. The company

company was small, but amusing, and enlivened by the presence of two very pretty friends of our hostess, who sang in the best Italian style. I talked a great deal with Lady M—— on various subjects, and she has talent and feeling enough always to excite a lively interest in her conversation. On the whole, I think I did not say enough in her favour in my former letter; at any rate, I did not then know one of HER MOST CHARMING QUALITIES,—that of possessing two such pretty relatives.

'The conversation fell upon her works, and she asked me how I liked her *Salvator Rosa*? "I have not read it," replied I, "because" (I added *by way of excusing myself*, "*tant bien que mal*") "I like your fictions so much, that I did not choose to read anything historical from the pen of the most imaginative of romance writers." "O, that is only a romance," said she; "you may read it without any qualms of conscience." "Very well," thought I; *probably that will apply to your travels too,—* but this I kept to myself. "Ah," said she, "believe me, it is only ennui that sets my pen in motion; our destiny in this world is such a wretched one that I try to forget it in writing." Probably the Lord Lieutenant had not invited her, or some other great personage had failed in his engagement to her, for she was quite out of spirits.—vol. ii. p. 103.

At page 108 we are introduced to Lady Clarke, Lady Morgan's sister—for they are both 'Ladies'—and Sir Arthur Clarke, and the Misses Clarke, who turn out to be the two 'pretty relatives.' Lady Clarke, we are told, 'is very superior to her celebrated relation in accurate taste and judgment;' of the young ladies, whom his highness calls his 'little nightingales,' the prince says much; but it would be unfair to criticise his criticisms upon them, which are only distinguished by vanity, puppyism, conceit, bad taste, and bad feeling. He takes these poor girls to see 'the fine artist,' M. Ducrow, ('an admirable model for sculptors, in an elastic dress, which fits exquisitely,') ride nine horses at once, and 'finally go to bed with a pony dressed as an old woman;' and the 'little one' trembled with delight, with anxiety and eagerness, and kept her hands clenched all the time; and then comes a history of his fetching out a girl, who had acted Napoleon, from a dressing-room, where she stood naked as 'a little Cupid before the glass,' (we should have said a little Venus!)—but there is no end to his malice.

'I rested myself (he says) this evening in the accustomed place. "Tableaux" were again the order of the day. I had to appear successively as Brutus, an *Asiatic Jew*, Francis the First, and Saladin. Miss J—— was a captivating little fellow as a student of Alcala; and her eldest sister, as a fair slave, a welcome companion to Saladin. As the beautiful Rebecca she also assorted not ill with the oriental Jew. All these metamorphoses were accomplished with the help only of

of four candles, two looking-glasses, a few shawls and coloured handkerchiefs, a burnt cork, a pot of rouge, and different heads of hair.'

Even the mysteries of her ladyship's dressing-room, and the articles which compose her ladyship's toilette, are not sacred in the eyes of this 'right-minded observer!'

Our readers have probably had enough of the prince. On the political portion of his highness's book we cannot enter, because his politics are universally mixed up with impiety. As to personal adventure, his closing chapters on Ireland contain little of that, except his being invited to drink wine at a radical meeting, and a visit to the Catholic Association. The rest is a mere tissue of common-places, evidently gleaned from the female attendants of the small inns which his highness was in the habit of frequenting, while his 'carriage and people' were absent. He quits Ireland, and starts from Holyhead, by *the mail*; he arrives at Shrewsbury, and, although the mail very *rarely stops for any body*, perambulates the whole town,—sketches the horses,—examines the castle, and the tread-mill,—and yet is in time to pursue his journey, which he does on the outside of the mail, with *four* outside passengers! At Monmouth he pauses,—goes into a bookseller's shop to 'buy a Guide,'—and 'unexpectedly' makes the acquaintance of the bookseller's 'very amiable family,' particularly two 'pretty daughters,'—of whom his highness observes, as a Lyell or Murchison would of lumps of nickel or tungsten, 'they were the most perfect specimens of innocent country girls I ever met with.' They were at tea when his highness dropped in; and the father, 'unusually loquacious for an Englishman, took him absolutely and formally prisoner, and began to ask him the strangest questions about the continent and about politics.'

'The daughters,' says his highness, 'obviously pitied me—probably from experience—and tried to restrain him; but I let him go on, and surrendered myself for half an hour "*de bonne grace*," by which I won the good-will of the whole family to such a degree, *that they all pressed me most warmly to stay some days in this beautiful country, and to take up my abode with them.* When I rose at length to go, they positively refused to take anything for the book, and "*bongré, malgré*," *I was forced to keep it as a present.* Such conquests please me, because their manifestation can come *only from the heart.*'

The reader will presently find the sequel to this double shot, by which two perfect specimens of innocence were killed dead; but he must first be told, that his highness, the next morning, charges the landlord of his inn, the waiters, or the chambermaids, or somebody, with stealing his purse and pocket-book. They indignantly deny the charge, and repel the imputation, which his highness appears to have been anxious to cast equally upon gentlemen

tllemen and innkeepers, and offer to submit to instant search, adding, however, that his highness must undergo a similar operation. This his highness declines; he thinks it best to put up with the loss of ten pounds, and depart; and what will the reader think he therefore did? 'Why,' says the prince, '*I therefore took some more bank notes out of my travelling-bag, paid the reckoning, and so departed.*'

From this splendid detail we discern that his highness travelled with a *sac de nuit* stuffed with bank-notes; nevertheless—

'The Prince, unable to conceal his pain'

at the loss of his ten pounds, runs to his amiable friends at the bookshop, and imparts to them the disaster:—

'The surprise and concern of all were equal. In a few minutes *the daughters* began to whisper to their mother, made signs to one another, then took their father on one side; and after a short deliberation, *the youngest* came up to me and asked me, blushing and embarrassed, "Whether this loss might not have caused me 'a temporary embarrassment,' and whether I would accept a loan of five pounds, which I could restore whenever I returned that way:" at the same time *trying to push the note into my hand. Such genuine kindness touched me to the heart: it had something so affectionate and disinterested*, that the greatest benefit conferred under other circumstances would perhaps have inspired me with less gratitude than this mark of unaffected good-will. You may imagine how cordially I thanked them. "Certainly," said I, "were I in the slightest difficulty, I should not be too proud to accept so kind an offer; but as this is not in the least degree the case, I shall lay claim to your generosity *in another way*, and beg permission to be allowed to carry back to the continent *a kiss from each of the fair girls of Monmouth.*" This was granted, amid much laughter and good-natured resignation. Thus freighted, I went back to *my carriage!*' (N. B. he had come by the mail.)

The end of all this interesting story is, that two or three days after, his highness (whom, like Goethe, and unlike the barmaids, and the bookseller's daughters, we always 'figure to ourselves as of a dignified aspect') finds his purse and his book in his dressing-gown pocket, so that the whole episode is given to show his Julia what a fine man he is, and how ready his 'specimens of innocence' are to fall vanquished at his feet.—'*Eich dyn!*'

But we must cut his highness short.—At Bristol he enters Radcliffe Church while the organ is playing, and stations himself in a corner, whence he could catch a glimpse at the interior:—

'The illiberality of the English Church would not allow me this satisfaction, and *the preacher* sent an old woman to tell me that I must sit down. As it is not the custom in Catholic churches to interrupt the devotions of a congregation on such light grounds, even if strangers



strangers go in without any caution to view whatever is worth seeing in the church, I might justly wonder that English Protestant piety should have so little confidence in its own strength, as to be thus blown about by the slightest breath. The riddle was explained to me afterwards: I should have had to *pay* for my seat, and *the truly pious motive was the sixpence*. However, I had had enough, and left their mummery without paying.'

The substantial veracity of this narrative who can doubt? but that no preacher at Radcliffe Church ever took the slightest notice of his highness we will venture to affirm; the pew-opener might have thought that such a fine man as his highness would like to sit down, or the beadle might have thought it civil to an Israelite—for which he seems to have generally been mistaken—to show him a little Christian charity.

Passing over his highness's account of Bath, and Mr. Beckford, 'a sort of Lord Byron in *prose*, who *pays fifty guineas a week* for leave to walk in a nursery garden and pick what flowers he chooses;—of Salisbury, where the prince meets another *specimen*—'a *very pretty* young girl,' a dress-maker,—and of course takes an opportunity of libelling the bishop, the venerable and excellent Dr. Burgess,—who 'never preaches, and draws 15,000*l.* a-year from his see!!'—of Wilton, to which house he obtains admission by a *story*, and under an assumed name, which he rejoices to hear the housekeeper could neither pronounce nor write;—and some other seats and towns,—we reach London,—his highness's description of which is to occupy the two first, but as yet unpublished, volumes of this work. When he has sufficiently re-inspected the 'grand foyer,' he again mounts the box for Canterbury, criticises the cathedral, the peculiar beauty of which he considers to arise from its *not having a screen!* and satirizes the archbishop, who enjoys 'the rank of a prince' within his jurisdiction, '*but not in London,*'—as if London were not in the heart of his Grace's jurisdiction,—'moreover he has *sixty thousand a year!!!* and *may marry!*' (in the teeth we presume of the statute against bigamy.) The 'illustrious stranger' proceeds to Dover—thence to Calais—dines with, and of course abuses, Mr. Brummel,—having, by the bye, gained admission to his table, as he had done to Lord Pembroke's gallery, under a feigned name! The 'thorough lustre' of his principality is then enshrined in the cabriolet of a diligence; he eats smoking hot *plinzen* with the coachman, and arrives in Paris, where for the present we shall leave him,—and that 'sweltering venom' which is luckily neutralized by an unfailing effusion of dulness.

We are sorry that the first Prussian castigator of our manners should have been a *prince!* We had, at one time, been led to expect

expect the notice of a personage, who, though of not quite princely rank, could have told a much more amusing story,—described ‘specimens’ of a higher order than barmaids—pecuniary incidents more important than the loss of a ten-pound note out of a *sac-de-nuit*,—and even wound up his ‘picture of insular existence’ with an interesting appendix to the ‘*Mémoires d’un Homme d’Etat*,’

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- ART. IX.—1. *Reply to a Pamphlet entitled, Speech of the Right Hon. Lord Brougham, delivered in the House of Lords, on Friday, Oct. 7.* Second edition. 1831.
2. *A Letter to the Farmers of the United Kingdom.* From B. Escott, Esq. Second edition. 1831.
3. *What will be done with the Lords?* Second edition. 1831.
4. *What have the Lords done? and What will they do next?* 1831.
5. *Householders in Danger from the Populace.* By Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Esq. 1831.
6. *Two Letters on the State of Public Affairs.* From a Member of Parliament to a Friend Abroad. 1831.
7. *Great Britain in 1841, or the Results of the Reform Bill.* Second edition. 1831.
8. *A Short History of the House of Commons, with reference to Reform.* By John Allen, Esq. 1831.
9. *Progress of the Revolutions of 1640 and 1830.*

IN avowing our conviction, that the state of anarchy into which society appeared a few weeks ago to be rapidly falling, (would we could say, from which it has escaped!) was the fruit of misgovernment,—the direct, natural, and necessary result of the acts and omissions of ministers,—it can scarcely, we suppose, be requisite, that we should disclaim any intention of holding up those dignified persons to the world, as the deliberate instigators or abettors of burning and massacre. Such a charge, if ever it should be made, we should not regard much more seriously than the insinuation gravely put forth by more than one of the Whig papers, that a Tory conspiracy was at the bottom of the Bristol riots. Whatever may be our estimation of the moral and political virtues of his Majesty’s counsellors, we have always given them credit for a reasonable degree of attention to their own personal interests; and who could suspect them of indulging a notion so besotted, as that those interests could in any way be advanced by scenes from which human nature recoils? They desired, indeed, agitation;—agitation to the extent necessary for their purposes,—for crying up the bill, shaking the constancy of the

the lords and bishops, and preserving their own supremacy at court;—such agitation they desired, courted, and promoted. They desired just so much agitation and no more; but they were content rather to take the hazard of more, than to have none at all.

‘ Their generous minds the fair ideas drew  
Of fame and honour which in dangers lay—  
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,  
Not to be gathered but by birds of prey.’—DRYDEN.

Scarcely, however, had the Lords pronounced their verdict, ere all the elements of mischief were at work;—the minions of the Whig press set up a war-cry enough to ‘fright the isle from its propriety;’—denunciations the most daring and seditious were hawked about the streets and placarded on every wall;—and, to pass over, as of inferior importance, even the fearful scenes of Nottingham, Derby, &c., the SYSTEM of associating the jacobinical fanatics of the middle and lower orders in Political Unions received a new impulse. The mutual coquettings, the repeated public interchanges of civility between members of the cabinet and those high confederacies,—from the lofty premier’s first apologetic correspondence with the Birmingham council about that sad ‘inadvertence’ in the construction of the qualification clause, to the midnight scene which exhibited this first of *Place-men*

‘Swallowing with open mouth a tailor’s news,’ and the discreet and adulatory epistles of Lord John Russell and the Chancellor of the Exchequer,—all these demonstrations naturally impressed the public mind with a belief, that those societies were viewed with an eye of peculiar complacency by the *Government!* Journals professing to be in the confidence of the ministry, called aloud for the formation of more Unions, in order to support Lord Grey, and enable him to carry the Bill;—and if they did so without the authority or in opposition to the real wishes of their patrons, it is rather remarkable, that the moment the *Government* found it necessary to turn a little round and make an effort to cast off the connexion, those same journals should from that very instant have become silent, and, in one instance (we believe), should even have seen reason to deprecate and decry the very combinations which they had been so instrumental in raising. The first call, however, was answered; and a multitude of new societies sprung up in consequence in different parts of the country.

On the 31st of October, a meeting of the populace was held in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, for the purpose of constituting a grand National Political Union, in which the middle and working classes of the metropolis were to join together, and of which

Sir

Sir Francis Burdett had consented to become the chairman, at the solicitation, as has been confidently asserted, of *Earl Grey* ! For the truth of this assertion we do not pretend to vouch ; but it is worthy of remark, that no contradiction has ever been given to the statement, though another story, with which it was in the first instance coupled, about Lord John Russell having subscribed a sum of money in aid of the Union at Birmingham, was eagerly and indignantly denied. However, even if the Noble Premier has identified the parentage of the Political Unions with the policy of his cabinet by this crowning act of indiscretion, he may console himself—he has done nothing but what is in perfect consonance with a principle which enters deeply into the whole scheme of the Whig creed,—which has become grafted into the very nature of the older factionaries of the party, by dint of habits inseparable from that false position in which they have been pining away their political lives,—and which, furnishing, as it often does, a plausible plea to weak and well-intentioned men brought up in a better school, for consulting their fears, their scruples, and their love of ease—for conciliating, conceding, and temporising—has been of more real disservice to the constitutional cause than the most venomous efforts of its avowed assailants. His lordship acted doubtless from a conscientious belief in the approved doctrine, that the best way of moderating a great political movement is to give way to it ;—just as if a torrent could be stayed by adding to its volume, or as if *the multitude of givers-way* did not in fact constitute in such cases *the whole danger*.

Well,—The Political Union beings embodied, it remained only that they should be *organized* and *armed*, and the business was done :—let but those points be gained, thought they, and we are at once and for ever masters of the state. An effort, a most strenuous effort for this, was not wanting ;—nay more, it had very nearly succeeded ; and it may be questioned if it has yet failed. It was sustained by the utmost power of that very portion of the press which had just before been urging the formation of the Unions. And it will scarcely be credited in after times, that such was the pitch of license which that press had obtained under the fostering wing of a liberal government,—so close on the brink of anarchy was the nation already standing, without having yet passed through an ordeal of actual revolution,—that those very journals, those professed partisans of the administration, openly, and day after day, avowed, in express terms, that one of their objects in desiring such an organization and armament, was to control the executive government,—to restrain *his Majesty* from the exercise of his prerogative, in case it should be his pleasure to change *hereafter* his constitutional advisers,—and to resist, in short, by force,

force, the authority of any cabinet less prepared than the present to run with them the full career of revolution ;—may, further, that these avowals were permitted to pass, unpunished—unchidden—unnoticed—and that, for aught which appears to the contrary, their authors are to this day recognized as the allies, if not, indeed, the organs of Downing-street !—In the Times of the 1st of November, we find the following passage :—After contending for the expediency of forming the householders of all classes throughout the kingdom (not excluding even the lowest) into Political Unions, —first, in order to promote the successful issue of the reform question,—secondly, with a view to strengthen the magisterial power for the suppression of riots,—the writer proceeds to recommend the measure for a third purpose, namely, ‘ for the establishment of an *organized*, and, if necessary, an *armed* body, co-extensive with the rank and intelligence, the property and *regular industry* (the latter being the *most valuable description of property !!!*) in the nation, as a safeguard against the tyrannical attempts of FACTION ARRAYED IN POWER on one side, and of faction aiming at the overthrow of constituted authority on the other !’—But even this was mere innuendo, compared with the language of the Morning Chronicle.

‘ If Reform,’ we read in that journal of the 19th November, ‘ if Reform be carried without delay, well and good ; but if any unforeseen difficulty occur, the Unions bring the FORCE OF AN UNITED PEOPLE *instantly to bear on the DEPOSITORIES OF POWER.*’ . . . ‘ The people do not unite against the *present* Government, but to be ready to meet the contingency of an *adverse* Government.’

And again, in another number published near the same period—‘ It is no trifling matter TO COMPEL A NATION TO DRAW THE SWORD. But, grievous as the consequences of a REVOLUTION would be, we hold them to be AS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE CALAMITY OF THE TRIUMPH OF THE BOROUGHMONGERS.’ . . . ‘ The object of the Unions now forming is the preservation of the peace’ [how very considerate !] ‘ of the country against the *two* classes of incendiaries now leagued together, for purposes of plunder, the boroughmongers and the lowest of the rabble.’\*

Matters on all sides were by this time putting on a sufficiently black aspect ; and, though Ministers had neither the virtue nor the energy to cast off the thralldom of their disgraceful alliance with the immediate agents of the mischief, and manfully to confront the emergency, there is no reason to suppose that they were now

\* There was something more absurd at least, if not more outrageous, than even these extravagancies of the daily press, in the effrontery of a quarterly journal,—conducted, we believe, by a gentleman in the actual employment of government,—which very gravely set about proving to its readers, that a general armament, or some such thing, had become indispensable, in order to guard against the imminent danger of a *Tory rebellion !!* See the last Number of the Westminster Review.

contemplating

contemplating the scene with unmixed serenity. It began to be pretty clear indeed to every man of common sense, that society could hardly go on in the same way for another month, without the occurrence of something very like a civil war. The revels of the mob, it is true, appeared to have found their climax, for a time, as far at least as this island was concerned, in the three days' sack of Bristol. But though the general horror excited by that tragedy coupled with the consideration of the facility with which the insurrection was at last put down by a very insignificant force, might seem to afford some security against the *early* repetition of similar scenes in other parts of the country,—still the spectacle of a great commercial city left for such a period of time in the undisputed possession of the rabble,—its principal public edifices and many of the first private dwellings pillaged and burnt,—and an eventual destruction of human life, to which no civil conflict within these realms, since the days of the Irish rebellion, had afforded a parallel,—was not, on the whole, tranquillizing to the public mind.—On the other hand, there was reason to believe, that the radicals had already, in many instances, anticipated,—while in others they were diligently following, the recommendation of the Times and Morning Chronicle, to provide themselves with arms. Mr. Wakefield tells us, (perhaps with some little exaggeration, but speaking from the results of a personal experience, which it would be most unwise to disregard,) that even in the preceding year, 'a majority of the working class in London had made up their minds to fight for reform, and that not a few had provided arms for that purpose;'<sup>\*</sup>—and again, that many of the fanatical sect of the Oweaites are similarly prepared.<sup>†</sup> We believe it, moreover, to be a well-authenticated fact, that a great many stands of arms had been sent to Nottingham, for the purpose of being sold below the prime cost; and further, that they were eagerly purchased by the operatives there, with whom all other objects appeared for the time to have become secondary to this passion for muskets and bayonets. The chiefs of the Birmingham Union (the parent and pattern of all the rest) were now proceeding formally to organise it;—they promulgated for that purpose, on the 15th of November, a scheme whereby it was proposed to class the members in local sections under officers of various grades and denominations, and subject to a system of rule and discipline by which their whole collective physical force might easily and almost instantaneously have been made available, whenever it should be judged advisable to bring it into action; and this scheme, it was intended, should be the model for the general organization of the Political Unions throughout the country.

There was no mistaking the objects, immediate or prospective,

<sup>\*</sup> Householders in Danger from the Populace, p. 9.

<sup>†</sup> Ditto, p. 11.

of these preparations. Politics were the pretext—but property and life were the objects in the first instance endangered. Abandoned by the Government to the mercy of a power daily becoming more formidable, and likely to be very soon too strong for the Government itself, the gentlemen of the conservative party, and indeed all men having a stake in the community which they thought worth protecting, must have presently been forced to consider, how they could most effectually provide the means of defence for themselves. Already, in some parts of the country, noblemen had found it necessary to arm their servants and tenantry, and to set a guard on their mansions. Several distinguished personages had barricaded even their town houses. At the next step, we should have seen people of fortune discharging their carriages and livery servants, and diverting all their wealth to the maintenance of a host of retainers, as in the middle ages,—every private dwelling turned into a castle, and garrisoned according to the wealth of the owner.—How long the popular masses would have allowed the gentry to prepare their defences, it were superfluous to conjecture.—But there was even yet a nearer danger. Having permitted,—may we not say, encouraged,—the middle and working classes in conjunction, to enter into illegal combinations, to organize and arm themselves,—how was it possible to deny the same liberty to the *operatives* as a separate caste?—how even to the lowest of the populace?—to Mr. Wakefield's eighty thousand thieves and desperadoes?—The ancient primary principle of the constitution, that the power of the sword and maintenance of order is vested solely and exclusively in the Crown—that great principle of *Law* once violated, where was *Liberality* to draw the line? On one hand, ministers were appalled by the annunciation of a great meeting of 'the working classes,' proposed to be held at the White Conduit House, for purposes similar to those contemplated by Sir Francis Burdett's congress in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but from which all persons belonging to the 'not-working classes' were to be excluded. On the other, they beheld the hated spectre of the Catholic Association suddenly resuscitated at Dublin by a single word from the arch magician, and claiming affinity to them by the title of the '*National Political Union for Ireland.*'

Bewildered by this daily afflux of new troubles, each more portentous than its predecessor, how long ministers might have floundered on, conciliating, and crouching, and vacillating,—or how long the country could have borne up, unsupported, against the multiplying dangers that were gathering round her, we stop not to inquire.

\* Omission to do what is necessary,  
Seals a commission for a blank of danger.'

For



For the moment we were saved by the interposition of wiser counsels, and by the firmness of the sovereign. We allude to circumstances now of such general notoriety as to have already become almost matter of history, when we speak of the late proclamation relative to the Political Unions as other than the spontaneous act of Earl Grey's government. It is well known, that the reluctant decision of the cabinet on that subject was only at last wrung from them through the urgent representations of a noble person, who saw too imminent and overwhelming a danger, to permit him to balance any longer between the scruples of official etiquette and his duty to his country, and who thereby added one obligation more to the irredeemable debt of gratitude by which that country was already bound to the most illustrious of her citizens. For the Ministers there remained the more characteristic part of frittering down, as much as possible, the efficacy of a measure which they had adopted with so ill a grace,—and on such *suggestion!* The resolution to put down the Unions was taken on Monday the 21st November—at the *same* sitting of Council at which the Government came to the determination of summoning Parliament to meet, for the despatch of business, on the 6th of December. And Parliament was convoked accordingly, by a proclamation published that very evening in a Supplement to the Friday's Gazette; while the proclamation relative to the Unions was kept back until the publication of the regular Gazette of Tuesday, the following day. Why, one naturally asks, should this have been? It was not surely to give time merely for the composition of the instrument, that such an interval could have been required.—Of forms and precedents for a proclamation against illegal associations there could be no lack, surely, in the Council-office?—Perhaps not. Yet the proclamation, when it did appear, proved to be so unlike other proclamations; its tone was so polite,—so admonitory,—so tender of the feelings of the parties whom it addressed; and there was such a modest ambiguity of purport about it,—leaving the reader to guess and divine, as he best could, what it meant and what it did not mean to forbid,—whether its anathema was directed against political combinations generally, or only against the particular form of combination of which the Birmingham Union had set up an example,—that it might be presumptuous to suppose the phrasing of it to have been a matter of slight or short consideration. A much more satisfactory cause for the delay, however, was presently brought to light; for on the same Tuesday, the 22d of November, while the sheets of the Gazette were yet wet from the press, the Council of the Birmingham Union, prescient of their approaching

ing fate, held a solemn conclave, at which was announced the discovery of their scheme of organization being contrary to law, and the project was in consequence unanimously abandoned. The post travels from London to Birmingham in about twelve hours; and no one who considers the circumstances, can be much at a loss for a *rationale* of the all but simultaneous sympathy thus exhibited between the proceedings of two such authorities as the Board of Council at St. James's and the Council of the Political Union at Birmingham;—a sympathy, whereby the august body last-named escaped the degradation of appearing to yield obedience to a royal mandate, and 'the people' were preserved from the contagion of an example which might have been discouraging to the vital spirit of what good Lord Althorp calls 'The Cause.'

The result has been such as might have been anticipated. The proclamation has put a stop to *public organization*;—projects of arming are no longer openly canvassed, (whether practically suspended, we may be permitted to doubt;)—the Unions have become, for the moment, rather less noisy and self-important;—and the ministerial press has been schooled into a more subdued note of revolution. But not one single political association, we believe, has either been put down, or has voluntarily dissolved itself, if we except the Union at Brighton,—a body, which may reasonably be supposed to have been inclined to the course it took, not so much by any stronger sense of the propriety of obeying the laws, as by certain local feelings of deference to his Majesty individually. The whole machinery remains entire, ready to put forth its powers again whenever the occasion may demand them, and possibly even now gathering new powers daily to itself, and preparing in secret conspiracy what in open confederacy it is no longer *permitted* to undertake. In Ireland, where the tranquillizing hand of authority was most wanted, the Ministers have been treated with utter derision, and their proclamation as a mere *brutum fulmen*. There the reign of anarchy has already commenced;—witness the state of natural society in which the gentry and clergy throughout whole counties are now reduced to live,—scarcely daring to walk abroad without precaution,—and such the temper of the peasantry, that an officer with difficulty escapes from being murdered in open day in a country village, by the pretext that he is helping the mob, 'and backing the *King* and the Kilkenny boys to put down tithes!'—witness the proceedings of recent meetings at Dublin—Catholic openly arraying himself against Protestant—and the Protestant driven in self-defence to seek a precarious safety in an organized and armed combination! There the great Agitator has openly set the *King's* Government at defiance, and is prosecuting his own objects with a ferocity of language and seemingly

seemingly of purpose, which, but for our past experience of the parties, we might interpret into a declaration of internecine war between him and his late allies. Lord Grey has certainly, on his part, *in a manner*, publicly disclaimed the possibility of any future connexion between his cabinet and 'that individual,' and, in his accustomed vein of magniloquence, has, with reference to Irish affairs, declared his determination, 'to uphold the authority of the government, and to protect the lives and property of all peaceable subjects of the king:' he assures us that, 'if he find it necessary, undoubtedly he shall propose the revival of the act of 1829 against political associations, or even a much stronger measure.' But let not the noble Earl deceive *himself*!—Mr. O'Connell is not to be so shaken off, nor his co-operation disregarded. His lordship will not find any such measure '*necessary*.' He will truckle to the Agitator again, as he has truckled to him before;—he will again be found treating and conciliating;—and when he shall at last have paid the stipulated price, he will again find that he has bought what, even at the instant of purchase, will elude his grasp, and that the bargain must be negotiated anew.

One word now, before we quit this part of the subject, as to the Bristol riots. The only profitable point of view in which such a scene can be considered, is in its relation to the general circumstances of society, out of which it has grown. And so considered, it must be classed, by every man who is capable of forming an unbiassed analysis of the events passing under his observation, among the many symptoms simultaneously apparent of a general disorganization of the social frame,—symptoms, all distinctly traceable to one common cause, and that cause assuredly no other than the agitation of this question of Reform. Setting any special circumstances of extenuation, then, (if such there be,) for the present out of account,—we should have supposed it obvious, on the received principles of common justice, that on the authors of that agitation and their accessories, and on them only, the disgrace of such disorganization, if it has been the work of folly,—or the infamy, if it has been the work of guilt,—ought in reason to attach. It may be said, indeed, that if the Peers had passed the Bill, there would have been no riots,—and, therefore, that the fault of having caused the riots lies with the Peers. But if this argument were to hold good, it would be equally peremptory for submission in every case, where a conflict might by any possibility be productive of eventual disturbance. If the Lords foresaw a probability of results infinitely more mischievous from passing the Bill than appeared to be involved in any risk contingent on its rejection, it was not their crime—nor yet their act—that they were so placed between alternatives which offered them only  
a choice

a choice of dangers ;—and the original movers of this measure are just as much entitled to transfer to their opponents the responsibility of any consequences that may have followed from its defeat, as is the burglar, resisted in a midnight assault, to charge the guilt of a homicide perpetrated in the affray, on the householder whose quiet he has invaded. The Whigs, we suppose, would scarcely desire to have it thought, that they ever really expected to carry through their measure without rousing some spirit of resistance. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the advocates of the old system had not a foot of reason to stand on,—that the motives of their opposition to this wide-sweeping innovation were as selfish and sordid as calumny has ever painted them,—that this was, in short, a mere struggle for the maintenance of a scheme of corruption, set up solely and exclusively by the individuals who had been living by that corruption,—still, here would be no apology for any statesman who should undertake to redress such a scheme, without calculating on the shock which society would have to encounter from the resistance of the interested parties,—who, in dealing with men, should make no allowance for the infirmities of the human character,—who should rush blindly to the encounter, without once balancing between the evils to be risked and the evils to be remedied.—But when it is incontestable and notorious, that not one in a thousand of the declared enemies of this innovation has any interest direct or contingent in the preservation of the institutions which are assailed, save that great interest which every honest citizen must feel in the maintenance of the general peace and welfare ;—when the number and influence of these enemies are, nevertheless, known to be great, their opposition vehement and determined, and their motive a solemn conviction that the projected change would prove the most overwhelming calamity which ever an infatuated people brought down upon their own heads ;—when all men of common candour, even those among the chiefs of the innovating party, admit,—when Lord Brougham admits,—that the case, at the best, is one ‘ of doubt and difficulty, demanding a calm and dispassionate deliberation,’ and that there is ‘ force’ in some of the arguments which have been urged against the scheme ;—and when it must be apparent, at all events to every man of common sense, that the issue, whether for good or for evil, must be one of incalculable importance both to the present and future generations,—when these very plain considerations are adverted to, immeasurable indeed must appear the presumption of the man, who could for an instant imagine, that such and so many elements of resistance were to resolve themselves into harmless inanity at his bidding, and reason and

patriotism—and even suspicion and doubt, be at once silenced by the mere *fiat* of a ministerial adventurer.

But it is not merely by the temerity with which Ministers gave the original impulse to this agitation, that they have rendered themselves responsible for all the mischiefs which have followed in its train. The whole tone and tenor of their public conduct—their dissolution of parliament in the midst of an excitement almost revolutionary—the deaf precipitancy with which they next urged their bill through the Commons—their language on many occasions both in and out of that house—their countenance of illegal associations—their complacent justification of tumultuous assemblages of the people—their more than parental leniency towards all descriptions of political crime, from that of the rick-burner in Kent, to the tithe-conspirator's in Kilkenny—and their systematic tolerance of all sorts of written and spoken sedition, have been severally contributing in their turn to multiply and aggravate those mischiefs.

The Magistrates of Bristol have been blamed for degrading their offices by parleying with a Political Union, instead of showing a manly reliance on the legitimate powers of the state; the military officer in command there has been accused of parleying with the mob, in place of bringing the force at his disposal into action; and that very considerable culpability may be found to attach to one or both these parties, there appears certainly but too much cause to presume. We must, however, pray all who may be disposed to judge harshly of the individuals implicated in these outrages, to remember that

‘To punish men for what we make them do,

The common trick of courts, is most unequal;’

that these were outrages committed *in the name of the King and of the Reform Bill*; and that, but a very short time before, enormities of the same character, and less flagrant only in respect of the extent of destruction, had been perpetrated at Derby, Nottingham, and other great towns, without having elicited any mark of reprobation, or even of concern, from his Majesty's Government! These enthusiastic reformers must have known indeed (if they thought at all), that they were breaking the laws; but then those were only the laws of a *corrupt Parliament*, which they had been taught to believe had for centuries been usurping their rights, and which Ministers had been making it their business for months before to vilify and hold up to scorn! What great harm could there be in burning the palace of a Bishop, who had been already warned by the prime minister of England, to ‘set his house in order’? or in destroying the custom-house and excise-office, those denounced receptacles of taxes wrongfully extorted

from

from the people, and in defiance of Lord John Russell's favourite statute *de tallagio non concedendo*? With respect to the application made to the Political Union again, who can reasonably blame a Mayor of Bristol, for having in this extremity courted the protection of one of those great bodies,—which, albeit somewhat scurvily stigmatized by the highest legal authority of the realm, as ‘intolerable under any form of government,’ and as ‘threatening to resolve all government and even society itself into its elements,’ had nevertheless been admitted to the confidence of Earl Grey on high matters of state, and had, by their votes of thanks, filled Lord Althorp with the ‘highest gratification,’ and conferred ‘undeserved honour’ on Lord John Russell? Even as to the demand for aid, had he not the precedent of his Majesty’s Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, *beseeking* the Chairman of the Birmingham Union, ‘to use all his influence, not merely to prevent any acts of open violence, but any such resistance to the law as is threatened by the refusal to pay taxes’? Had he not also the example of his Majesty’s law officers for Scotland, who, when apprehensions were entertained for the peace of that quarter of the United Kingdom, in consequence of the rejection of the Reform Bill by the Lords, deemed it of greater importance to propitiate the protection of the Scotch Political Unions, than to concoct measures of security with the magistracy?—Lastly, when it is recollected, that we live in a country, where assemblages of 150,000 persons are not only tolerated, but treated as objects of the highest respect,—and where people have a *legal right to walk the streets, at all times, in any numbers, or in any order* that they may choose,—it must be acknowledged to be no light matter for a Magistrate to deal here with a mob.—And really, under an administration, of which some of the members have so long been in the habit of animadverting on the measures taken for the suppression of the tumult at Manchester in 1819, as little better than an atrocious massacre,—and with the recent experience of the outcry raised and continued against the Irish police for firing on the populace in their own defence at Newtonbarry,—and of the untenable (at least, we believe, unteminated) persecution of Mr. Bingham Baring in the last session of Parliament,

\* The first announcement of the expected division in the Lords was made to the citizens of Edinburgh by a placard, issued in the name of the Council of the Political Union, promulgating the news as from authority, exhorting the people to be quiet, as Reform must ultimately triumph; and desiring them not to be disappointed if Parliament should not be immediately prorogued, ‘for they had it from a *sure hand*’ that the prorogation was only delayed to enable Lord Ebrington to bring forward his motion. At Perth, in like manner, on the same occasion, a communication from the Lord Advocate to his political agent, requesting that the utmost efforts might be used for the preservation of the peace, was submitted forthwith to the meeting of Delegates, who determined accordingly, that there should be no disturbance at that time.

for having done his duty with zeal, not untempered by civility, in the case of the Deacles,—we do feel bound, in sober sadness, to deprecate the unreasonableness of requiring such nerve and self-devotion from any functionary, civil or military, as would be necessary to the truly prompt and energetic discharge of so thankless an office as that of putting down a ferocious rabble, in defiance at once of popular odium, of the vituperations of the press, of the hazards of an assize, and of the *possible* discountenance of the ministerial authorities. We are confident we do not at all exceed the bounds of truth, when we affirm, that, in the recent temper of the times, there would have been no life in England for the man, who falling into the opposite error to that of the authorities at Bristol, should in the least jot have gone beyond the range of his commission on such an occasion,—who, for instance, should, by any indiscretion, or in a moment of perturbation, have ordered the troops to fire on the people, one instant before—we shall not say, the act might be justifiable by law—but before it had become obviously indispensable in the eyes of all men for the salvation of the city and the inhabitants. Such an unfortunate individual would have been hunted down like a wild beast. He would have been tried for his life;—a jury of Bristol radicals might very possibly have been found to convict him;—and, unless something of the old English spirit of justice had rallied through the country in time for his rescue, who can tell, but the counteracting impulses from without might have been too strong to have allowed even his Majesty's Ministers to afford him that protection which their personal feelings of humanity doubtless would have prompted?

Among the arts which in our times have been ripening so rapidly with the march of intellect, there is none, certainly, that appears to have made so unprecedented a progress, within so short a period, as the art of rebellion,—the art of obtaining all the effects of high treason, without incurring its penalties. By persevering combination and agitation, the Irish Catholics succeeded in obtaining relief from their legal disabilities. With the same levers of agitation and combination, they have now set themselves to work against the fabric of the tithes. Certain individuals become amenable to justice, for outrages on the public peace, committed in prosecution of this conspiracy. And what course does Lord Grey take? Why, he recommends the guilty parties to the royal clemency; and then invites Parliament to devise some new regulations, by which the practical working of the system may be rendered more palatable to these people. We are not just now questioning the abstract propriety of either measure; but we are surprised his lordship should not more clearly see, that  
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the direct and necessary tendency of both, under present circumstances, must be to increase instead of mitigating the evil. These men are engaged in a great enterprise, to the accomplishment of which they are goaded on at once by their secular passions and their religious antipathies; and from this his lordship proposes to divert them, by acknowledging that their cause is not without reason, and remunerating their first efforts with *impunity and success*.

‘In Nature’s infinite book of secrecy  
A little can be read.’

Is it possible that any man should be so weak as to flatter himself, that such a confederacy, if not crushed in its infancy with a strong arm, will ever voluntarily resign its power, or cease to convulse the public peace, until it shall have attained all its ends, and extirpated the tithe-system, root and branch, from the land? Or can any one be really blind to the assurance, that the success of these parties in the achievement of this object,—that this fresh experience of their own irresistible strength, will encourage them to further projects? \* Lord Grey, in a late formal profession of his political creed, has declared his maxim in such cases to be, ‘that the best mode of dealing with sedition *in the first instance*, is to take away its cause, and if he sees any real grievances, to show a disposition to redress them, *before* he employs that force which must be ultimately employed; if necessary to the safety of the constitution and the empire.’ The practice of older and better times used to be, *first* to put down the sedition,—as a thing intolerable in itself, whatever the cause,—and *then* to inquire into and redress the grievance, if any grievance there was; and Lord Grey may perhaps yet live to repent his having reversed the principle.

The brutalities of the *brick-bat and bludgeon partizans of the bill* at the general elections, were the precedents for Bristol. And, indeed, the whole history of this excitement is but one illustration, throughout, of the same principle.—What gave cause to the cry of Reform being set up in August, 1830?—Not the distresses of the people; for prosperity was reviving on every side.—Not the profusion or oppressive spirit of

\* Since these observations were written, our attention has been called to a most remarkable and ample corroboration of the justice of the opinions expressed by us on this subject, in the following passage of a speech addressed by the Agitator himself to his confederates of the Dublin Union, respecting Mr. Stanley’s motion for a Committee to consider the subject of Tithes in Ireland. ‘Another proof,’ he says, ‘of his insanity, which Mr. Stanley has given, is to be found in his proclaiming to the people of Ireland, that, because they have not paid tithe, something else must be done about it. He is holding out a *bonus* to them to resist the payment of tithe. He says distinctly that, because three or four counties have refused to pay tithe, we must alter the law—struggle then only a little longer, and the landlord must pay them. What is this but telling the people to continue their combinations against tithes, and they are sure to be rewarded by the abolition of tithe, or something will be substituted for it?’

the Government ; for it was a just and economical Government, zealous in correcting abuses and redressing practical evils, beyond any of its predecessors.—No.—It was the lesson of *impunity and success* afforded by the revolutionists of Paris, which first encouraged the restless and evil spirits in this country to hope, that the same *impunity and success* might attend their own efforts.—What next gave confidence and energy to the cry, as it was re-echoed from town to town?—Why, the division of the Tory party;—the consequent weakness of the existing administration;—and the base abandonment of their ancient conservative principles, by certain Whig leaders, who saw in the Reform question an instrument for promoting their elections, and a stepping-stone to power;—circumstances, all affording additional guarantees to the parties of *impunity and success*.—What, in fine, chiefly contributed to spread the delusion among the people, and fill men, who had never before ventured to contemplate such subjects, with new and violent desires of change?—What but the alliance of Lord Grey's government with the malcontents, giving the attestation of authority to the nostrum of the mountebank, and promising them the possession of a boon which they were told was one of great price, to be achieved without peril and without cost?—

‘It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;  
And that *craves* chary walking!’

We come now to another very melancholy chapter of this history.—It was not to be expected, that men's minds were to be so unsettled,—order endangered,—the interests of so many individuals menaced or their prospects overcast,—and the public confidence in the security of property itself, and more especially of certain very important classes of property, so seriously shaken as they have been for the last fifteen months, first by the anticipation of this Reform measure, then by the agitation attending the discussions on the two first bills, and above all by the apprehension of the results in the event of the measure being carried;—it was not, we say, to be expected, that the tranquillity of society could be exposed to so severe a trial, without the sources of wealth and industry being also affected, and the commercial prosperity of the nation sympathising with the shock. The symptoms of mercantile distress,—the contraction of expenditure on the part of the wealthy orders,—the consequent penury, distrust, and irritation,—the numberless indications of an approaching crisis,—in the midst of what we are told is a most auspicious state of external relations, and even in the absence of all spirit of speculation at home,—are truly alarming. The advocates of the bill can no longer conceal the state of the country, either from themselves or others; and, with their usual candour, they are endeavouring to shift

shift the blame of this, as of its other consequences, from the Ministers to their opponents—from the perpetrators to the victims—and to make it even an argument for what they call ‘settling the question,’ or, in other words, *for embracing the certainty of those evils, of which the bare apprehension has been productive already of so much disquietude and dismay!* In one of the publications before us, we find, indeed, all this derangement of the pursuits and happiness of the people, expressly referred to the act of the House of Lords in rejecting the late Bill. ‘Such is the precarious condition of things at present,’ says the writer, \* ‘*arising from the unfortunate decision of the Lords.*’ But notoriously the fact is not so; nor would any one, really acquainted with the commercial state of the country, have ventured so to represent it. It is true, that within these last two months or more, the stagnation and distress have been sensibly aggravated by circumstances quite extraneous to the Reform Bill,—more particularly by the interruptions to which the intercourse of nations has been recently subjected from the operation of the quarantine laws,—and possibly also by some diminution of the consumption of English and colonial produce on the continent, in consequence of the presence, in some quarters, of epidemic disease, and in others, of the exhaustion and misery following on a prolonged revolutionary fever. But the decision of the Lords had nothing to do with the matter; nor did that decision produce, in fact, any marked sensation at all in the commercial world, far less anything like the overwhelming convulsion which the prophetic choir in the train of the bill foretold as the certain consequence of its rejection. There was just a little uneasiness at first about the peace of the country, which caused the funds to fall about one per cent. But, as soon as it was found that the radical procession to St. James’s passed off without any great commotion, the funds rallied forthwith, and have ever since, we believe, in spite of the alarming incidents which were still daily occurring, maintained a price from two to three per cent. higher than their previous currency. Apart from the incidental circumstances of exacerbation above adverted to, it is well known, indeed, to all persons connected with the foreign commerce or internal traffic of the country, that the depression of which we are speaking has been progressive from the first hour of the political excitement—and that it supervened—in the first instance, abruptly, and without the slightest ostensible cause growing out of any of the transactions of commerce itself,—supervened on a short but bright dawn of returning prosperity, the first that had cheered the horizon since the disasters of 1825,—blighting as fair a prospect of renovated industry, of wholesome and solid improvement, as ever

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\* What have the Lords done? and What will they do next? p. 6.

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this or any country had before it. And the case is now the more deplorable, since, to whatever quarter we turn, there is little promise of early or effectual relief to be discerned. If the new bill pass, there may be a brief pause—a sort of holiday of apathy and stupefaction; but the dread of its operation, which fills already so many bosoms and menaces so many interests, must forthwith return in redoubled vigour. Alas! even if the measure were finally to be rejected, it would be *now* vain to expect a speedy restoration of the tranquillity which its promulgation disturbed.

The first great feature of this commercial disorder, and the origin, doubtless, of many of its other incidents, is the diminution of the expenditure of individuals. No man feels any assurance of the permanence of his income or resources; no man is sufficiently free from anxiety with respect to his future lot to partake of the elegant enjoyments of society with his wonted zest, or to feel the usual concern about improving or adorning his property; his care is rather to husband a little against the evil day, which he already descries dimly;—but certainly he abstains, therefore, from any indulgence of his taste or munificence, and limits, as much as possible, his current outlay to articles of mere necessity. Is he a landed proprietor?—He sees an overwhelming misfortune impending over him in the preponderance of that party who have been calling for a precipitate and unmitigated abrogation of the corn-laws, a misfortune which might go nigh to convert the rental of the country into one universal poor-rate;—nay, he hears daily the very principle of inheritance, the chief spring of that pride and interest which he was accustomed to take in the care and embellishment of his patrimony, decried and fore-doomed by the tribe of sciologists who are now rising into the ascendant. Does he possess property in the funds?—He knows that his dividends cannot be paid without taxes; and when he is told that taxation is the grievance which has rendered a reform in parliament necessary, and the first grievance which a reformed parliament will be called on to redress, he cannot but feel that his dividends are in some jeopardy. Is he a beneficed churchman?—He sees himself encompassed by his enemies on all sides,—his fate, and that of the venerated establishment whose minister he is, about to be committed to the mercies of an assembly full of papists, dissenters, deists, and economists, and he knows not how soon he may be turned out to subsist on the charity of his flock—reduced itself to charity. Has he grown grey in the service of the state? and is he dependent on its bounty for the support of his declining age?—How many years' purchase will his retired allowance or his pension be worth when he shall have to deal with a reformed parliament? Is he the father of a large family of sons whom he had hoped to place  
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out in the world, as they should attain respectively the age of manhood, to make their way in one or other of the liberal professions,—whom he is breeding, one perhaps to the bar, another for the army, a third destined for employment in some of the civil departments of the public service?—With what tranquillity can he look forward to the realization of those plans, in a state of society where there is nothing stable, where all institutions are under the imminent hand of the experimentalist and the quack?

Our tradesmen and artizans,—all more especially who deal in articles of luxury or ornament,—are necessarily suffering—deeply and cruelly suffering—from this suspension of their usual custom. The complaints of these classes of the community are universal; we believe the actual difficulty and privation which they are generally undergoing, to be almost without a precedent; and of course the workmen whom they employ, and the capitalists concerned in the production or importation of the materials usually consumed in their respective establishments, are suffering in an equal proportion. Of the depression of that branch of internal industry, for example, with which we happen to be more immediately conversant; the book trade, we can speak with certainty, as exceeding our experience of any of the ordinary fluctuations of commerce, and, indeed, quite unlike any circumstance of the kind within memory. Politics are just now so engrossing a subject, that few men can bear to think of any other; and nearly their only reading is the newspaper.—For those great masses of property again, which the casualties of human affairs are continually throwing into the common market, there never was such a dearth of purchasers. The auctioneer can make no sales—or at best sales at a reduction of thirty or forty per cent. on the prices which would have been given for the same property eighteen months ago. The building business is equally at a stand. Of the private dwellings recently erected in Westminster and Marylebone, a wholly unlooked for proportion remains untenanted; and the demand for houses generally, whether for occupancy or investment, is described to us as much less than it has been at any period since the termination of the war. The higher departments of art partake largely of this general stagnation. The works of the painter and the statuary are among the delights of tranquil and polished life; but they are the least available of all property in times of civil commotion; and who would choose to add such precious objects to the destructible contents of a mansion which he is obliged to barricade against a mob? Is even any common article of furniture wanted? or does the house itself stand in need of repair? The call is put off till next year; for who can tell what may

may happen before that time shall come round? Even the public amusements are deserted; and the performers at the principal theatres are obliged to submit to a general reduction of their salaries, as the only alternative to save the houses from being shut up. The *Utilitarians* will call these latter circumstances trifling; but we instance them, nevertheless, because a vast number of persons are dependent on these arts for their livelihood—and because they are necessary to complete the picture of the general disgust and discomfort now pervading every rank and class of society.

In addition, also, to these circumstances affecting consumption, by which every branch of industry is more or less paralyzed, there is scarcely one of the higher departments of commerce, which is not suffering either from the presence or apprehension of some calamity peculiar to itself, but all growing out of the anticipated operation of this Reform Bill. First in the list, need we advert to the lamentable case of that great body, the West India merchants and proprietors, who have not only to struggle against the common disadvantages of an overstocked market and low prices, but have moreover the sword of Damocles continually suspended over their heads, through the intemperate zeal of a party, strongly, though mistakenly, supported too by much of the religious and benevolent feeling of this country, and likely to prove irresistible in the very first session of a parliament chosen by the democracy,—of a party who, by their rash and unadvised course on the question of slave-emancipation, have already brought these noble colonies to the brink of destruction? It is notorious that, for this reason, territorial property in the West Indies has, within the last year, become utterly unsaleable,—that so precarious is the tenure of the planter considered to be, that even on the security of the finest estates in the new colonies,—on those estates which, under all the difficulties of the times, are still worked at a large annual profit,—no capitalist is willing to advance a shilling. Individuals connected, again, with our great Eastern empire, whose wealth is embarked in Indian commerce, or vested in the government funds at the different presidencies of India, cannot be without some anxiety for the fate of the connexion between this country and those vast dominions to which their fortunes are bound,—a connexion so marvellous and unprecedented in history, and depending on links so subtle and delicate,—when they see the entire system of administration for that empire in danger of being presently remodelled by a remodelled legislature—by a parliament from which will probably be excluded, if not the whole, at least the great majority of the East India party who hold seats in the present,—and when they perceive that, in the mere anticipation of some great, unknown change,

change, the company's stock is at this moment depreciated in the market to the extent of nearly twenty per cent. below its natural value, as compared with other public securities. And as for another great interest, that of the ship-owners,—an interest which will be left equally defenceless in the new legislature, (for the ten-pound householders of sea-ports are not the shipping interest,)—the late proceedings of the association into which that body have thought proper to form themselves prove the apprehension with which they now contemplate their condition and prospects,—a condition and prospects so important to their country, and so closely interwoven with the fabric of her naval greatness,—under the enlightened dispensations of a liberal and reforming cabinet.

Nor could the state of the currency, or the general transactions of the money market, escape the influence of causes which have operated so widely on commercial dealings. From twenty-two millions and upwards, the issues of the bank of England have been contracted, within the year, to little more than seventeen ! \* That hoarding has been practised by a great many, we have not the smallest doubt. The operation, indeed, being, from its very nature, a secret one, cannot readily be detected or proved in detail, nor can any measure be formed of its general extent ; but we have ascertained by inquiry, that considerable sums have, in point of fact, been drawn from bankers in gold, and taken into the country, to be there concealed. It might be inferred, indeed, from the general laws of human nature, that an expedient of such universal resort, with all nations under similar circumstances, would not be neglected at such a season of disquiet and anxiety as the present ; and we have no sort of doubt that it has been resorted to frequently and extensively. That these circumstances have exercised a certain re-action on prices, aggravating and prolonging the mercantile distress, can scarcely be doubted. Confidence and credit have been shaken,—not by the ordinary cause, over-trading—for there has been *none*,—but by the decline of profits and absolute penury of business. It is well known, we may add, that capital to a considerable amount has been withdrawn from the country, in spite of the obstacles which just now exist to its safe and profitable employment elsewhere, and in particular that not a few wealthy individuals have proved the sincerity of their distrust of the stability of the national faith and public security of England

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\* It is proper, however, here to observe, that the contraction of the actual amount of bank notes in circulation, though very considerable, is not to be exactly measured by this diminution of the bank issues ; for the East India Company, who used formerly to be their own bankers, now keep a balance of upwards of a million with the Bank of England ; and it has been much the fashion of late, even with the individual capitalists, to lodge their cash, for better security, with that establishment,—all which deposits will of course now fall to be deducted, in any correct estimate of the actual circulation.



under another régime, by investing large sums at much disadvantage in the *American* and *Russian* funds! Nay, we have heard of some transfers into *French* stock, explained by two reasons:—firstly, that the French funds having stood the shock of the Revolution of July, are safer than our's which have yet to undergo their ordeal; and, secondly, that one should not have all one's eggs in one basket;—both which reasons prove an opinion grown up under the Whig ministry, of the insecurity of our public funds! It is a remarkable sign too of the distempered condition of the times, and a pregnant proof that *want of confidence* is the real root of the evil,—that at a period when all enterprize is at a stand, and all secure sources of emolument appear to be well nigh dried up, money should not by any means be abundant. Discounts have, for some time, been obtained with difficulty; the Bank has been making advances on Exchequer bills at four per cent.; and although the transactions on the Stock Exchange have rarely been on a more limited scale than of late, even five per cent., we are told, was currently given for loans on the deposit of stock, during the recent shutting of the transfer-books for consols.

Such are the miseries of misgovernment! Such the state of humiliation and penance, to which a great and prosperous community may, in an incredibly short space of time, be reduced, by the officious tampering of speculative and self-sufficient men with the elements of its prosperity and greatness! May the mark which it has thus pleased Divine Providence to set on the contempt of its bounties—may it not have been manifested in vain! May the salutary experience of this prelude to the horrors of *full-grown* Revolution, at length serve to convince those who are inaccessible to the warnings of reason, of these plain but most important truths;—that, in an artificial system of society, the welfare of no single class can be assailed or disturbed, without more or less of injury to all the others;—that whatever threatens to derange the actual distribution of property, and to impair the confidence of the capitalist and annuitant, must, by sure deduction, equally derange the industry and impair the prosperity of the producers whom these employ, and that, when the tradesman and artizan are without business, the poor must be without bread;—that the first and indispensable essential, not merely to the security of the wealthy, but to the very existence of property, is *order*; and that order can only be preserved in a state, while there is confidence in the *stability* as well as energy of its institutions. Let us only picture to ourselves what might now have been the condition of this country, if, in the midst of all this factitious excitement, the same stagnation which has pervaded retail business in all its branches with such pernicious effect, had extended in an equal degree to our great staple manufactures,

manufactures, and that the crowded and inflammable denizens of those great central counties had been goaded at the same time into insurrection by penury and privation;—that the commotion had been of such a character as to have caused all the manufactories there to stop work, as happened at Brussels and Lyons,—and that half a million of desperate men, who every night lie down to rest without possessing wherewithal to purchase a meal for the morrow, had thus been turned loose on the world to prey at large ! If, however, we have been spared even from this extremity, our escape must, in truth, be attributed more to extrinsic good fortune, to the accident of the suspension of industry in Belgium having for the time created a wider foreign market for our productions, than to the discretion or foresight of our rulers. Nor let us be overconfident that even now we are safe. Other causes, as we have observed in a preceding paragraph, have latterly been intervening to disjoint and derange the tranquil intercourse of nations, and to check this revived demand for British goods. There are signs again of flagging activity in our great marts ; and as the winter advances, the ear of peace is ever and anon startled with the sullen murmurs of the unemployed.

There is one more evil, resulting out of this tremendous agitation, which we have to charge on these ministers. As Shakespeare says—‘ To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, are the holes where eyes should be : which pitifully disasters the cheek.’ For a space of fifteen months, this agitation and its consequences have been keeping our *rulers* in a state of utter inefficiency and incapacity for conducting most of the ordinary, and much of the most important, business of the government. The transactions of the foreign department, to be sure, could not stand entirely still, while events were on the march ; (*—how* they have been administered we shall not ask—and we *have* had the pain to see the Cabinet satirized as

‘ At home a trembling tool in Treason’s hand,

In Europe’s eye the toy of Talleyrand ;’)

a game-bill has passed which has not merely failed, but has increased all the evils it pretended to remedy ; and Lord Brougham’s individual energy has been sufficient—shall we say, to mature a more efficacious and better considered system for the administration of the bankrupt laws?—scarcely—but to force, at least, into untimely existence a rickety and jejune innovation. Those two bills the Whigs have passed—but everything else is at a pause. At the Treasury, it has been scarcely possible, we are told, to obtain consideration even for the commonest private claim, so entirely are the time and thoughts of the principal members of the board taken up with the Reform Bill. The charters of the East India Company and Bank of England are on the eve of expiring, yet the momentous interests

interests involved in these two great establishments have not yet been found worthy of a place in the premier's meditations. Ireland has been permitted to struggle on without a system,—the victim of a government of expedients, of a government from day to day,—till the factions by which she is torn have been stimulated almost to madness. And what is more lamentable than all, every one of those vital questions with respect to the condition of the labouring orders, the administration of the poor-laws, and other points really and substantially concerning the 'welfare and contentment' of the people, which, before the present ministry came into power, were considered to be of such instant and pressing urgency, seem to have been either quite committed to oblivion, or allowed to devolve into other hands. But who is so uncharitable as to find leisure for animadversions of this sort?

'Never came Reformation in a flood

With such a heady current, scouring faults!'

Well then—At this point we have arrived—We see what ministers have done—We remember what they have not done—And the bitter fruits are before us. What is to be done? How are we to be delivered from this maze of mischief? 'Pass the bill!' shout the demoniac crew, the vanguard of revolution, who set its daily task to the cabinet. 'Pass the bill!' responds, in a more faltering and subdued tone, the complacent echo from Downing-street.—'We have you now in the toil—Pass the bill, or you are undone!' After a vacation of unprecedented shortness, succeeding the most unseasonable and laborious session that was ever known, Parliament are called together again in the first week of December, for no other discovered or ostensible purpose, than that the very anarchy and suffering produced by the agitation of this Reform question may, before the few surviving sparks of that enthusiasm which it once excited be utterly extinct,—that this very anarchy and suffering might be pressed as a motive for entertaining and passing through its two first stages in the lower house before the holidays, that amended measure, which Lord Grey had promised (and far be it from us to question his fidelity to his word) should be 'equally efficacious,' meaning, thereby, doubtless, 'equally mischievous,' with the last. His Majesty meets the legislature with a becoming expression of sympathy for the prevailing distress, and of deprecatory animadversion on the opposition raised to the payment of tithes in Ireland, the outrages committed in Bristol and other places, and the prevalence of illegal combinations; and having previously mentioned, in pointed language, as the reason for so early and inopportune a summons, 'the important duties by which the *circumstances of the times* require their *immediate* attention,' he is made to urge on both houses, but more

\* Henry V., Act. I., sc. 1.

emphatically

emphatically on the Peers, the 'pressing' necessity of 'a speedy and satisfactory settlement' of this question of Reform! The peers are here very plainly told that they must hesitate no longer,—that they have no alternative but to pass the ministerial bill,—or that the 'security of the state' will be shaken, and the 'contentment and welfare of the people' brought into jeopardy. 'Are ye not alarmed?'—thus Ministers virtually accost them—'Are ye not alarmed by these phantoms of danger which we have conjured up around you? Do you not recognize our power? Do ye not *see and feel what we can inflict?* Is it not yet enough? Do ye *capitulate, slaves?* Are ye yet sufficiently *humbled?* Are ye *CONVINCED?* Or must we ply you once more with the scourge and the wheel?'

'A speedy and satisfactory settlement,' forsooth, 'becomes daily of more *pressing* importance!'—But let us suppress for an instant the indignation that boils within us, when we think of the mixed insolence and hypocrisy which lurk under these specious phrases; and try to apply ourselves a little to the great question which we proposed to ourselves for the main subject of our present inquiry; namely, whether there be anything, either in the nature of the new measure itself, which has now passed a second reading in the House of Commons,—in any new arguments which may have been brought into play since the question was formerly under discussion,—in our intermediate experience of what has been passing in the world,—in the aspect of the times, the temper of the people, or any other extraneous circumstances whatever,—which, upon deliberate and mature reflection, ought to move any reasonable or constant mind, that mind having come to the same conclusion with ourselves upon the last measure, to a more favourable consideration,—or (to speak with greater precision) a more favourable treatment of the present?

For some weeks before the meeting of Parliament, the public heard much of certain conferences with a view to the settlement of the whole measure by compromise,—conferences supposed to have been then in activity between the cabinet ministers and some members of the opposition in the upper house, who had always professed a disposition to concede a certain measure of reform, if modified on what they conceived to be safe principles. On this subject we may state what has been confidently rumoured, without further vouching for the accuracy of the statement, *viz.*—that such a negotiation was certainly opened (Lord Durham being then on the Continent), in consequence of Lord Grey's own express request, tendered through Lord Palmerston,—that it was repeatedly (thrice, we believe) renewed and broken off,—and that it finally ended, in the party which made the overture refusing to compromise any point

point whatsoever;—so leaving it in doubt, whether the whole affair had been merely a small stratagem to split and embroil the Tories, or to prove the unreasonableness and pertinacity of the individual peers of that party with whom they were in treaty,—or whether ministers really did not very well know their own minds, Lord Grey's notions as to 'equal efficacy' fluctuating from day to day as he read this or that newspaper, or was at a less or a greater distance from Lord Durham,—who, when on the spot, is generally supposed, as a venerable wit of Brookes's has decorously expressed it, to 'play Moses to his Aaron.' If the first were the ministers' objects, they certainly have not succeeded, for they have neither produced any division among the Tory party, nor gained an opportunity of saying, that their overture was met by anything like a pertinacious or unreasonable spirit. Quite the contrary. For ourselves, however, we are free to confess, that we never expected much good from any such parley, and that we were heartily glad to hear that it was at an end. We do not mean to say, that some of the less objectionable objects which it has been proposed to accomplish by a measure of reform, might not be attainable by comparatively safe means.—But we certainly do say, that we can conceive of no modification of either of the *ministerial bills*, (so long as these continue based on the same essential principles on which they were originally framed,—so long as they are to be '*equally efficacious*,') which *we* should consider worth the slightest sacrifice in the nature of compromise from the conservative party. In our view, it was never a matter of much consequence whether the whole bill should be carried, or only half the bill,—especially if that half should happen to be the worst half; and with all our unfeigned respect, therefore, for the probity and talents of the distinguished individuals who had undertaken this office of peace, we felt it impossible to regard the proceeding with any very sanguine anticipations.

Lord Grey, however, decided, and wisely—we mean, of course, in the sense of worldly wisdom,—wisely for his immediate personal comfort, and for the estimation in which he desires, no doubt, to stand with Mr. Place,—he decided to make no concession whatever,—nay, no changes which could even be called a concession. And, accordingly, we have this new Bill,—a bill, altered, indeed, in many of its subordinate regulations and details, but, in spirit and effect, in no degree degenerated from its predecessor. To the particular points in which the projects differ, we have endeavoured to give a careful consideration; but, after the dissection which they have already undergone in the course of three nights' debate in the House of Commons, we may be allowed to restrict ourselves to a very few observations.

Looking

Looking to the general character of the two bills, and assuming, for the sake of argument, the common principles on which they are constructed to be substantially good, we are willing to admit, that this seems at first sight an improvement on the former; that it appears more consistent with itself, and fraught with a smaller allowance of absurd anomalies and *shabby* iniquities. But, before we can venture to admit with confidence even this degree of amendment, we must wait till the bill shall have passed through that searching investigation which it will receive in the Committee. The former bill originally looked, on the face of its details, as well as this; and this, when it comes to be tried, may look as ill as that of which its authors are now so much ashamed.—Be this, however, as it may,—when considered with reference to its *essential* scope and spirit, this appears to us the more dangerous measure of the two. It is a measure more essentially democratic than the last, inasmuch, as out of twenty-three members whom it gives to the English representation, in order to restore the total number of the House of Commons to the original complement, there is only one allotted to a county (Monmouth), while the twenty-two others are added to the town representation. In the construction of their former scheme, Ministers professed to have been guided by the principle of preserving, throughout, a fair equipoise between the agricultural and manufacturing interests, and to have taken care, with that view, that the county representation should always be augmented *pari passu* with every addition to the number of members for the great towns. But here is an express and signal deviation from that rule. Here is a new weight recklessly tossed into the scale against the agricultural interest,—against that interest which, even under the provisions of the last bill, must have been all but annihilated,—against that interest among whose members alone of the several classes to which it is now proposed to extend the elective franchise, we can have the least reason to hope, that any conservative spirit will be steadily cherished.

Nor let it be thought, that this weight will be in any material degree counterbalanced by the circumstance, that ten of these twenty-two members have been restored to boroughs, which, by the last bill, were included in Schedule B. Under their *present* constitution, some of these boroughs would serve, no doubt, as a support to the landed interest. But when the right of election shall be transferred to a constituency of ten-pound householders, the case will, in all probability, be entirely changed. The restoration, in fact, of these ten members to the old boroughs, under such circumstances, though it may find favour with many, as *ex facie* diminishing the gross mass of iniquity, appears to us to be

a change nearly insignificant, and, as far as it goes, rather injurious in its relation to the general effect of the bill.

It must also be kept continually in mind, that this bill, like the former, sets loose upon the counties a new town constituency, having no concern with agriculture, and of which the extent is altogether undefined and unascertained,—in the shape of copyholders, leaseholders, &c. coming from all those towns which are not to enjoy any separate elective franchise. And though it is certainly provided, that no person shall be entitled to vote at any county election by reason of his interest in any tenement, by the occupation whereof he or any other person might acquire a right to vote for the city or borough in which it is situated, this provision leaves untouched the county franchises of all the lowest and worst class of town voters, namely, the proprietors of freeholds valued at any yearly sum between 40s. and 10l. per annum. So far, indeed, is the bill from being yet purged of its monstrosities, notwithstanding all the time and deliberation which *ought* to have been employed on it, that, *de facto*, the effect of the twenty-fourth and other clauses bearing on the same point, as they now stand, would be,—to give to a man occupying a 10l. tenement within a borough, and holding at the same time a freehold interest in another tenement within the same borough worth 40s. yearly,—to give to such a person two votes, *one for the borough and another for the county*,—while the proprietor of ten separate freeholds in the same place, each of the yearly rental of 100l. or upwards, could by no possibility become entitled, by virtue of that property, to any vote for the county at all, and could only acquire a vote for the borough by the personal occupancy of one of his freeholds!

Next;—as to the schedules of disfranchisement. The principle on which the boroughs included in these schedules have been selected has been somewhat modified in the present bill. Instead of taking fixed lines of population as the rule of disfranchisement, and consigning to the respective schedules all boroughs not containing the number of inhabitants required by that rule, a scale of boroughs has been framed on a principle compounded of the total number of houses in each borough, and of the amount of assessed taxes paid within the borough; the returns of 1851 have been assumed as the basis of the number of houses; and an *arbitrary* number has been selected, from those lowest in the scale, for total or partial disfranchisement, without reference to any stated lines either of population, of the number of houses, or of taxation. These alterations in the mode of proceeding make little alteration in the result, and none at all in the power of Ministers to favour a particular borough. When the boroughs were ranged in the order of the population of 1821, the Ministers  
drew



drew arbitrary lines where they pleased,—they drew those lines in the former bill at 2000 and 4000, by which Westbury, and Tavistock, and Malton were spared.—When the boroughs are arranged in the order of the new schedule the Ministers again draw their arbitrary lines, and are pleased to draw them at 56 and 86, by which Westbury, and Tavistock, and Malton are still spared. In fact, the objection made in *the committee* on the late bill was not to the principle of population being taken as a test, but because that principle was partially and fraudulently applied; that the population of the *parishes* of Calne and Horsham were reckoned to swell the *boroughs* of Calne and Horsham beyond the line, while the parishes of Appleby, and several other Tory boroughs, were, on various pretences, excluded. If the population principle had been *honestly* applied in the last bill, the result would have been nearly the same as that now proposed; but then, as now, the Ministers would have the power by drawing the arbitrary lines where *they* should please, to include or exclude this or that particular borough, which might at all approach the intended boundary. In any comprehensive view of the measure, therefore, we really cannot regard these changes as improvements of the least importance. They appear to us, in brief, to be changes framed mainly, if not merely, *at captandum*. It had been a common topic of objection in the course of the debate on the last bill, particularly in the House of Lords, that it was a bill founded on the principle of population, a principle most questionable, certainly, in itself, and which could not be fairly followed out without leading to changes far more extensive than even those which the bill contemplated. Possibly, therefore, ministers may have flattered themselves that, by keeping this principle a little more in the background,—by discarding the fanciful lines of two thousand and four thousand inhabitants, whereby the limits of the old schedules were regulated,—and, instead of considering directly the number of inhabitants, adopting the number of houses in boroughs for the measure of disfranchisement,—they might be able to hoodwink some of these objectors, and lull them into a persuasion that they had really got some substantial amendment,—when, in truth, it was little more than the substitution of a few less obnoxious forms and phrases, which might, perhaps, ‘keep the word of promise to their ear,’ but would assuredly ‘break it to their hopes.’ It is quite clear, that to estimate the importance of a borough by the number of its houses, and to estimate it by the number of the inhabitants of those houses, are but two modes of doing exactly the same thing. Population is still the principle just as much in one case as in the other;—and it is only because it

is a test of the population, and a test less liable to perversion than any enumeration of persons, that the enumeration of houses can be resorted to for such a purpose as this in question at all. It is true, indeed, that, by compounding with the general account of houses, the ratio also of those rated to the assessed taxes, you mix up, in some degree, the principle of property with your measure of disfranchisement. But what do you gain by that, beyond something of a more satisfactory instrument for regulating the details of your scheme? The fundamental objection to the use of the principle of population, as a rule of disfranchisement, still remains. That objection would equally apply to the principle of taxation or to the principle of property, supposing either of these to be made even the sole test of disability. The objection to all three principles is the same; and it is this,—that no scheme of reform, founded on either of them, can possibly be final, unless you are prepared to follow out the principle at once and in the first instance, to all its consequences, and to reconstruct your whole constitution from the foundation by the Rule of Three;—a project which, it is needless to say, our Whig constitution-mongers have not yet had the hardihood to broach. It has been over and over again observed, that if you disfranchise boroughs having less than two thousand inhabitants, for the sole purpose of providing members for towns of twenty thousand inhabitants and upwards, the boroughs possessing a population of from two to six thousand will not be long able to maintain their privileges against the claims of towns of fifteen thousand inhabitants, which may have been still left unrepresented. But you can never get at the root of this difficulty by merely shifting from one principle of over-much elasticity to another not less elastic. If one borough must perish because its aggregate importance, as measured by the number of the dwellings and the taxation taken together, is in the ratio of one thousand, in order to make way for another place, whose importance is as ten thousand, what can the borough whose place in the scale is as two thousand have to say why a similar sentence should not be passed on it at the demand of any unrepresented town rated at eight thousand,—more than if the ranks assigned to these respective places were estimated as before by their relative proportions in the scale of population. The difference is in mode merely;—the effect is the same.

It remains only now that we should say a few words as to those alterations in the bill, which concern the important subject of the borough constituency. Here also we have a fresh influx of democracy. Not only is the ten-pound franchise to be maintained, but one of the few securities for the respectability of such a constituency

a constituency which were to be found in the provisions of the old bill, is to be abandoned. A continued occupation of the *same* premises for the space of twelve months previous to the exercise of the franchise, is no longer to be an indispensable condition. By a new clause which has been introduced into this bill, it is declared, that the premises in respect to which any person shall be entitled to vote, may be '*different premises occupied in immediate succession* by such person during the said twelve months.' There is to be no question any longer with respect either to the *actual* rent, or the *amount* of the rates. The party claiming to vote must have been rated indeed on the overseer's books, and must have paid up both his rates and assessed taxes; but it is immaterial, whether the valuation on which the rate may have been levied has been a rental of ten pounds or of ten shillings. It is sufficient if the premises can be *alleged* to be of the yearly value of ten pounds; and those premises need not have been occupied for more than *twelve hours*, provided the party has in the meanwhile taken care to comply with the provision of the act, as to the payment of his rates and taxes. It is requisite, indeed, as we have said, that the party should, for twelve months, have been in the occupation either of those or of some other premises, occupied in immediate succession,—that is, we suppose, that he should not have been living during any part of the time in the open air! That these other premises must be of the same yearly value as those for which he claims to vote, or must be of any certain yearly value, is by no means made plain by the bill; nor is it quite clear even, that they need be premises within the limits of the borough at all.\* Supposing, however, the language of the bill on these points to be made perfectly explicit, and that it is settled, (as we presume was the intention of the framers,) that the premises so occupied in succession, must severally have been premises of the yearly value of ten pounds, rated to the poor-rates, and of which the rates and taxes have been paid up,—supposing all this to be made consistent and intelligible, still we should be glad to know how it is to be ascertained, in any

\* It is scarcely possible, we think, for the most unlearned person to peruse these clauses (the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth) of the bill, without being struck with the very clumsy manner in which they are drawn, and the exquisite tissue of confusion, contradiction, and uncertainty, in which they contrive to involve this point of the twelve months' occupation. In clause twenty-seven, after setting forth the several descriptions of premises, by the occupation whereof a person may become entitled to registration as a voter, it is provided 'that no such person shall be so registered unless he shall have occupied *such premises as aforesaid* for twelve calendar months next previous to' a certain day. This is clear and express. But then comes the twenty-eighth clause, repealing in effect what had just been declared, by the enactment 'that the premises, in respect of the occupation of which any person shall be so deemed entitled to vote as aforesaid, shall not be required to be the same premises, but may be *different premises*, occupied in immediate succession by such person during the said twelve months.'

case, that all these conditions have been complied with. The actual yearly value of the premises under occupation is to be made a matter of investigation and proof, it seems, before the barrister's court,—of itself surely no light enterprise. But is this investigation to extend likewise to all the different premises which the party may have occupied during the twelve months? If a vagrant or a swindler in a great city has been in the habit of changing his residence once a week,—rarely for any time together, perhaps, in the same parish,—is it to be the office of the barrister to trace him through all his transmigrations, to ascertain the yearly value of each of the dwellings which he may have successively tenanted, and to inquire if the rates and taxes of all these have been duly paid up? Truly, if all these matters are to be gone into at every registration, these new travelling jurisdictions are likely to find as much occupation for their time, and to prove as fruitful scenes of litigation, as any of the higher courts in Westminster. Nor can we perceive any object that is to be attained by this proposed modification of the original rule, save that of letting in a greater number of low and objectionable voters, and so creating, as we have said, a more democratic constituency.

Another change in this part of the bill, is the restoration to resident freemen of corporations, who are now in existence, or who shall obtain such freedom hereafter by birth or servitude,—the restoration to them of their elective privileges in perpetuity, for themselves and their successors. As between the corporations and the legislature, this proposal may be thought certainly to betray something like a returning sense of justice. But, after all, it is but imperfect and fallacious justice, while the constituencies of freemen are still to be flooded with an overwhelming influx of ten-pound voters. And the general effect of this innovation, as of the last, on the practical working of the bill, must necessarily, of course, be to multiply the number of large and democratic electoral bodies.—Precisely the same observation may be applied to another new provision, already glanced at, *viz.* that of clause thirtieth, whereby the franchises of freeholders, who have heretofore been entitled to vote at the election of members for any city or town being a county of itself, are in like manner secured to them in perpetuity.—Lastly, the idea of keeping up every borough constituency to the number of 300, and, where that number cannot be made up from among the qualified householders within the town, then bringing in a supply of new electors from some of the surrounding rural districts, appears to have been relinquished. In some respects, certainly, it is well that it should be so. But then we must not lose sight of the fact, that by this change the landed interest will be still more effectually excluded than ever from all  
concern

concern in the elections even of the smallest boroughs, and that the weight of which they are deprived is transferred, still, as in all the preceding cases, to the scale of the democracy.

We have now noticed, we believe, every material particular in which this bill, as compared with its predecessor, has been altered ;—and we put it fairly to the understanding and conscience of any reasonable being, whether these changes are of a nature in the slightest degree to propitiate the suffrages of those who regarded the bill of last session as a measure fraught with the most frightful perils to society, and on that ground opposed it to the uttermost. If there was danger in the former measure, assuredly there can be no safety in this,—in this, which, however it may be somewhat better methodized in some subordinate parts of its machinery, only gives a more mischievous scope to the most mischievous principles of the other. There may, for aught we know, be men, who can fancy they have gained much, by rescuing two or three condemned boroughs out of this general conflagration, or who think it a vital point, that the children of apprentices born fifty years hence are to have their votes preserved to them. There may be such men ; but they cannot be the men of that conservative party, which, during four long summer months, day by day in the House of Commons, kept up so manful and unflinching a contest against the original measure, in all its parts and through all its stages ; nor can they be of that majority of the peers, who, disregarding alike the menaces of popular frenzy and the blandishments of power, set so noble an example of devotion to their high calling by their vote of the 7th October, 1831. Such frivolous objects, we will presume to say, would never have been felt as a justification by any sane person for harassing the public mind with so prolonged and relentless an opposition. The ground, therefore, on which these distinguished individuals took their stand, must be considered to be wholly unaltered by any modification which the measure itself has since undergone. Those only can look forward with indifference or tranquillity to the realization of this project as it is now offered for adoption, whose stolidity of intellect has saved them from much serious care on the subject at any period of the discussion ; who have never allowed themselves to doubt, indeed, that whatever Reform Bill may be passed, the world, as regards them, must still go on as before ; and who, happily fortified by nature against any strong or lively perception of consequences in any case, can contemplate so awful an issue with the imperturbable phlegm of Lord Althorp, when he lately attempted to rebut Sir Robert Peel's comparison of the present state of this country with the early scenes of the French revolution, by the observation, that ' although we propose a great  
*alteration*

alteration in the mode of conducting the government'—(an alteration which, it will be recollected, is to leave not one iota of our representative system as it was before)—'we by no means PROPOSE to unsettle the principles on which that government depends, or those which have always been considered as the principles of the English constitution.' Poor Lord Althorp! we could almost find in our hearts to forgive him. But there are some of his associates who have not the same claim on our indulgence,—one, at least, above the rest, whose respect for his own understanding has never once permitted him to approach the subject of the Reform question, without showing, by one oblique admission or another, how much it would mortify him to be classed with those who are inaccessible to the force of the arguments against it, and betraying, even in the midst of his advocacy, his inward contempt for the measure and its authors.\*

We could not hope, at this time of day, to obtain a very patient hearing for any lengthened discussion of the general principles on which this Reform Bill, like the last, has been constructed,—were it even possible that we could have much to say on the subject which had not been better said before. We may be allowed, however, just to observe, that the entire pith and drift of all the various objections which have been urged against the ministerial project—the spirit of all the analogies and illustrations on the subject which have been drawn from history—may be resolved and compressed into one short, plain, and, as it seems to us, inextricable dilemma. It is this:—Either the new House of Commons, to be produced by the operation of this bill, will be a more democratic assembly than the present,—that is, an assembly in which the voice of the population, considered numerically, will be more potent than it is in the existing parliament,—or it will not. If it will not—if there will be no real accession of democratic power after all—if, as some of those in the secret have dared to whisper, and as a great many not in the secret have been simple enough to take on credit,—if the aristocracy and men of property are still to retain the same control over the elections as heretofore, and the same influence in the councils of the state,—then is the whole device an imposture and a lie; and as soon as its real nature shall be manifested, the disappointment and rage of those who have been made its dupes will, in all probability, be vented in some signal retribution on the heads of its contrivers. If, on the other hand, as we have never in our own minds entertained a moment's doubt, and as

\* See the Lord Chancellor's speech, delivered in the House of Lords on the 7th of October, *passim*, more particularly the commencement, and the passage relating to the case of Lord Sandon,—as the latter, at least, is reported in the *Standard* newspaper; for in the report corrected for the *Mirror of Parliament* the point is lost.

we are fortified in implicitly believing by the concurrent acclamations of even the most ferocious of the radical party, all raised for the bill,—if it shall be found that the constituency to be created by this measure will return a House of Commons, of which not only will the deliberations be more liable to take their character from the prevailing feelings, prejudices, and passions of the population at large, than those of any parliament that ever before sat in England, but of which a great portion of the individual members will be pledged—and in pursuance of such pledges required—to give to those feelings, prejudices, and passions, an uncompromising practical effect in every case, and will be supported in so doing by the whole physical array of the populace,—then comes to be considered the great question, whether, with such a legislature, it will be *practicable*, on any principles of which we have the least experience, or on any that are known or intelligible, to conduct this *monarchical government*? ‘This,’ as was well and pointedly put by the Duke of Wellington,\*—‘This is the real question—What will be the probable action of the system, established by the bill, on the *government* of the country?’ And this is the question which it behoves every statesman to ponder, and satisfactorily to answer to his own mind, before he gives his sanction to so wild an innovation. Has Earl Grey answered it?—No:—that noble Lord has evaded it. That noble lord has simply said, that ‘he did not conceive, that government had anything to do with such questions; that parliament was to judge for itself, and that there was no necessity for the interference of government.’ But this is no answer to the question. If, by telling us, that parliament is to judge for itself, and that there is no necessity for the interference of government, Lord Grey means to signify that, after the Reform Bill shall have passed, parliament is to act in all cases independently of the government,—to take on itself the initiative and direction in all affairs, without any reference to the views or opinions, or acts or duties of the executive,—then his lordship is intelligible certainly. But these are principles, on which the affairs of this or any other monarchical state never have been, nor ever can, for any length of time, be conducted. The Commons, holding the control of the supplies, possess the power, whenever they may think fit, of usurping all the functions of the three estates. And if it is to become the practice for the Commons to take their own course on all questions, the ministers of the crown merely sitting by to receive and execute their mandates,—if the executive cannot, for instance, negotiate a treaty with any foreign power, without pre-

\* Speech of the Duke of Wellington on the Motion for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill, p. 17.



viously taking instructions from the Commons, or else subjecting itself to the hazard of being refused by that assembly the means of giving effect to such treaty after it shall have been concluded,—if the King shall retain the power indeed of declaring war, but without any reasonable certainty that he will be supported by the Commons in carrying it on,—and if even the most common acts of prerogative, the pardon of a criminal, or the nomination of a public officer, are to be exercised under continual correction,—then the constitution of this country will have ceased, in point of fact, to be a monarchy;—it will have become, to all intents and purposes, a republic;—and the costly appendages of a king and peerage, having become altogether useless, will not much longer be able to maintain their existence; nor, indeed, will it be possible to assign any good reason for prolonging the existence of authorities, which will have ceased to perform any useful functions in the state.

It must surely be impossible for any candid person to shut his eyes to the great difficulty which the king's government has experienced for some years past, in carrying on the current affairs of their administration in any thing like regular harmony with the House of Commons, even with the aid of all the influence which they possess in that House as at present constituted. Nor certainly has this difficulty been occasioned by any peculiar perverseness of conduct on the part of Ministers,—by any course which could be stigmatized as unbending,—or any systematic disregard, on their parts, of the public opinion. Quite the contrary. Yet one administration after another has been obliged to retire from power, from its inability to command that majority in Parliament, without which it must be impossible for any administration to conduct the government. And it is matter of notoriety, that, but for the temporary popularity which they purchased with the Reform bill, the present ministers must long ere this have followed the fate of their predecessors.

Let us now then try to take a prospective survey of the character and composition of that House of Commons, which will be called into existence by the passing of this Reform Bill, and see if these hold out any promise of a legislature better fitted than the present to act in unison with an enlightened and well-intentioned executive,—or, rather, if they do not render all chance of such beneficial co-operation utterly desperate.—Let us picture to ourselves for a moment the altered aspect of the assembly.—Men of quiet and retiring habits,—sober-minded men,—men of delicate feeling or high principle,—very generally withdrawn,—many, from having no longer any connexion with the constituent body, and others, from aversion to undergo the ordeal of an election contest,

contest, or from disgust at those restrictions on their free agency, which would have been made the condition of their return ;—a large proportion of the monied men, the leading merchants, the gentlemen connected with the colonies who are now in Parliament, together with a great many of the landed gentry and the connexions of the aristocracy, unseated,—of that class, whom it has sometimes been the fashion to stigmatize by the name of *political adventurers*, but whose existence, as a class, in this country has contributed more, perhaps, to her fame and greatness, and has afforded more of practical facility in the administration of her affairs, than any other single circumstance that could be named,—men, for the most part of respectable extraction, but of little patrimony, who have made their way to distinction by the capacity they have shown for affairs, and have devoted themselves to the public service as a profession,—the Burkes, the Sheridans, the Cannings, and even the Broughams—of those, one-half perhaps gone, and the door for ever shut against aspirants of the same order in time to come !—Let us only think then, by what *other class of adventurers* the places of these gentlemen will be occupied !—By intriguing and clever country attornies,—by hungry soldiers of fortune,—by bankrupts in trade and in character,—men of a confident and plausible address, intent on finding in notoriety some indemnity for the loss of respectability,—by street orators, itinerant lecturers, and venal writers for the press,—a noisy and turbulent generation of glib talkers and shallow thinkers !—Nor let any man flatter himself that this is but a dream ! It is a fearful reality ! In some degree it is already in being. And for the rest, we have only to look round us, and we may see the stage already prepared, and each performer rehearsing his part !

Now, if there be those who can contemplate this perspective with a constant and tranquil spirit, who can bear unmoved the idea, that the Parliament of England is to be polluted by an infusion like this—who can make up their minds to the *consequences* of the country being delivered into the hands of such men,—or who can think it a light matter that, in addition to all this, that formidable phalanx, which is indefatigably labouring at this moment to sever Ireland from the crown, and which, small as is its actual array, has been the cause of more disquiet and embarrassment to the present Ministry than any other party connected with their government,—that these are to take their ground in the new legislature with more than *thrice* their present force :—if there be those who can really entertain such anticipations with composed mind, we can only say, that either their faculty of apprehension must be very differently constituted from ours, or they are endued with a strength of nerve which quite surpasses our conception.

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The radicals (English and Irish) have already, with few exceptions, thrown off the very slight mask which they scarcely affected to wear, with respect to their ulterior designs; and we may perceive, in the daily heavings of the ground, the signs of the coming earthquake. It can be no longer pretended, that *they*, at least, are content to receive this bill as a *settlement* either of the Reform question or of any other. Mr. O'Connell makes no secret of the objects which *he* purposes to accomplish through its aid in Ireland. He tells Mr. Stanley plainly, that it is not '*the manner, but the matter*,' of the tithe system to which the people there object; that it is detested by Protestant as well as Catholic; and that tithe must be extirpated, root and branch, out of the land. Even of the question of the repeal of the Union he scarcely suspends the agitation until the Reform Bill be passed.—The Manchester radicals have become equally candid. They, as appears by the proceedings of their great meeting in October, described in our last number, are now for carrying *their* measure of reform in a more compendious fashion, by first suppressing the bench of bishops and instituting an inquiry into the extent of the powers of the peers. And there, as at Preston, Leeds, and the other manufacturing towns of the north, universal suffrage, annual parliaments and vote by ballot appear to be again as much as ever the popular topics, and to have thrown *the Bill* already into the shade.

When we think then of that restless spirit inherent in all democratic assemblies, of which history affords so many examples,—so universal indeed, that we doubt if an instance could be pointed out of such an assembly having ever found itself in collision with any higher or co-ordinate authority, without arrogating, and putting forth its utmost energies to obtain, a monopoly of the whole power,—when we reflect on this, it seems scarcely possible to indulge a hope, that this new House of Commons, even if composed of more respectable materials than we have ventured to suppose,—being, as it must be, at all events, a democratic and an independent assembly,—will prove any exception to the general rule. Nor let it be imagined, that those kindly feelings of loyalty and affectionate attachment, which, it has been said, and we have no doubt truly said, that the great body of the people of England as yet bear towards their king and nobles, would furnish any permanent security against the progress of a movement, thus urged on by a popular legislature. Such feelings have been the growth of a long-settled state of society; and belong to a class of associations intimately blended with the habits and opinions of the old times;—with the new times they would pass away: nay, they are passing—we had almost said passed! We have a memorable proof in

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the rapid revulsion which took place in the popular feelings of the French towards their *Grand Monarque* at the time of the first revolution ;—we have daily proof before our eyes in the effects produced by the actual excitement in this country, on the sentiments of some portion at least of the population towards the aristocracy ;—we have proof unhappily irrefragable, that feelings of this description are of no very enduring stuff, when exposed to the existing influences of society, but gradually (or scarcely even gradually) give way, as new questions open out new views, as new interests are generated, and new hopes awakened.\*

There are many persons, however, who, taking nearly the same view as ourselves of the probable operation of such a change as that now in agitation on the eventual distribution of political power,—regarding it with us as the precursor merely of a series of further changes,—changes propelled too with an energy and rapidity, not disproportioned probably to the boldness of the original impulse, and to which we can hope for no termination but in the subversion of all existing institutions, and the substitution of a wild and ephemeral republic in their stead,—there are many, we say, who, perceiving these deductions very steadily and clearly, yet cling to the persuasion, that the *principle of property* is strongly enough rooted in the framework of society to *protect itself* through every vicissitude,—and who flatter, themselves, that a grasping majority, having no possessions of their own, may without much harm be permitted to make laws for those who have. —Let not such persons be deceived ! This question of property is at the root of all civil conflicts, and has been so in all times. There are many natural sympathies, by which even the lowest classes of society may be moved occasionally to rise in defence of establishments, to which they have been long accustomed ; but no man who labours for his daily meal, will readily be found to risk his life in any enterprise of rebellion, unless he expects somehow to better his fortunes by the issue. What were the real, substantial objects of all the mutinies of the Roman plebeians ?—what the causes of that memorable anarchy which convulsed the republic for more than a century and a half, and ended at last in its destruction ? Why—the gratuitous distribution of corn, the remission of debts, and the agrarian law. All their long contests with the patricians were to obtain a more complete command over those objects ; and

\* 'Ce sera une grande leçon, et un effrayant et douloureux spectacle que cette institution vieille (l'aristocratie Anglaise), croûlant d'elle-même du fait des richesses et du pouvoir, et écrasant encore de ses débris les prolétaires qui se ruent sur elle. Un Anglais me disait dernièrement : " Pour votre révolution de 89 il vous a fallu inventer la guillotine ; pour la nôtre, il nous faudra une guillotine à vapeur ; " et ce mot horrible ne peint que trop bien le bouleversement qui menace l'Angleterre. — *Revue Encyclopédique*, Juin, 1831, p. 526.

each successive triumph was important in the exact proportion of its efficacy for that end. The proposal for an equal division of conquered lands began to be agitated within a very few years after the institution of the Tribunes; and in ten years afterwards was passed the Licinian law, interdicting any citizen from holding land to an extent exceeding about 300 acres English, or from possessing more than 100 bullocks and 500 goats and sheep. To enforce the more complete execution of this impracticable ordinance, was the avowed object of the violent factions afterwards headed by the Gracchi; and to the last hour of the commonwealth, the same question never ceased to be the watchword of sedition, and the eternal bane of the public peace.—During the first French Revolution, there was an almost entire overthrow of all existing proprietary rights. The possessions of the church became the first subjects of confiscation;—the virtual extinction of all claims on the exchequer was then easily accomplished by the stratagem of the assignats;—before the revolution had run its course, there were not many landed estates in France which had not been transferred by violence to new occupants;—under the Convention, the very possession of property—the mere distinction of wealth—had become as dangerous to the possessor as ever it was under the worst Asiatic despotism,—and it is plain that to the *accumulation*, at least, of property there must therefore have been an end, had it been possible for that democratic anarchy to have preserved its existence.

It is not, we may observe, that the *principle* of property has, in any of these instances, been expressly assailed; nor is it any direct attack of that nature that we have so much to fear. The propagation of such doctrines as those of the Saint-Simonians and the Owenites is doubtless eminently mischievous in its influence on the opinions and dispositions of those classes of society among whom it thrives,—it is mischievous by unsettling those moral convictions on which the rights of property are based. But there is not much probability, that any such visionary absurdities will ever be so favourably thought of by any very large portion of mankind, as to be deliberately adopted for the groundwork of a system of civil institutions. What we have to apprehend is, not so much an attack on the *principle* of property, as an attack on *property itself in its details*,—an attack having all the effect, at the same time, of *weakening the principle* more and more with each successive encroachment, until at last the scene closes in one general and overwhelming anarchy. It were vain to imagine, that the vast disparity of conditions for which this country has so long been remarkable, and which has been the natural offspring of an unprecedented course of prosperity under

under the protection of free and fixed institutions, should be permitted to remain undisturbed by a government of the majority. The revenues of the church, as we see, are already loudly designated, and without the least disguise, as a fit subject for spoliation! The next step will probably be, an invasion of the vested interests of individuals in public offices, pensions, and parliamentary grants! We may then expect to see all the larger masses of wealth laid under contribution, by the searching operation of a very heavy graduated tax, first on income and then on property. To abolish the right of primogeniture,—to restrain the power of devising property by will,—and to limit by law the extent of land which any individual shall be capable of holding, are all measures that will follow in very natural sequence. And by the time all this shall be accomplished, (if not, indeed, much earlier,) it is but fair to presume, that the public mind will have become sufficiently familiarized to such experiments, to tolerate some proposal for the *equitable adjustment* of the national debt, or, perhaps, rather for the equitable adjustment of all accounts between debtor and creditor, through the compendious process of a debasement of the currency! We forbear at present to trace the prospect further.

Nor let us rely too much on the example of America, as a ground of confidence in the security of property under a democratic system of institutions. It is only within these few years that America has become a manufacturing country, or that her institutions have been exposed to any trial from the pauperism of great towns or the vicissitudes of demand and supply. There is, however, no country in the world, where the fundamental principles of property are more freely and extensively canvassed than they are just now in America; nor any country in which property will be so entirely and immediately at the mercy of those who may have—or fancy they have—an interest in assailing it, as soon as that body shall be sufficiently numerous to form the preponderating class in the community. The law there is already sufficiently unfavourable to the preservation of large inheritances; and the opinions and habits of the country quite tyrannically opposed to any aristocratic display of wealth, which would much distinguish a man above his neighbours. We have heard even a well-authenticated instance, of a state legislature having been made the instrument of compelling an individual to bring his uncleared lands into the market, by dint of a heavy impost, professing to apply generally to lands of that description, but really aimed at his *particular case*, merely because there chanced to be a great many neighbours round him to whom the possession of the lands would be convenient! It appears again from the account of their own  
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great authority in Political Economy, Dr. Cooper, in his last publication, that certain doctrines relative to the respective claims of the capitalist and the workman to share in the profits of production,—doctrines, which have long been a favourite theme in our own manufacturing districts,—have been making great way among the philosophical mechanics of New York; and that other notions respecting the distribution of wealth, still less in accordance with commonly received principles, are much agitated there, and have been made the subject of numerous recent publications. According to these profound speculators, capital being merely an instrument, which is utterly worthless in itself, and is only rendered productive by the hand of the workman, ‘the *whole price* of the production belongs of right to him who alone confers the value which produces that price\*.’ Other writers of the same school contend for the *right* of the poor to have their children not merely educated, but *fed and clothed* during the entire period of their education, at the public expense. And there are not wanting advocates, it seems, for a proposition even still more extravagant, and partaking still more of the abstract principle of perfect equality, namely, ‘that at the death of any member of the community, his property, instead of passing to his widow and children, should be divided among all the members of society who have just attained adult age!’†

For that degree of security which property has hitherto enjoyed in the United States, it has been indebted to the same conservative elements, peculiar to their social condition, which have also given an appearance of stability to their civil institutions. Those elements, as it seems to us, may shortly be classed under three principal heads. First and chief, there is the inexhaustible fund of unoccupied land, which, by not only offering a sure resource in the back woods to every man who is able and willing to labour, but really holding out the reward of a reasonable competence to those who will take the means to earn it, exempts the great body of the lower orders from what in other countries is the most usual and fruitful source of popular discontent and tumult, namely, the pressure of want. Secondly, there is that most important circumstance, which we took the liberty of pointing out in a recent number,‡—the impediment to any hasty or frequent innovations on the constitution, arising out of its federal mechanism, and the strict limitation of the powers of congress. And, lastly, there is the frequent recurrence of the Presidential elections, imparting a continual interest to all the infinitude of subordinate

\* Cooper's Lectures on the Elements of Political Economy, p. 350.

† *Ibid.*, p. 352. ‡ Quarterly Review, No. LXXXIX, p. 205.



elections which bear upon them, and affording an endless topic of excitement, in which the spirit of party can harmlessly waste itself, instead of seeking for pabulum, as it otherwise probably would, in deeper and graver matters. But for these happy circumstances,—but for the first of them more especially,—it is difficult to imagine, that such a constitution as that of America should have existed in peace for a year. It is a scheme, indeed, with which the Americans may well be content;—for one better fitted to their situation, it might not have been very easy, if possible, to devise. In a country where there is so marked an equality of conditions and pursuits, it is well calculated to produce a certain mediocrity of legislation, a mediocrity of justice, and a mediocrity of individual character and attainment. But, even with all the advantages which we have described, it has yet barely been able to preserve its vitality against the workings of the destroying power within itself. The federal or conservative party has for some time been *all but* extinct; and it may be said, indeed, not only that no opposition to the prevailing system now exists, but that none is tolerated;—for in few countries, as it appears, is there really less freedom of thought or action for any individual, who may be disinclined to swim with the stream, than there is in the United States. Several important changes too, chiefly bearing on the great point of the Presidential election, have from time to time been introduced, in spite of every obstacle—others are still in prospect—all tending to increase the strength of the *democracy*,—by which we desire always to be understood to mean, the *numerical majority*;—and we think it clear enough, that, whenever the time shall arrive—(and, with manufactures daily spreading, and the boundary of the wilderness continually receding, that time perhaps may not be far distant,)—that the majority shall look on the rights of property as in any degree at variance with their own interests, the cause of property will be utterly helpless. ‘The future comes apace!’ A single despot may often be a sufficiently stern master; but against a tyranny of ten millions who can hope to stand up?

To return now to the Reform Bill.—We have seen, that every important objection which applied to the last scheme, may be urged with at least equal force against the present.—Need we ask next, if the interval has produced any accession of importance to the weight of argument by which the ministerial measure has been supported? Scarcely. It would, probably, have taxed the ingenuity of the most skilful advocates of the party, to have opened out, at this time of day, any very novel views of the subject; but indeed we are at once relieved from all concern on this head, by the candid acknowledgment of Lord John Russell in his late opening speech, that even those views of it, which himself and his colleagues have

been urging for so long a time and with so much pertinacity on the minds of the public, may not be entirely free from exaggeration,—‘that both the anomalies to be remedied by the measure, and the advantages to be derived from that remedy, have been *highly coloured*.’ If, however, there still lurks in the mind of any man the vain notion, that statesmen of the mature years and reputed sagacity of his Majesty’s Ministers, would surely not have embarked the country in a venture of such fearful import, without seeing their way more clearly than he himself is able to do, or without having some better reason for what they are about than he is competent to fathom,—we cannot recommend to such person a more effectual antidote for his delusion, than a diligent and careful study of the elaborate speech of the Lord Chancellor, delivered on the last night of the debate in the House of Lords, together with the running commentary on that speech, which he will find in a very masterly pamphlet named at the head of this article. We have a perfect right to assume, that there is no argument or illustration capable of having been urged with the least effect on behalf of the bill, which could easily have escaped so acute and vigorous a mind as that of Lord Brougham, putting forth all its strength on so great an occasion. His speech, accordingly, for brilliancy of wit, rhetorical dexterity, and overwhelming bitterness of sarcasm, leaves all the efforts of all the other ministers at an immeasurable distance. It is the only powerful speech, we may almost say, that has yet been spoken on that side of the question in either house. It is every thing, in short, but legal, logical, or convincing.—‘By some of the things which he had heard urged,’ his Lordship admits, ‘he had been so far moved, as to be inclined towards a reconsideration of several matters, on which he had conceived his mind to have been fully made up.’ Yet he leaves us to gather from only one or two incidental suggestions, what those important matters may be.—On the other hand, ‘in the great majority of the objections which have been ingeniously raised against this bill,’ he says, ‘he can by no means concur.’ Yet this great majority of objections, and the most forcible of the objections too, he leaves altogether unanswered and unnoticed! For full proof, however, of the intrinsic fallacy and worthlessness of his whole argument,—that is, of the most powerful body of reasoning which has yet been brought to bear on the Reform question by the ablest of its advocates,—we must again refer our readers to the tract already mentioned. It is the work of a gentleman,\* to whom the con-

\* The author of ‘Would a Reform in Parliament be a benefit to the Country?’ of a ‘Letter to a Noble Peer,’ and a ‘Letter to the Farmers.’—In another pamphlet, which we have included in our title, the ‘Two Letters to a Friend abroad,’ will be found the sentiments on this subject of a veteran soldier and statesman, whose name alone would do honour to any cause.

servative party were before under very deep obligations, and whose various publications well deserve the most attentive study from every man, who desires to acquire a thorough knowledge of this most important question. The Reply to Lord Brougham is the most effective and conclusive of any,—so closely argued indeed, so dexterous of detection, so keen and stringent, that we can scarcely conceive any person, whatever may have been his previous prepossessions, rising from the perusal, without having been compelled to pay an inward tribute to the irresistible truth of the reasoning.

We must guard ourselves, however, from being supposed to affirm, that absolutely *nothing new* whatever has been urged by any partisan of the bill on its behalf, since we last approached the subject; for, on looking at this very speech of Lord John Russell's just quoted, we find a peroration made up of matter, which, if not altogether novel, has not, as well as we recollect, been before introduced into this debate. His lordship, in that passage of his speech, has adverted, at some length, to that 'increased desire of the public mind to obtain an alteration in our laws, which has been apparent for the last fifteen years,—of laws, too, in some instances, which had previously been objects of affectionate regard with a large portion of the community.' To this increased and increasing appetite for change, he traces the successive innovations which have been made within that period, in our laws relating to commerce and navigation,—in our criminal code,—in the system of enactments with respect to the established church;—and then somewhat triumphantly asks, whether any man who contemplates such important changes daily going on in so many other departments, can expect, that (what he is pleased to term) '*these* abuses, against which the general voice of the country is raised, shall remain unreformed'? Now, that this eagerness for change, of which his lordship speaks, has a real existence,—that it is an appetite becoming daily more insatiable,—'growing with what it feeds on,'—far be it from us to deny. Whether it be not an appetite which has been somewhat spoiled and pampered by indulgence, when it had better have been disciplined a little with a severer regimen,—whether it has always been very nice and discriminating in the selection of its morsels,—or whether it has not shown rather, on some occasions, an inclination to disgorge them almost as soon as swallowed,—are different questions. All that we wish to observe is, that it seems a strange inference which Lord John Russell has here been pleased to draw from the existence of this desire of change,—and from the facility which it has found in accomplishing its purposes, that the very instrument with which it has been all this time working, and

which for those very purposes has been found so pliant, must needs be the very next object which is to become its prey! According to this doctrine, it should seem, then, that the House of Commons has brought the necessity of this reform on itself, by *its too great alacrity in reforming!* A just dispensation possibly—but dealt truly by an unkind hand! Does Lord John deem, that, having devoured this one banquet more, his unreasonable monster is *then*, and for ever, to be *satisfied?*

From our observation of the uniform polemics practised for months past by the partizans of Reform, it appears to us, that there are only two arguments, on the effect of which they place any reliance,—and that those two arguments are in use with very different classes of reformers, and are considered to be adapted to very different audiences. In such incessant requisition, however, are they both kept, that we verily believe, not a single day has passed, since the question was first opened in March last, without their having, in one shape or another, been brought under our observation. The first is the argument of polite society,—the argument of the House of Commons,—the argument, more especially, of all the new Reformers, of those who till now have constantly opposed and professed to dread Reform, and even now do not profess to expect from it any actual improvement of the system of government. It is the only argument, in fine, on the principles of the question, which has ever been heard from the lips of any one of those members of the cabinet, who formerly professed allegiance to the opinions of Mr. Canning. We allude to that argument which calls on us to surrender our institutions, as a sacrifice to the increased and increasing *intelligence* of the age. On this proposition we ventured, on a former occasion,\* to submit a few observations, which have not, as far as we know, received any reply. As, however, it still continues to be produced on all occasions, as the staple argument of the class of Reformers just mentioned, we are bound to presume either that there has been some fallacy of which we were not sensible in our reasoning, or that we have not been sufficiently perspicuous in our manner of stating it. We shall endeavour, therefore, in a few words as possible, to bring this matter once more to the test.

It is said, that the improved *intelligence* of the age demands, and must ere long compel, this change in our ancient institutions,—and that it is better to yield to the force of that intelligence, while we can do so with grace and safety. Now, there are two senses in which this argument may be understood. The power to which we are invited to yield, may either be that which results from the new facilities, wherewith the progress of knowledge invests men,

\* Quarterly Review, No. LXXXIX., p. 270—276.

of combining more effectually their physical energies for the attainment of any given object of their desires ; or it may be that moral power, whereby men may justly claim to influence the movements of society, whenever knowledge shall have given them the necessary wisdom to direct their desires to the most worthy objects. If it be on the first of these consequences resulting from more diffused intelligence, that our reasoners propose to rest their appeal ;—if they simply mean to say, (as many of them in express terms indeed do say,)—‘ the multitude has become too strong for you ; they are resolved on accomplishing this change ; by the growth of intelligence, they have become acquainted with their strength and learned how to use it ;\* and it is of no avail now for you or us to consider, whether the change be for better or for worse, for safety or for danger ; we have nothing to do but to submit to it, because it is inevitable ;’—if this be really their argument, it is one certainly which admits of no misunderstanding ;—there may be some question as to the premises, but those once granted, there can be none at all as to the cogency of the inference. It may certainly, we admit, by possibility be true, that the physical energy enlisted in support of this Reform measure has become irresistible ; and, if so, that we are giving ourselves a great deal of fruitless trouble in arguing about its merits. But when a great and grave question, affecting the peace and happiness of ages, is thus reduced to a mere issue of brute force, there are certain prejudices derived from an English education, which are rather apt to revolt against a supercession of right and reason so very overbearing, and disincline one from succumbing just at the first summons to this supposed irresistible power, without having once put it to the proof, or ascertained that it really is so irresistible as it pretends to be. And what fortifies one still more against the too prompt and complacent acceptance of so base an argument, is the consideration, that it is an argument having no more reference to the particular case in hand, than it would have to any other case

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\* We receive, while we write, the volume of the ‘ Library of Entertaining Knowledge’ for January, 1832. This work, as most of our readers may be aware, is published under the superintendence of ‘ the Society for the diffusion of *Useful Knowledge*,’ of which Lord Brougham is chairman, Lord John Russell deputy-chairman, and whose council includes Lord Althorp, and Sir Thomas Denman. This volume of their *Entertaining* series consists of a *precis* of the Events of Paris, in July 1830—written *con amore*—and throughout embellished with clever engravings and woodcuts, which convey still clearer and livelier notions of the incidents narrated : the method of constructing barricades, in particular, being illustrated in a very copious manner. The whole performance, if circulated a few weeks ago at Bristol, would undoubtedly have been considered to abound not only in entertaining but in useful knowledge ; and our English students in what the Edinburgh Review wittily called ‘ the University of Paris,’ might even perhaps have ‘ taken their degrees’ with honours, which

which could be named, wherein similar desires might, by possibility, have been called into existence,—and that, therefore, *this* once received as a rule of action, there would be an end thenceforth to all deliberation with respect to the wisdom or expediency of any important measure that might be agitated;—the only question would be, as to the amount and intensity of the physical power arrayed in support of the proposition,—there would be an end, in short, of the principle of civil government.

But there are few, perhaps, of the advocates of the bill, who would wish it to be thought, that they rest their defence, exclusively at least, on this consideration of the increased physical power, which the diffusion of knowledge may enable the people of this country to bring to bear on any object of their desires. The more favourite topic doubtless will rather be, the increased moral influence which public opinion has acquired over society by dint of this extension of intelligence. It will be contended, that knowledge has brought with it understanding,—that the people of England have now become much better qualified than formerly to judge of their own interests, and to legislate for themselves,—that they have formed certain *opinions* on the subject of this Reform Bill,—and that their acquired *capacities of thinking* entitle those opinions to a preponderating weight in the deliberations of the legislature. Now this argument, we admit, may be a very good argument, as addressed to those who have no need of any more argument at all to increase their conviction,—who have already satisfied themselves, that the Reform Bill is in itself a wise, just, and benevolent measure, and that the nation would be greatly benefited by its being passed into a law. It might be a very good argument, as addressed even to the opponents of the measure, if their opposition were avowedly on the frivolous grounds of mere form or taste, wholly irrelevant to the merits of the question. It might be an efficacious argument to overcome any purely abstract antipathy to change, flowing from some antiquarian whim, if the matter in debate, for instance, were the repeal of the statutes against witchcraft or the abolition of the trial by duel. But, as addressed to persons who not only demur on principle to the wisdom, justice, and expediency of this Reform measure, but denounce it as the most rash and fatal experiment that ever was permitted to endanger the lasting peace of a community,—coming, too, above all, from persons who have always heretofore entertained a similar dread of its efficacy, and now profess to yield only to the necessity which this argument is supposed to imply,—surely an argument more futile, illusory, and self-contradictory was never propounded by man. It bears the stamp of absurdity on the very face of it.

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You ask our assent to a proposition, at which our reason and sense of justice revolt ; and, as the only inducement for our acquiescence, you allege, that it is demanded by the increased *intelligence* of the people !—Intelligence forsooth !—Why, what impression can you possibly expect to produce on our minds by such a proposition so supported, except the conviction that the people are *not intelligent*, and that you are proceeding, therefore, on a totally false assumption,—and an assumption, too, which you yourself must believe to be false, if you regard the intrinsic merits of the proposition in the same light as we do, and have no better motive than this to offer for supporting it ! That cannot possibly be *intelligence*, which demands a thing repugnant to *reason and justice*. Prove to us, that we are wrong,—prove to us, that reason and justice are on your side,—and we concede the measure at once, without asking by what or whom it is demanded. But do not expect us to receive a project of admitted mischief and folly, as a proof of the *intelligence* of those by whom it is recommended. If the people of England really entertain such desires as you state, the only practical conclusion which the circumstance can suggest to us, is, that it might be desirable to give to their understandings some more beneficial direction.

The other favourite argument of the Reformers is that which we find doled out every morning by the ‘Chronicle,’—the congenial theme of the pot-houses and Political Unions,—and incessantly kept before the public, in every imaginable form of misrepresentation, falsehood, and malignity, by all the lower order of Radical journals. We allude to the vulgar cry against the boroughmongers,—pointing them out to indignation as public depredators,—and inferring the necessity of a reform, in order to relieve the nation from the shameless prodigality of the existing Government. These are topics level to every capacity, and which are sure to find a greedy acceptance at all times in the ears of the malevolent and the sordid. It may be very true, that a monarchical government is, under all circumstances, rather a chargeable appendage to a country,—and particularly so in England, where there are so many large fortunes daily made in the liberal and mercantile professions, (to say nothing of the enormous amount of many hereditary incomes,) and where it cannot be fitting, therefore, that officers of state and other high functionaries should be paid penuriously, or degraded to a condition much inferior to that which their talents and acquirements might have commanded in some other walk of life. And it may also be perfectly true, that the offices, honours, and bounties of the state,—the patronage of the law and church,—of the army and navy,—being in the gift of the crown, are very largely shared among the  
connexions



connexions of those noblemen and men of property, including always a certain proportion of individuals possessing borough influence, who happen to support the party in power. But, on the other hand, it is as notoriously false, that the proprietors of boroughs generally are ever leagued together, as a body, for the purposes so perseveringly laid to their charge, and with such little regard to decency or candour. Into the wide subject of the financial expenditure of this country we, of course, do not think of entering, near the end of so long an article. But we shall just venture to throw out one or two short observations, which will not, we trust, be found inapposite to the main point here at issue.

That there have been at different times gross and extensive abuses in the expenditure and appropriation of the public money, we have no intention of disputing. But we certainly have a right to complain, that these should still be made a matter of principal charge against the system of Government, at a time when they have been so effectually and permanently put down by public opinion, that many of our establishments are in no small danger of being frittered into inefficiency,—when a job has become a thing nearly impracticable,—when even the wholesome influence of the crown has been shaken by the curtailment of its patronage,—and when the situation of a minister of state is in a fair way of soon being made such, that none but a man born to an independent patrimony will be able to hold it.\* Taking the very worst view, however, of the system of things in this country, as it was in what these malcontents represent to have been the very worst times, and not denying that the evils complained of are real evils, it still remains a very grave question, whether even those evils have not been the means of preventing others, which would have been much more deeply injurious to the prosperity of the kingdom. In a country where there is so much inequality of wealth,—so much enterprise, information, and capacity for public affairs,—so many ardent, restless, and ambitious spirits, as in Great Britain,—there appears the strongest reason to apprehend, that the fabric of the constitution would be exposed to continual shocks, and the peace of society incessantly brought into peril, by the turbulence and daring intrigues of individuals, unless the executive government were, in some degree, charged with the means of bringing those spirits into harmony, and fencing itself round with a strong barrier, cemented by the mutual interests, the hopes and pride of its retainers.—These may be stigmatized,

\* Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning might either of them have realized splendid fortunes at the bar. They chose the higher paths of public honour, and died beggars. Is it not just that the state should make good that provision for the relatives of such men, which they themselves forfeited the opportunity of earning by devoting their lives to her service?

perhaps,

perhaps, as unworthy motives of action, and unfit to be adopted as the basis of a system of free institutions : but they are the motives by which nine-tenths of both the good and evil which befall mankind are determined, whether they be in direct alliance with their system of government or not. And it appears to us, that those who are so forward to condemn and discard them, and think to engraft on the state and munificence of this hereditary monarchy the hucksterly habits, the calculating and chaffering parsimony of a republican form of government,—those persons, in our apprehension, are first bound to show, that the same steady, efficient, and useful character could, upon any other principles, have been preserved to the administration of affairs, in the same perfect unison with an unbounded exercise of personal liberty. This is the true and statesmanlike point of view in which the system ought to be considered,—with reference not to every petty deformity or apparent flaw in its mechanism, but to its spirit and operation as a whole,—to its unparalleled results. And, could we but count our gains,—could we reduce the whole question to a dry computation of pounds, shillings, and pence,—and taking all the paltry millions which can be justly laid to the charge of courtly profusion or official rapacity, set against them those vast accumulations of wealth and capital, those countless examples of competence and contentment, the fruits of uninterrupted industry, of a strong and settled rule, of quiet and order, which have grown up under the shadow of this mighty fabric, there can be little doubt, we presume, on which side the balance would be struck.

We must not, however, permit ourselves to be misled by the vulgar notion, that a more popular system of institutions than now subsists in England would be any certain security even against profusion,—or that those members of the community who contribute the least to the public burthens, must always necessarily be the most careful guardians of the public purse. Expenditure might be diverted, perhaps, into other channels, and addressed to other objects ; but we have no right to suppose that it would never be lavish. It is remarkable, indeed, that the very parties who are loudest in their vituperation of the prodigal and unnecessary wars, (as they are pleased to designate them,) in which this country has, at different times, been engaged during this and the preceding century,—that these very censors of our vain-glory would not have hesitated to plunge us but the other day into an absurd crusade with France for the deliverance of Poland, and do not scruple even now to tell us, that ' had England possessed a government in which the people had their proper share, the fall  
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of Warsaw would not have occurred.\* For wars undertaken from any deep or prospective considerations of policy, in fulfilment of the obligations of treaties, or for the protection of the general confederacy of nations to which we belong against the assaults of a wide-wasting military despotism, these persons have no sympathy. But to propagate their own visionary creed,—to gratify their political passions, their likings and their hatreds,—they care not in what Quixotic enterprises they embark their country, enterprises how little concerning her interests, or how unattainable by her means;—they care not, in what interminable conflicts they involve civilized society, what thrones are subverted, or what bloodshed, desolation, and anarchy they entail on the fairest portions of the globe.

There are others, again, of the faction, who are never wearied of preaching up to us the example of the United States of America, as a pattern of all that is economical, prudent, and virtuous in a government, and rarely omit the opportunity of the arrival of a Presidential message, or the promulgation of any financial exposé from that country, to draw some unfavourable comparison between her fiscal condition and ours. We may, perhaps, take some future opportunity of entering a little at large into this subject of the American finances. In the meanwhile, we shall just take the liberty of applying to it a few brief observations. There are few subjects, we do not hesitate to say, on which there prevails more general or grosser delusion. Because America is a new nation, and comparatively unburthened with debt; because her geographical position exempts her from the necessity of maintaining a standing army, or of keeping up more than a very moderate naval establishment; because the President's salary of six thousand a year stands contrasted in ostentatious penury with the privy purse of the king of England; or because the scale of the yearly budget of the general government presents a semblance of great moderation as compared with the extent of territory and population, while a very heavy class of disbursements, under the control of the separate state legislatures, are very generally kept out of view;—from these, or from any of these circumstances, we are not to infer, that there is no unnecessary expenditure under the American system, or that, in fact, those establishments, which the peculiarity of their situation does not exempt them from the necessity of maintaining, are on a much more economical scale than our own. If their warlike propensities have yet had but few opportunities of displaying themselves, and neither the accumulated burthens entailed by past wars, nor those expenses inseparable from a con-

\* See, for example, the *Westminster Review*, No. XXX. p. 526.

stant state of preparation against future wars, are yet severely felt, it is from no merit in their government,—who, on the contrary, have done their best in this respect to frustrate the advantages which nature and fortune had designed for them. It is true, that the salary and establishment of the President are framed on a scale of severe republican simplicity,—that there are no officers of the household, nor great state pensioners. But, on the other hand, be it remembered, there are certain other civil disbursements, in the shape of salaries, from which our monarchical establishment is exempt. Be it remembered that, besides the two Houses of Congress, there are twenty-four local Houses of Representatives and twenty-four Senates continually in existence, and during a considerable portion of the year in actual session, in the several states;—that, by virtue of this complicated mechanism, much of the time of not less, we believe, than four thousand individuals is consumed in incessant talking about public affairs,—in despatching, discussing, or impeding business, which probably would be much more expeditiously and efficiently, if not so satisfactorily, transacted by an hundredth part of the number; and that every one of these delegates is paid for his talk,—those serving in the general Congress receiving as much as eight dollars (or about 1*l.* 16*s.*) per day during the session, besides a like sum for every twenty miles of distance from his residence to the seat of Congress.\* The total annual expense of the general and state legislatures, taken together, throughout the Union, appears thus, from a table compiled by Captain Basil Hall and appended to the third volume of his *Travels in North America*, to have been, in the years 1825, 6, and 7, on an average equal to 267,563*l.* sterling. Now, if we add to this sum 314,201*l.* for the aggregate charges of the other civil establishments under the general and state legislatures, as they appear by the same table,—and 42,774*l.*, which we find, by a reference to an original document, to have been the amount of their disbursements for diplomatic purposes in 1826,† we have a total of 624,538*l.* for the entire civil expenditure of the American republic, at a period when the free and slave population of the Union, as computed by Captain Hall, amounted to only 11,348,642 souls. Let us compare this expenditure, then, with that of the United Kingdom, under the same heads of account:

\* *Travels in North America*, by Capt. Basil Hall, R. N. Vol. ii., pp. 231, 232.

† Capt. Hall gives a sum of 89,504*l.* sterling, as the total expenses under the head of Foreign Intercourse; but this average, we have reason to believe, includes divers indemnities and other sums paid by virtue of treaties. We have extracted, therefore, the actual diplomatic charges from the accounts laid before Congress for 1826. An attempt has been made to impugn the accuracy of some of the statements in this table of Captain Hall's, by the author of a letter published in the '*New Monthly Review*,' but none of the charges bear on any of the points referred to in the text.

On turning to the latest statements of revenue and charges laid before Parliament, we find that the charges comprised under the three heads of the Civil List, Salaries and Allowances paid out of the Consolidated Fund, and Courts of Justice,\* (being the entire amount of our civil expenditure, with the exception of the parliamentary pensions and annuities, granted for the most part in consideration of eminent public services, which, as there is no corresponding item in this department of the American accounts, we leave out of the question for the present,)—we find, we say, that the whole of these charges with us come to 1,269,765*l*. But all these are expenses which ought necessarily to bear a direct proportion to the population of a country—(perhaps also to its wealth, but we shall confine our observations just now to the point of population)—and the population of Great Britain and Ireland, at the present moment, should be about 24,110,125 souls.† Taking, therefore, the civil expenditure of the United States at its standard in 1825-7, and assuming that it shall be increased, *pro rata*, with every increase of the population,—it follows, that as soon as the population there shall equal the present population of the United Kingdom, the expenses of their civil establishment will be 1,327,143*l*., or just 57,378*l*. more than ours! We have, indeed, as we have said, left out of account the parliamentary pensions, which of themselves amount, with us, to 465,286*l*. Say, however, that we even include these, and that we set off against them the amount of the American revolutionary pensions, which, in the years in question, appear to have been 241,543*l*., and are charged among the military disbursements in the American accounts;—still the balance in favour of America will not be more than 166,365*l*.

Next, as to ecclesiastical expenses;—We find it stated by Dr. Cooper, in his late publication, that the clergy of all sects throughout the United States receive at the rate of about 1000 dollars each per annum, exclusive of the expense of the churches, and of what he calls irregular exactions and fees; and that they are in number about thirteen thousand; constituting an aggregate charge on the public of 13,000,000 of dollars,‡ or about 3,081,650*l*., for their salaries only,—and for each clergyman

\* We have not included the Mint establishment, as that forms a separate head, and is classed among the Miscellanies in the American accounts.

† The population returns for 1831 have not yet been laid before Parliament. But taking the census of 1821 as our basis, and assuming the ratio of annual increase during the intervening ten years to have been the same as it was ascertained by preceding enumerations to have been in the twenty years antecedent, the result will be 24,110,125 for the present time.

‡ See Cooper's Lectures on the Elements of Political Economy, p. 308.

237*l.* 10*s.*!! While here in England, where of late we have been hearing of nothing else but the intolerable grievance of tithes, and the expense generally of our church establishment, it appears, from very satisfactory evidence, that the total amount of tithes in the hands of the clergy does not materially exceed 2,215,000*l.*,\* and that if the tithes were equally divided among all the livings, each clergyman would have only about 200*l.* per annum!—nay, more, that even with the addition of the cathedral property,† and of the income of the bishops,‡ you cannot establish an aggregate of more than 2,673,500*l.*! It is true, indeed, that, to make the comparison with America complete, it would be necessary still to add to this sum the incomes of the English dissenting clergy, which, no doubt, are considerable, and might probably, for aught we know, be more than sufficient to make up the difference.

With respect, lastly, to another great department of public policy, the administration of justice, we have not been able to discover any sufficiently accurate data, from which to state the proportions which the expenses of this department bear to each other in the two countries respectively, with the same precision as in the cases of their civil and ecclesiastical departments. The expenses of the judicial establishment of the general government, indeed, are specified by Captain Hall to have amounted, in 1825, to 47,000*l.* But this makes a very small part of the total charge;—for each separate state has its separate judicial establishment; and in Pennsylvania alone, Captain Hall tells us, there are upwards of one hundred judges, besides some thousand justices of the peace. Altogether, ‘the number of persons who administer justice in America probably exceeds that of their army and navy.’ § The salaries of these persons, it is true, are small—so small, that no first-rate lawyer can afford to be a judge. Still, there is every reason to believe, that their aggregate amount would be found to exceed the entire expenses of all our English courts of law, even including the pensions of the retired judges. Then it must be remembered, that in America generally, there is no such thing as an unpaid magistrate. The justices of the peace are every where, except in Virginia, remunerated, in civil cases, by fees, which are paid by the parties. || The number of individuals subsisting in

\* See a very intelligent and useful little publication on the church revenues, entitled ‘Six Letters to the Farmers of England,’ and published by Roake and Varty, p. 39. (But those who really wish to understand the subject in all its bearings, ought to study Dr. Dealtry’s recent charge to the clergy of Hampshire, with its Appendix;—a masterly performance, worthy, in all respects, of the very eminent author:—it is entitled, ‘The Church and its Endowments;’ and is published by Hatchard.)

† Ditto, p. 28.

‡ Ditto, p. 24.

§ Travels in North America, by Captain Basil Hall, R.N., vol. ii. p. 429.

|| Ditto, p. 423.



America by the legal profession must appear to be enormous, when it is considered, that not even a village of two or three hundred inhabitants is to be found, which does not contain one or more lawyers.\* The quantity of litigation is of course in proportion. The fees of the courts indeed are low. To the individual litigant, justice is cheap, tempting, and bad;—to the country at large, it probably is more costly than to any other in the world. —So much for American economy!

To return, however, once more to our subject.—Miserably futile as are the pretexs by which Ministers are driven to defend their case before the world, it is yet possible certainly to conceive reasons, which may have weighed with *them* to urge a measure of this description through Parliament. ‘But then they are reasons,’ as is well remarked by the author of the Reply to Lord Brougham, ‘which no minister of a King of England dares to give.’† It is far from being our disposition to judge harshly in general of public men;—on the contrary, we are inclined to think their motives do not always receive from the world the justice which is fairly due to them. At the same time, when we contemplate that perpetual contradiction, which, for upwards of half a century, the body of the Whigs have exhibited between their lives and their professions,—between their known personal habits and prepossessions, and the tone which they maintain in public,—we really feel it impossible to extend to them, as a party, that credit for plain dealing, to which their characters in private society might otherwise have entitled them, and which, in any situation, is not to be withheld on light grounds from men of their station and accomplishments. It is, indeed, an undeniable truth, that what has chiefly, during so long a period, disqualified the Whigs for office, and rendered their tenure of power always short and their reign mischievous, has been the prevailing conviction, that they have all along been acting a part,—and a part, too, quite alien from their hearts. The universality of this impression has the double effect of, on the one hand, rendering their popularity, and their consequent security of place, very precarious,—and on the other, of urging them ever and anon into acts at variance with their own judgments, for the purpose of justifying their sincerity, and preserving their possession of the ground which they find slipping from under them. It may be, that the several members of the Cabinet neither took exactly a common view of the character of the bill, in its original shape, and while it was yet under deliberation in Council, nor have since contemplated its progress with exactly the same feelings. But, after the distinct ad-

\* Travels in North America, by Captain Basil Hall, vol. ii. p. 426.

† Reply to a Pamphlet, &c., p. 28.



mission of Lord Althorp, that, in the event of a division having taken place on the first night, the original Reform Bill would have been thrown out in the House of Commons 'by an immense majority,' it surely is not easy to resist the inference, that this fate had been anticipated for it by the major part of the Ministers, and that they never seriously expected it to have been passed into a law. Nor is this inference in any way shaken by his Lordship's subsequent explanation. The country once excited, however, Ministers found themselves taken in their own snare. They had thenceforth no alternative between resigning the bill or resigning office. And, as Lord Brougham very justly observed, the support of such 'noble persons' as the Earl of Harrowby and others of his way of thinking, in the House of Peers, 'could never have enabled them to go on for a night, without the support of the people.'

On this part of the case, however, we have already said more than enough. And dismissing, therefore, at once from our consideration, both the alterations which have been made in the structure of the bill, and the arguments by which those alterations, as well as the measure itself generally, are supported, we might next not unprofitably turn to inquire, whether, since we last came before the public, the progress of revolution among our neighbours has been affording any new matter for our instruction? Ministers, however, are sick of being always twitted with the example of France, and desire that we shall not travel in future to other countries for lessons as to what is fit to be done in our own;—judging, perhaps, that in framing laws for men, the more limited the experience of human nature from which you deduce your principles, the less likely are you to be perplexed with any matters tending to disturb the conclusions you desire to arrive at. Want of space, besides, compels us, on this head, to restrict ourselves to a single observation. It is obvious, that to the vigour and talent of M. Casimir Perier alone is the new government of France at this moment indebted for its existence. And, at the same time, it is equally clear, that all this vigour and talent are unequal, in the state to which France has been reduced by the revolution of July, to stand against the 'movement.' The scenes of Lyons speak to us with a double admonition. They tell us, on the one hand, how utterly incompatible with the interests and pursuits of peaceful industry are all violent changes in the political condition of a country. On the other, they prove, by a fresh example, how inefficient the laws necessarily become under the influence of such transitions, for the protection of society, not merely against any new political movement which it may please the restless or designing to organise, but against any movement whatever, generated even by those accidents or privations from which no state of society can be considered wholly exempt, but to which such a crisis as  
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we are speaking of must always be peculiarly open. We have not heard that any of the Lyons insurgents have been punished, or are to be so. If they are not, the insurrection has triumphed, and will yet do its work. The hereditary rights of the peerage have been abolished by M. Perier's concurrence and co-operation, though in opposition to his declared opinion. *That* has been a 'necessary sacrifice' to the 'movement!' What is to come next? Do the friends of order—do those who living under a monarchy are not ashamed to be called *subjects*—do these really satisfy themselves that, having gained this point, the 'movement' is to pause? When examples are cited from history, to prove how revolutions are produced or hurried forward by unwise and unworthy concession, the invariable reply, indeed, of the advocates of the bill is, that the concession was made too late. But will they favour us with one solitary instance in which a concession, designed to have the effect of preventing a revolution, was ever yet made in time? An early concession, in an ordinary case, may sometimes save the dignity of a government; but, since society first existed, it never was the means of preventing a fresh demand.

Is it, then, by the intensity of the commercial distress which the agitation of this melancholy question has produced, that we are to be reconciled to its adoption? Are we to be taught, that there is no relief from the bite of the serpent, but in laying his flesh to the wound? Such appears, at least, to be the drift of the logic, by which Ministers are now endeavouring to urge on the bill. Lord John Russell tells us, that the state of things is now such, that 'the speedy and satisfactory settlement of the question has become of an importance only equal to that of the question itself.' And a recent ministerial pamphlet,—one of a family,—all of a sufficiently slight fabric, though not without some show of controversial tact and cleverness, and which betray their mutual affinity by their tone of alternate wheedling and menace, and the pertinacity with which the writer turns, and hammers, and rings the changes on the one or two ideas which form the whole staple of his desk;—this production we find indulging in the following piece of solema rhodomontade:—

'The accomplishment of the proposed measure would rally round the Government *such a host of virtue and intelligence*, as utterly to confound the designs, and to stifle the voice of faction. *Blessings of incalculable value* to these vast dominions would follow in its train. *Excitement would necessarily and instantly subside—commerce would revive—trade would flourish—industry would spread—tranquillity would reign.* In a short space of years, and under the influence of liberal and beneficent measures, there would ensue a *scene of harmony and comfort*, which every generous mind has long ardently panted to witness!'

\* What have the Lords done? and What will they do next? p. 35.

Why,

Why, what wretched drivelling is this? Does any man desire to know if the passing of the Reform Bill will tranquillize the mind of the public,—let him consult only his own bosom, and ask if it will tranquillize himself? Mr. Wakefield,—no bad representative, we suspect, of one large class of our reformers,—admits fairly, that political excitement would *not cease* with the passing of the Bill,—that, ‘for years to come, the *many practical questions affecting many interests, that would be a consequence of Reform, must INEVITABLY maintain a high degree of political excitement.*’\* It is indeed, we fear, undeniably true, that, turn to whatever side we may, we shall turn in vain *now* for peace! It was on the 1st of March, 1831, when Lord John Russell first astounded Parliament with his exposition of the ministerial plot—it was in the hour when the conviction burst full upon the most charitable among us, that the British Constitution had not been too dear a price to pay for even the short-lived gratification of personal malice, party revenge, and long-hopeless ambitions—it was then that the fatal blow was given, from which, whatever course matters may now take, we are scarcely sanguine enough to hope that this country will effectually recover during the lives of the present generation,—recover, that is, to the enjoyment of the same comparative degree of peace and contentment, which she had enjoyed for a century before. The effect of that blow was irreparable,—the mischief, to a certain extent, has been completed,—and such has become our position, that it may be said now, without the least exaggeration, that, whether we recede or advance, or stand still, we do not escape from danger, or from the fear of danger. And why is this so? Simply, because to pass the bill would be to plunge at once on the very evils we dread, while to reject it would not be to get rid of the danger of its being carried at some future and perhaps early period. The case obviously admits of no remedy but to struggle on, and endure, as patiently as we can, the excitement and its effects,—trusting, that if the mischief can but be postponed or mitigated by some strong interposition, the public mind may gradually subside again into a state of at least comparative confidence and composure. To talk of anything being settled,—anything healed,—anything tranquillized, by passing this measure, of which the very mention has set the kingdom in flames, we hold to be an absurdity too gross for any language adequately to designate. Would the landed gentleman return at once to his wonted habits of life, in the confidence that his rents were again secure, because that Parliament, which he foresees is to crush him by the abolition of the

\* Householders in Danger from the Populace.—p. 14.

corn-laws, is no longer in *posse*, but in *esse*, and just on the point of being convened? Is the rector to count his tithes in peace, with sixty Irish Catholics already in the senate? Is the West India proprietor to lay down at once his arms, and feel perfectly easy, the moment his enemies have become his masters? Or is the fundholder to dismiss all further doubts respecting the security of his dividends, because Mr. Cobbett is returned for Manchester? Let us dismiss such idle thoughts, and meet the danger stedfastly like men, as we best can.

It has been argued, that the vast proportion of the population who are now interested in the Savings Banks would be a security, in case of the bill passing, against any attack being made on the funds, or, indeed, against any popular violence taking place, by which the security of the funds could be endangered. There are now, we are told, no less than 367,812 depositors in England alone,—of whom 47,596 live within the county of Middlesex;—and we are told, that all these persons would, in any emergency, feel their interests to be linked with the cause of good order and of public faith. And so no doubt they would, if the deposits in the Savings Banks were on the footing of funded property generally, and liable to rise and fall in value with the value of stocks in the market. But it must be recollected, that those deposits, on the contrary, are merely so many cash accounts, payable on demand, or at a short notice,—and that so far, therefore, from contributing to the safety of the state, they would be more likely to prove a new and very alarming element of danger, in any crisis which might threaten the security of the public creditor. Those depositors care only for the present solvency of the Government; they know that their deposits can be withdrawn at their pleasure, and, with the usual confiding spirit of persons so situated, they never doubt but, in case of things going wrong, they will be in time at all events to take care of themselves. Meanwhile, there is no intermediate decline in the market value of their property to serve as a warning, and stimulate them to rally round the state. They remain unmoved to the last. And *then*, when the shock does arrive,—they are the first to throng in with their demands, and to aggravate the universal panic and confusion. If ever we have a national bankruptcy, we may expect it to commence by a run on the Savings Banks for gold. Nor, for times of trouble, is there, perhaps, a worse feature in our civil condition than this great liability of our Government, to be called on for fourteen millions sterling in any single day.

But there is still another question. It has never been denied by any person professing to belong to the conservative party, and certainly

certainly not by us, that on this, as on all other subjects of moment, *public opinion*, (by which we mean, the prevailing opinion of persons competent to form a sound judgment on such matters,) must, in the present state of society, sooner or later overcome all obstacles that may be set up against it. And it has been justly described as one of the most important branches of the conservative duty of the Peers, to take care that due time be afforded in all cases for this opinion being deliberately formed and clearly ascertained,—and, in particular, that no measure like this, to which their own judgments refuse assent, shall, out of mere deference to what may be supposed to be the popular sentiment, be permitted to pass their house, at least until it shall first have been put beyond all doubt, that such is really the well-considered and deliberate opinion of those classes of society, who have a right to claim such a deference ;—to take care, in brief, that, under the pretext of yielding to public opinion, the nation be not sacrificed to popular clamour. The question, therefore, arises, whether, having once rejected the Reform Bill, and thrown the measure back on the public for further consideration, the conservative duty of their Lordships, in this respect, be not now discharged ? and whether it may not be incumbent on them, when the same measure shall again be brought before them, sustained, as before, by what is, or pretends to be, the popular voice,—whether, in such case, it now behove them not to receive that voice as a surer expression than before of the real sense of the people,—as the result of a longer and calmer consideration, and entitled, therefore, to a more decided weight in their future deliberations ?—Now, we put this question, merely because it has been raised ;—for we shall not so far insult the understandings of our readers as to suppose, that the simplest of them can require to have it proved to him, that the seven weeks of riot and confusion, which intervened between the prorogation and reassembling of Parliament, were not a season, which could possibly have afforded much opportunity either for the exercise of cool reflection on the part of any portion of the people, or for ascertaining the real sense of that portion of them who are capable of reflecting ; and that if it had been the sincere desire of Ministers to avail themselves of the deliberate judgment of the people rather than of their temporary insanity, Parliament would not have been assembled before Christmas, nor would the Reform question have been agitated anew within the present year at all. The author of the pamphlet, which we have quoted a little above, pays the Lords the compliment of supposing, that in the momentous decision to which they came in October, the majority were actuated, not by an overpowering sense of duty to their country, but merely by the vapouring and silly vanity of vindicating their own

personal courage and consistency,—by the fear, as he is pleased to express it, ‘of being thought afraid.’ \* And, therefore, he very consequentially argues; that, having given such *proofs of their boldness*, ‘they can now the better afford to concede something to the wishes of their countrymen.’ ‘The King,’ he exclaims, ‘remains stedfast to the Ministry and the nation! The people have *triumphantly rejected the charge of being indifferent to the measure!* Any further opposition on the part of the Lords, then, would seem little else than a *wanton and reckless perseverance in wrong!*’ And again, with his usual iteration, he remarks, a little further on, ‘The Lords have maintained their rights. They have asserted their authority and prerogative. They have upheld the dignity of their house. *Can they require anything more to satisfy their sense of what is “due to themselves?”*’—So far, certainly, we cannot withhold our concurrence from the argument of this writer, that, if the Lords were now, after the events of the recess, to pass a measure so identical in its principle with that which they rejected in October, as is the bill which has just been read a second time in the other house of Parliament, we should, in such case, be very much at a loss to account for their former proceeding of rejection, from any more creditable motives than those which he has thought proper to assign;—for, if the lords had a great conservative duty at that time to perform, nothing, we think, can be clearer than that *the same obligation still subsists, and precisely in the same force.* This anonymous author, who takes so sagacious a measure of the infirmities of the human character, does not hesitate, by the by, very candidly to avow (and, in doing so, he is in perfect consistence with himself) his partiality for the application, in such cases, of a little reasonable intimidation. All debate of a dissuasive kind, he contends, resolves itself, in fact, into the same thing; ‘for what are the arguments by which any man is prevented (if he be prevented) from doing a *foolish or a wrong thing, but intimidation?*’ Certainly, we answer, what else? And what are those by which a man is prevented from doing a wise or a right thing? It occurs to us, however, that in order to justify the use of this species of dissuasive rhetoric, it should be an indispensable preliminary to prove, that the thing which we deprecate is really *foolish and wrong*, and that in that point must lie, after all, the whole pith of the question. Could all men but be taught to *fear wisely*, there would soon be an end, we suspect, of this Reform question.

We are always glad to have Lord Brougham with us in such cases. And it was therefore with peculiar satisfaction that we

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\* What will be done with the Lords? p. 6.



read, the other day, so full a declaration of his lordship's sentiments on the inexpediency of legislating on any important subject under the influence of popular excitement, as he is reported to have uttered on the occasion of a petition being presented to the House of Peers, praying some modification of the existing laws in regard to the procuring of anatomical subjects. On that occasion we are told, 'the Lord Chancellor felt it to be his duty to state, that the subject appeared to be one, the *difficulty* of which was equalled only by its *importance*. However, he thought that in the present *excited state* of the public mind, it would be well to *avoid all discussion* on the subject, and that it would, *in especial, be wise to delay any legislative measure regarding, it till that excitement had abated.*' In making these observations, we cannot doubt but that his lordship had the Reform Bill in his eye, and spoke from a profound conviction of the mischiefs which had resulted to society from the very different course which has been adopted with regard to that measure by his lordship's colleagues. His lordship could not have failed to perceive that, if a reform of the laws respecting the procuring anatomical subjects were to be agitated while the public mind is in its present state of exacerbation, the '*false position*' in which the professors of anatomy have long stood with respect to the laws and to the public, would necessarily become a subject of the most severe animadversion, and be condemned as '*an anomaly no longer to be tolerated in this enlightened age.*' It would naturally be observed, his lordship must have foreseen, that, while on the one hand we have been enacting statutes which interdict, under severe penalties, the stealing of dead bodies,—on the other we have been countenancing and supporting establishments which avowedly subsist by the *constant infringement of those statutes*; that '*if the theory of the law in this respect be right, our present practice must be bad;*' and that now, when intelligence has become so extensively diffused among the people, it will not do to tell them, '*that theory is one thing, and that practice is another,*' and that, although the law severely punishes men who are detected in stealing dead bodies, it is nevertheless absolutely necessary and right that dead bodies should continue to be stolen. All this, and much more, to the same effect, the Chancellor doubtless foresaw would be urged, and that an application of the same summary rule of justice which has been practised in regard to the boroughs,—a rule assuming, in all cases, vague repute for proved delinquency,—certainly could not have resulted in less than the peremptory shutting-up of all the anatomical schools in London, leaving the living generation of men to take care of themselves, as they best might, without the aid of surgeons, and holding



ing the anatomists and their assistants fortunate if they escaped a general judgment of deportation to New South Wales, as the reward of their presumed connivance in past misdeeds.

Would you not then, it may be asked, concede any measure whatever of Reform? That is a question, which involves still other considerations than those which we have been thus far discussing, and which, practically taken, cannot perhaps be met by quite so prompt and conclusive an answer. Our general opinions in regard to it have been long before our readers,—undisguised and unqualified. To the extension of the elective franchise to a small number of the great manufacturing towns, we never have objected; though, at the same time, it is not a measure from which we ever anticipated much advantage. But, with the exception of this very limited allowance of enfranchisement, and perhaps the admission of copyholders to vote for counties, together with some of the proposed arrangements for the future regulation of elections, there is certainly no one important provision of the Reform Bill which we have not from the first considered to be fraught with danger, and which, if the matter rested with us, we would not willingly embrace any conceivable extremity to avoid. We adhere to these opinions still, in their full extent. We dispute the wisdom of the principles on which all the other provisions of the bill are founded, and deny the expediency and the necessity for carrying any portion of them into effect. We quite agree indeed with Mr. Escott, that what is commonly called '*moderate reform*,' is neither more nor less than '*moderate mischief*;' \*—and it has always, we own, appeared to us, that the facility with which many not unimportant members of the conservative party have, at various times, been induced to qualify their professed opinions, and hold out to the adversary overtures of conciliation, in the hitherto utterly vain hope of obtaining some concession in return, has tended, more than any other circumstance, to weaken and endanger the constitutional cause. We say this with great deference; because we are aware that the matter is viewed in a different light by some individuals whom we highly respect, and particularly by certain members of the upper house, to whose able and manly advocacy of constitutional principles, in the late debate, the country is under solid obligations. We are aware that some of those noble lords are of opinion, that the question may best be settled by compromise; and that one eminent peer in particular (the Earl of Harrowby) has specifically stated the extent to which, on the footing of a compromise, he would now be willing to concur in a measure of reform. His lordship stated, as we understand, that his insuperable objections to the last ministerial bill applied

\* Letter to a Noble Peer on the present state of the Reform Question, p. 9.  
chiefly

chiefly to the following points: viz., first, that population had been taken for the basis of representation; secondly, that the ancient franchise had been unnecessarily destroyed, not only in the places included in schedule B, but in every other city and borough of the kingdom, without any complaint having been brought forward against them; and, thirdly, that the franchise had been extended to such an enormous number of voters as 1,000,000 out of a population of 12,000,000, while even in France the last new generation of Reformers are content with 200,000 voters out of a population of 32,000,000,—and these voters, too, all of one class—a constituency of householders paying, not 10*l.* per annum, but 3*s.* 6*d.* per week.\* His lordship declared his ‘objection to any one of the franchises of the realm being altered, without special cause;’ and again, on a subsequent night, ‘to the sweeping disfranchisement of 150 boroughs, possessing a great diversity of franchise rights and privileges, without any proof of corruption or other complaint,—to the establishment of one uniform kind of election,—and to the test as to qualification of voters as much too low.’ He professed, however, ‘that he was friendly to the extension of the franchise to wealthy and populous towns, possessing such distinct and important interests, that it would be for the good of the country at large that they should obtain a separate representation;’ and added, that ‘he would not be niggardly in putting that principle in practice.’ He further said; ‘he should be far from objecting to an extension of the constituency in the large counties; and, as a consequence, he should be ready to agree to the cutting off of a certain number of boroughs from the other end,—extinguishing the franchise in places the least considerable in wealth and population,—in order to make room for such new representation. He would not, however, admit any precise limit of population or taxation as a standard for the disfranchisement of boroughs; but having adopted the principle on which he should be disposed to extend the franchise, he should be disposed to make the absence of that principle the rule, in respect of the place to be extinguished.’†

We have thought it proper to allude to these propositions of Lord Harrowby—(from most of which we have the misfortune widely to dissent)—because we do consider it as within the chapter of possibilities, that this nobleman and his immediate friends may, from circumstances, find themselves invested with the power of determining, for however short a period, the course of legislation on this momentous subject. If such power should be placed in their hands—a most solemn responsibility, we need not say, must

\* *Mirror of Parliament*, Part CL. pp. 2672-6. † *Ib.* Part CII. pp. 3021, 2. attend

attend it; and we sincerely trust they will never lose sight, come what may, of Earl Harrowby's recorded conviction, that the Durham Bill, had it been permitted to pass a second reading in the House of Lords, 'could never, by any ingenuity, have been so moulded in a committee, as to form the basis of a sound measure.' By whatever *arguments* these noble persons may be assailed, by whatever *blandishments* they may be courted, there is, above all, one vital point which must never, not for an instant, be lost sight of, by those who would undertake—in the absence of revolutionary motives—the direction of any experiments of this description; and it is this:—that not only what you concede shall be safe in itself, but that, after it shall have been conceded, you shall not be placed thereby in a less favourable position than before, for resisting any further change which may be not less called for, but which you may consider actually and summarily *ruinous* to be granted. If this point be not most carefully guarded, it is quite clear that you gain nothing by your compromise;—you might as well have yielded at once to the whole demand. Now, all this is a matter of great—of infinite nicety. And it is less, indeed, from any absolute distrust of the possibility of improving in any way our representative system, than from our sense of the difficulty and delicacy of the undertaking and of the numberless risks of failure, that we have always been averse from even *considering* any plans for that purpose, however modified.

Earl Harrowby has spoken the word *disfranchisement*!—but to that rule of disfranchisement on which all the ministerial bills have been constructed, there are (laying more general considerations aside for the moment) two special and insuperable objections:—the first, that it is a tyrannical invasion of the existing rights of individuals, who are not proved to have committed any default, by reason of which such rights ought to be forfeited:—the second, that it is a rule which even the authors of the bill dare not follow out at once to all its consequences, and which never, therefore, can be a sound basis for a measure which it is desired should be final. And this objection, it must be obvious, would equally apply to any other rule grounded in any degree either on population or property. But, —if Lord Harrowby does grapple with this matter,—other principles might, perhaps, be found, more finite in their application, and less objectionable in point of precedent.—There is, in the first place, the principle already established by Parliamentary usage, that of disfranchising a borough on account of the proved and flagrant corruption of a large proportion of the voters. To the abstract of this principle, indeed, as it has been applied in

in practice, we have never been able to assent; nor do we see how the objection taken by Lord Eldon to the extinction of that portion of the constituency against which there is no charge, indiscriminately with that which has been convicted, can entirely be got over. Still, however, it is a settled and admitted principle,—it carries nothing with it of the spirit of innovation, nor goes to establish any violent precedent; and if the rule of *indemnifying* the innocent for what they lose on account of the guilt of others were observed, as it should never have been departed from, Lord Harrowby might, with comparative safety at least, consider this as a resource within his reach.

There is yet another principle, in some respects akin to that of proved corruption, which might, perhaps, be made a basis for disfranchisement without any very violent departure from the analogies at least, if not the practice, of the constitution; we mean, the principle of *decay*. It has been often urged, and usually with absurd exaggeration, as a reason for a Reform in Parliament, that many boroughs which were populous and thriving places at the time of their enfranchisement, have since fallen into poverty and decrepitude. Lord Harrowby may say—‘Be it so. Let their decay then be proved by historical evidence; and if there be a satisfactory case made out, let them undergo the same fate as if they had been incapacitated for their functions by corruption, indemnifying in the one case, as in the other, the suffering parties, where an honest pecuniary loss can be demonstrated.’ A borough which has fallen to decay may fairly be considered, indeed, as having fallen into the same legal predicament, though involuntarily and innocently, as a borough curtailed of its constituency by the disqualification of a large proportion of its voters for corrupt practices. In one case, as in the other, the forfeiture would proceed on the ground, that the place is no longer in a condition to fulfil the uses of its charter. There would be no mere arbitrary wrong therefore,—no *fatal* precedent; and the principle, besides, would have the incalculable advantage of being one involving no interminable questions, but easily followed out at once to all its consequences. To ascertain what boroughs come within its operation, would necessarily, indeed, cost time and trouble;—but here, too, we can catch a glimpse of something like a goal!

And now, may we hope to be listened to, even by persons who are far from adopting our deep-rooted aversion to the whole of the scheme, if we proceed to offer a few words on a part of the subject which hitherto has been very little, if at all, touched on in argument in either house of Parliament, but which we have always considered to be one of the most vital importance to the well-

well-being of society, and to the character of the legislature itself in the eyes of future generations? We speak of what we conceive to be the incontestably equitable right of all unoffending individuals, whose property may be in any way injured or deteriorated in value by such arbitrary mutations, as even Lord Harrowby seems to contemplate without *universal* horror, to receive, in case of their being under any circumstances adopted, a *compensation* adequate to their loss. We recollect well the admonition of Sir James Mackintosh to the anti-reformers, when he cautioned them to beware how they treated a privilege like this of the elective franchise, as if it were a right of equal degree with the sacred rights of property,—those rights which are the very foundation and purpose of civilized society,—lest, at some future period, their arguments should be made the justification, and the present proceedings of the legislature become a precedent, for some invasion of those great immunities. And can that eminent civilian really persuade himself, that the *precedent* will escape the sagacity of the future advocates of robbery, even without its being suggested to them by the arguments of the anti-reformers? Alas! it is already among the worst indications of the spirit of the times,—of the declining force of those principles by which the institution of property is upheld,—that such a proposal of arbitrary and gratuitous spoliation as that before us should have been allowed to pass even thus far as so light a matter, and with so little rebuke!

The right of voting at an election, it is said, is a political power; and *political power*, we are told, is held, not as *property*, but only as a *trust*.\* Sir James Mackintosh admits, indeed, that the trust is *beneficial*; but, he contends, 'it is only incidentally so, and to an amount small and insignificant, and quite lost in the duties and obligations arising out of it as a trust.' Now, we might be content almost to rest our case on this admission, that the trust is *beneficial*;—for, as to the quantity or value of the benefit, that is a point which admits of very exact admeasurement, in any case where the franchise is attached to the land and passes with the land, and the result in such cases proves exactly the reverse of Sir James

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\* We had intended to have offered a few observations on the pamphlet, entitled 'A Short History of the House of Commons, with reference to Reform,' by Mr. Allen; but the great length to which the article has already extended must plead our excuse. From a gentleman of such authority in all Whig circles as Mr. Allen, we had anticipated the solution of some weightier knot than usual. But the sole object of the publication seems to be to prove, what we believe is pretty generally admitted, that Parliament has *authority* to alter the constitution of the House of Commons if it shall judge expedient. As for the prescriptive right claimed by the boroughs, we own we are quite content with the antiquity which Mr. Allen allows it, in dating it from the act of the 6th of Richard II.; nor can we see how that right can now be materially affected by the circumstance of the original selection of the boroughs having been confided generally to the sheriffs, supposing his statement on that subject to be correct.

Mackintosh's

Mackintosh's predication; and, with respect to the duties and obligations, however important these may be, they can afford no ground for impeaching the title of the holder, so long as they are faithfully performed. But it does not remain to be proved, at this time of day, that the corporate right of voting in boroughs, though a personal right merely, is a *property*, nor that any obstruction in the exercise thereof will be visited with damages by the common law. That point was long ago settled by the judgment of Chief Justice Holt, in the celebrated case of *Ashley and White*,—a judgment which was affirmed afterwards, on appeal, by the House of Peers. 'A right that a man has to give his vote at the election of a person to represent him in Parliament, there to concur to the making of laws which are to bind his liberty and property,' says Lord Holt, 'is a most transcendent thing, and of an high nature.'\* And, again,—'this privilege of voting does not differ from any other franchise whatsoever.'—'We do not deny them (the House of Commons) their right of examining elections; but we must not be frightened when a matter of *property* comes before us, by saying it belongs to the Parliament;—we must exert the Queen's jurisdiction.† With respect to the privilege of voting acquired by burgage tenure, again, Lord Holt treats that as a *real* right, in contradistinction to the *personal* right acquired by corporate franchise. 'The right of election,' he says, 'is a privilege annexed to the burgage land, and is, as I may properly call it, a *real* privilege.'‡

To apply then the argument for indemnification to the case of burgage-tenure property subjected to disfranchisement. As the privilege here passes with the land, so does the value of that privilege pass with the value of the land. The purchaser, in buying tenements which confer the right of voting on their occupants, 'buys that which he may legally buy,' and in using his influence as a landlord to obtain the suffrages of those occupants, he avails himself of an incident to property of which he may legally avail himself. It may be true, that the beneficial interest of the Irish forty-shilling freeholders in their respective franchises might have been, or that of the Preston potwallopers may be, so '*small and insignificant*,' as to be incapable of valuation or undeserving consideration.

\* Raymond's Reports, vol. ii. p. 953.

† Ibid., p. 957.

‡ Ibid., p. 951. So commonly indeed has it been considered by conveyancers, that the vote in such cases is annexed to the tenement, that it has, in some instances, been enumerated by them among the appurtenances. 'In the year 1740, Waterton conveyed premises in Horsham to Lord Irwin by the following description, *viz.*, all that part of a messuage or tenement, garden and back-side, together with the vote and other privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging, being burgage tenure.'—*Heywood on Boroughs*, p. 269.



But the remark has no application to a case like this, in which the privilege of returning two members to Parliament is the appurtenance of a limited spot of land, of a small number of old houses or ancient sites of houses in a manor, all the property of a common lord, and occupied by his tenants. That the beneficial interest in such a case is neither 'small nor insignificant,' is proved sufficiently by the admitted fact, that those houses and sites of houses derive, in many instances, the greater portion of their marketable value from the franchise attached to them. Nor can it be any objection to the just right of an honest proprietor holding this beneficial interest, that some other person similarly circumstanced has made it the subject of a corrupt or unlawful traffic.

Let us only consider the immediate inferences to which a contempt of the proprietary interest in such a case may lead; and judge how dangerous it is to tamper with such matters. Take the analogous case of an *advowson*. An *advowson* is clearly a trust for political purposes, just as much as a *burgage* franchise is. Like a *burgage* franchise, an *advowson* can yield *no lucrative benefit* to its owner. Yet is it not a right of great value in the eye of the law?—is it not clearly *property*? Why, in Blackstone's classification of incorporeal hereditaments, we find *advowsons* at the head of the list, and treated as on a parity with *rents*, which form the tenth item in the same enumeration! The recovery of *advowsons*, as temporal rights, was effectually provided by a statute of Edward I. They are treated as lay fees, and may be granted by deed or will,—are constant subjects of sale and mortgage,—and are assets in the hands of heirs and executors. Now, suppose it should be discovered some day that *advowsons* are very bad things,—that their possessors frequently make a corrupt and simoniacal traffic of them,—and that it would be much better if the clergy were elected to their livings by the votes of their parishioners. It is not to be denied, that it would be competent for the legislature, in such a view of the case, to deal with the right as it might judge necessary for the public good. Where a beneficial interest is coupled with a public trust, it no doubt is liable to be disturbed and interfered with, on grounds of expediency, that would have no relation to the case of a beneficial interest which concerned only the individual possessor. And this we take to be the true distinction, and the only one, between the two cases, as far as concerns the present question. The one beneficial interest is still just as much *property* as the other. *If you admit an advowson indeed to be property, it is vain to say, that political power cannot be property,—for an advowson is political power.* And though a just care for the public trust, with which it is associated, may



may justify an interference with such property on the part of the legislature, which would not be justifiable in the case of a man's rents, still, upon all received principles, that interference must be exercised with a due consideration for the *rights* of the proprietor. The legislature, if it profess to act on any rule but the law of the strongest, cannot detract from or take away that right, without making some adequate compensation.

Let this be conceded in the case of an advowson; and we really do not understand how it is to be denied, in the case of the elective franchises attached to burgage tenements. An advowson is said to be either an 'advowson in gross' or an 'advowson appendant.' The first is a right not adhering to any lands or manor, but subsisting in itself, and belonging to the person who exercises it. It is as nearly analogous, therefore, as possible, to the county elective franchise in Scotland, when detached from the land, and passing with the superiority;—a species of franchise, by the by, which is just as clearly recognised as *property* by the Scotch law, as an advowson is by the law of England, but which the late Scotch Reform Bill proposed, nevertheless, to take away, (at least as an heritable possession,) and to take away with this very absurd effect on the rights of the individuals concerned,—namely, that a landholder who sold his qualification a twelvemonth before for a thousand pounds, would have had the qualification restored to him, and at the same time would be allowed to keep the money, —while the purchaser was to be allowed nothing but the privilege of a personal and untransferable vote for life, of no pecuniary value whatever. The advowson appendant, again, is a right depending on a manor, as an appurtenance of the land, and which passes by a grant of the manor, without any words specifically designating it; and it bears just the same analogy to the burgage franchise in an English borough, as the advowson in gross does to a detached Scotch qualification. Both advowson and franchise are valuable rights appurtenant to the manor; both are in the nature of political trusts; both pass with the manor; and the pecuniary value of both is included in the price of the manor. In short, they cannot be distinguished;—for it is no substantial distinction, that the proprietor of the advowson nominates directly to the living, while the proprietor of the burgages has the nomination, not of the Member of Parliament, but only of those who choose him. The right of nominating those electors is not the less a valuable right,—it is not the less a right in the nature of property, —a right which cannot be justly taken away, without indemnification. Nor let it be said, that the rights of the burgage-holders would be in any degree preserved, even in those cases where the borough might not be wholly disfranchised, and where they would  
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be allowed, consequently, to retain their votes for life. At best, this would be the substitution of a personal and life interest for an hereditary one. But, in truth, the reservation, in such cases, would be a mere mockery; the right being rendered entirely valueless by participation. If you were to rob a church patron of his advowson, for the purpose of vesting the right of election in the parishioners, would it be less a spoliation, because the patron might happen himself to be one of those parishioners,—or would he be less entitled on that account to indemnification?

The application of a rule of compensation to the cases of corporate or scot-and-lot franchises would be a matter, to be sure, of more difficulty and complication than where the subject is a constituency of burghers; and the parties to be indemnified might not be the same in the one case as in the other. But there is one plain principle which can scarcely, we should think, mislead in any case; namely, that wherever either a fair pecuniary loss or deterioration of value can be established as the consequence of disfranchisement, it ought to be made good.

As Lord Harrowby appears to protest very decidedly against any interference with the existing franchises in such of the old boroughs as are proposed to be retained, we are spared the necessity of considering any modification of a feature in the ministerial scheme which always appeared to us to be even less justifiable, if possible, than the disfranchising clauses, inasmuch as it is equally revolutionary in its tendency, while it is, at the same time, a provision altogether gratuitous and uncalled for. We allude to the destruction, by wholesale, of all the ancient constituencies, including even those of the close corporations expressly established by James the First for the support of the Protestant church in Ireland.—The objection to non-resident freemen being permitted to retain their votes, is the additional expense which the existence of this class of voters entails on candidates. But can Lord Harrowby avoid asking—are there no means by which this expense might be obviated, without utterly depriving those persons of their legal rights? Could no arrangement be devised for taking their suffrages at the towns where they reside? They must all be known persons; their names enrolled in the records of the corporation; would not the production of their certificates of freedom before a magistrate, and making affidavit of their identity, be, in all ordinary cases, a sufficient protection against fraud? Or if to such a plan there should prove to be any insuperable obstacle, why might they not be permitted at least, if so inclined, to perform their journey to the place of election, for the purpose of voting, at their own expense?—Is it the anxiety of the framers of the ministerial bill to exclude all influences from future elections,

tions, *except those belonging to the immediate locality*, which has been the real motive for their regulation on this point?

To proceed to a yet more important point:—there appear to us to be two, and only two, intelligible objects, which any reflecting person would propose to himself, in setting about to invest such places as Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester, with elective privileges; and these two objects are not perhaps very well reconcilable with each other. On the one hand, there is the rational and statesman-like object, of giving a direct representative voice in the legislature to those mercantile interests, of which the towns in question are severally the soul and centre;—and, on the other hand, there is the object, neither irrational (we admit) nor unimportant, where there is a fair presumption of its being attainable without a sacrifice greatly beyond its value,—that of better reconciling to their condition the debating and excitable masses of population congregated in those huge workshops of the empire, and bringing their feelings more into harmony with the system under which they live, and of whose political strength it is certainly most desirable that they should form a part. These, we say, are the only two objects which occur to us as likely to address themselves to the understanding of any sober-minded man, in meditating a plan for filling up such blanks in our representative body. Yet, by some strange, and to us, we will own, unaccountable obliquity of fortune, his Majesty's Ministers appear, in their scheme of a new constituency, to have hit on the very device by which both the one and the other of these objects might be most effectually frustrated! They have thought fit to compose the great majority of their constituency from a class which has no connexion, or only a very remote and indirect one, with any of the great interests of the towns to be represented.—They have contrived a scheme so very ingeniously balanced between the two extremes, as to ensure a large augmentation of the numbers of the elective body, without any addition to the weight or efficacy of the legislature,—and to involve the country in all the troubles of democracy, without even the advantage of being popular. It has been suggested by a very learned person, whose views on any such subject must deserve Lord Harrowby's best attention, that a constituency better at least than one including indiscriminately every ten-pound householder of whatever denomination or character, might probably be obtained, by *incorporating* the new boroughs, and admitting to corporate privileges, not only householders of all descriptions, without limitation as to the value of their dwellings, provided they had been resident in the town during a term of not less than seven years, and had never been in receipt of any assistance from the poor-rates, or convicted of any

any felony or fraud,—but even inhabitants of the class of operatives not being householders, who should have been employed in the town for a like term of seven years, and, besides fulfilling the other conditions just stated, should have saved out of their earnings a certain small sum of money, and observed, during that time, implicit obedience to the laws which regulate the relationship of master and journeyman. Such is the plan proposed by Mr. Palgrave.\* It has been urged that a constituency of this description would not be likely to return more objectionable members to parliament than a constituency of ten-pound householders; and that it would have some advantage, at least, in not establishing an invidious distinction between the people of that rank in society and those below them,—and might even have a tendency to improve, in some degree, the character of the operative.—It has been suggested, too, that possibly a scheme of constituencies of this description might be turned with some success into an engine for breaking up the system of Political Unions, by placing the conduct of the more respectable operatives in some degree under the supervision of their several corporations, and subjecting to disfranchisement every freeman who should become a party to any combination, whether for political purposes or for the regulation of wages. On maturer reflection, however,—looking to the examples of Westminster, Coventry, Nottingham, Preston, and other places, where the constituencies are even more popular than would be those framed on the principles under consideration, yet where there does not appear to be more of contentment than at Manchester or Birmingham, we cannot suppose that Mr. Palgrave himself should be very sanguine as to its conciliatory operation. We fear, indeed,—we wish we could say we doubt,—the operatives in these great towns are too much occupied with their ulterior plans to set much value even on the most liberal concession of what they would consider as merely a barren franchise!

Hitherto certainly, as to the whole of this most vital part of the subject, Parliament has been called on to legislate in the dark. Ministers do not seem to have thought it necessary at all to inquire or consider, how *their* ten-pound franchise would be likely to work in any given case,—what descriptions of voters it would call into existence,—what influences those voters would be most likely to obey,—to what extent the several *county* constituencies would be changed by the substitution of the borough franchise in every instance of a town freehold above the annual value of ten pounds,—or how

\* Our readers will be well rewarded by a perusal of the whole of this pamphlet—which was published at an early period of the excitement, and has therefore very probably obtained little circulation. The tone was too temperate for the time. We are bound to add, that many of the author's views appear to us entirely fanciful.

various other points would be affected—most essential, all of them, to a clear understanding of the effect of the measure which they are urging through Parliament. We know there are persons, and Ministers may very possibly be among the number, who flatter themselves, that the master manufacturers at such places as Manchester and Glasgow would be able, in most instances, to command the return of members of their own selection. All the best opinions which we have been able to collect on this point, however, go directly to negative this assumption. We are assured, that the operatives in these places are rarely in a situation of dependence on their immediate employers, and not at all in the habit of showing any deference to them. We are assured, that they (that is, such of these operatives as are ten-pound householders, and of the spinners and better class there are, we believe, a good many such,)—that these would choose for themselves,—that the low tavern-keepers, the letters of lodgings, and small shopkeepers inhabiting the same parts of the town as the operatives, and connected with them by their daily dealings, would act with the operatives,—while the influence of the master manufacturers would scarcely reach beyond the circle of their own immediate tradesmen;—and that therefore the members returned for Manchester and Glasgow would just as little represent the great interests of those cities, or any interests at all, save so far as the wild desires of a radical faction can be called such,—as Sir John Cam Hobhouse does the commercial interests of this metropolis! One thing is certain enough—viz., that the character and relations in life of the lower classes of a ten-pound constituency would be very different in different places. In Manchester, or Glasgow, we have said, the lower order of voters would be keepers of ale-houses,—petty tradesmen,—spinners and other operatives in the receipt of full wages. In Edinburgh, again, lawyers' clerks and menial servants would form an important part of the body. While at Brighton and Cheltenham you would have a constituency composed partly of a shifting population of strangers, partly of keepers of lodging-houses, venders of toys, and proprietors of circulating libraries.—Could Lord Harrowby ever consider it as clear, that any one qualification or even any one description of franchise should be applied with equal advantage to places so variously circumstanced?

With perfect respect for the principles and motives of Lord Harrowby and his friends, we have ventured to throw out these few, perhaps officious, suggestions. If, in consequence of the equal rashness and obstinacy of the present Ministers, and the slowness of the general proprietary of the empire to appreciate, and act as if they did appreciate, the limitless danger of tampering

ing with the constitution,—if this nobleman, and his personal adherents, should find themselves called upon to grapple seriously with the responsibilities which many consider not unlikely to fall to their lot—our motives, we are sure, will not be misinterpreted by them!

Whatever ideas on this subject may find favour with these eminent persons, of one thing we feel most certain,—that they cannot be such as could ever be in any shape engrafted on the present bill. As for that bill—every dream, we must repeat, of fashioning it by means of any amendments or modifications whatever, into a fit measure for the adoption of Parliament, is utterly hopeless. When it shall go before the Lords, therefore, as we presume it must be expected to do,—their Lordships can have but one course to follow, consistently with their obligations to the country and their own honour,—to meet it, namely, with the same uncompromising negative which they opposed to the last.

Are we to be reminded again of the story of the Sybil, and told that, if we reject this measure now, the next alternative that will be offered to our choice may be—not a bill from Lord Harrowby, but—something still more fearful than the existing bill itself? We answer, that this threat has no terrors for us. There is yet time to retrace our steps;—there is yet an instant, in which we may be saved;—but, if this bill be passed into a law, or the half of this bill, the Ministerial Conspirators will have already done their worst. They will have given an impulse to the ‘movement,’ which no human hand will be able to arrest. It is a measure which, in our solemn judgment, includes all the frightful alternatives which you can paint to us,—and those not merely as contingent or possible, but flowing from it by a necessity nearly as inevitable as any consequence which human prescience can, in any case, presume to deduce. If we must be swallowed up in the vortex, it concerns us little, whether we are to plunge at once into the centre, or slide in gently by the brim: at the best, it is but one whirl more, and we are as surely engulfed!

Are we to be told, that if this measure be rejected a second time by constitutional authority, the king has power by law to create a sufficient number of Peers to overpower the majority in the Upper House, and it will be then forced into a law by *unconstitutional violence*? We answer, that if the institutions of our country are to perish, we had rather they should fall under the blow of the assassin, than by the treachery and cowardice of their sworn defenders. The character and dignity of the British peerage are yet among the few stays of sinking society that are left us; and destroyed as their future influence would be by such a creation for such a purpose, it would be still more fatally and irretrievably destroyed



destroyed by the voluntary abdication of their conservative functions.

We are aware, certainly, that the King has authority by law to create peers, and that he may therefore, to-morrow, if it shall be his royal pleasure, elevate the whole corporation of the city of London, with the members of the National Political Union to boot, to seats in the House of Lords. His Majesty, we know, by his prerogative, is in like manner the sole umpire of war and peace; and, if it shall seem meet to his wisdom, he may raise the revolutionary standard against every throne and altar in Europe. His Majesty, we admit, is vested with a discretionary authority to negotiate and conclude treaties with foreign states; and he may, therefore, if he be so minded, bind himself by convention to admit a garrison of French troops into Portsmouth, or surrender Ireland to the sovereignty of the Pope. His Majesty is the fountain of mercy as well as honour; and may not only let loose all the felons in Newgate on any given morning, but invest them severally with offices of distinction. There are no bounds, indeed, to the atrocities, for which the latitude of the prerogative might afford a pretext to a profligate or mad administration. But those atrocities, though emanating from a power which the law acknowledges, would not on that account be in themselves the less unconstitutional and illegal. For a conclusive and unanswerable argument against the *right* of the crown to annihilate the decision of Parliament, by such an exercise of the prerogative as that under discussion, we must again refer our readers to the second edition of Mr. Escott's admirable reply to Lord Brougham.\* As to its expediency,

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pediency, little need be said; for there is not one, we believe, even of the Whig party, who affects to deny, that the extinction of the House of Peers, as an useful and efficient branch of the legislature, must be the inevitable consequence of such a measure,—that it would become a precedent insuperable for overruling their authority in all future cases (should any such ever again occur), wherein they might presume to express a dissent from the judgment of the Commons,—and that, indeed, it could not be effectually accomplished, without dealing also a severe blow at the respectability and weight of the lower House itself, from whose wealth, and rank, and talent the reinforcement to the Lords must necessarily, in most instances, be abstracted. Notwithstanding, therefore, all our past experience of the temerity and recklessness of Earl Grey and his cabinet, and in spite of the whispers on this subject which are now daily assailing our ears, we cannot bring our minds to believe in the possibility of such a consummation,—we are unwilling to impute, even to these Ministers, the audacious purpose of involving their gracious master in such an act of treason against the state,—in such a violation of the oath, by which he bound himself at his coronation, to govern the people of England ‘according to the laws and customs’ of this realm.

After all, however, the fate of the nation is in its own hands. If Lord Grey shall be defeated a third time in his endeavour to carry this measure of Reform through Parliament, his Lordship, notwithstanding the characteristic fidelity which he has shown to the motto of his house,\* might possibly find it difficult to reconcile his longer continuance in office with his past declarations or his personal honour. And the practical question to be solved will then undoubtedly be, whether the mind of the country be yet sufficiently sobered, or will be so in the course of a few months, to bear the experiment of another general election, with a fair prospect of its returning a better House of Commons. From this issue it will manifestly be impossible to flinch. And we are not insensible to the great difficulties, which the effect of a year’s misgovernment must necessarily entail on any parties succeeding his lordship in power. At the same time, it is impossible for us to look round us, without feeling a sincere and deep confidence

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blow destroying the legislature, to whose opinion it was the duty of his ministers to submit, should call another into existence to obey the mandates of executive authority? It would be unmixed despotism. It would not only be a wrong, but it would be such a wrong, that, on the morning after it had been committed, there would be no constitution in this country.’—*Reply to a Pamphlet, &c.*, pp. 70—72, *et seq.* We desire, however, that our readers should peruse the whole argument in the original. Some excellent observations on the same subject will likewise be found in a small tract, entitled ‘Observations on the Constitutional Right and Expediency of extending the Peerage,’ &c.—written, as it appears, by an advocate for the Bill.

\* ‘De bon vouloir servir le Roi.’

in the reviving moderation and good sense of the English people. We say 'of the people,' not so much with reference to the mass of the population numerically taken, as to that portion of it by whose opinions alone in past times the administration of public affairs has been materially influenced, and by whose opinions alone it ought to be influenced. As to what may be the sentiments of a numerical majority, we care little. And, in saying so, we are merely denying our deference to the judgments of men, on a question which they must obviously be incapable of understanding.\* It was a saying, we believe, of the late Mr. Wyndham, 'that the *minority* ought by rights to prevail in all cases, for that the *wise* are *always the minority*!' Numerous, noisy, and incorrigible, however, as may be the faction of the radicals,—that faction which, lately at least, constituted unquestionably the real and effective strength of the ministerial party in the country,—we have a right to assume, that, setting out of account the powerful and intelligent body of the anti-reformers, there is a large proportion, large even numerically considered, of the whole population, who at least have taken no deep concern in this question, and have never joined in its agitation. We have a right to assume, that the many whose names have never been affixed to revolutionary addresses and petitions, are at least the friends of peace and order. If we are asked, whether we can discern in such scenes as the Bristol riots any evidence of the reaction of public feeling on the Reform question?—we answer, that we look not to such occurrences for proof either of reaction or the contrary; for among the individuals who promoted those riots, we never expected any. But it is our firm belief, that these and other like disgraceful outrages have been the *cause of much re-action* in the opinions of sober-minded men, and have served to stir up many, even of the indifferent, to a sense of their danger. It is impossible, indeed, but to perceive the growing disquiet and disgust with which the measure begins now to be regarded by all respectable classes of men. Every election which has taken place since the general election (we do not even except that for Cambridge, where the Tory candidate was unsuccessful) has given token of a better spirit. The agricultural population in

\* The Lord Chancellor was pleased to animadvert in terms of sarcasm on an observation of Lord Dudley about 'the sages of Birmingham and the philosophers of Manchester;' and to extol, in no measured terms, the superior knowledge of the 300,000 inhabitants of those places 'in the weightier matters of practical legislation.' Now we would submit, with great deference to his Lordship, that the construction of a new constitution is a subject as wide from what is commonly understood by the phrase 'practical legislation,' and as foreign to the habits of thinking of practical men, as any that can well be imagined. It is a subject, we contend on the contrary, profoundly theoretical, and only to be judged by minds disciplined to a certain degree by historical research and diligent reflection on the nature of man.

all parts of the kingdom are now very generally, we believe, become sensible of their danger. The Protestant spirit is up in Ireland. And had the strength of the conservative party been displayed with the same energy throughout the kingdom a year ago, as it has lately been at the meetings held in Scotland, the Reform Bill would not now have been in existence.

But, however this may be, let us who know and prize the value of the blessings which we have enjoyed under the British constitution, do our parts stedfastly to the last, and leave the rest to God's good providence! It may be, that those blessings are not destined to descend to our children; but let us, at least, separate ourselves from all participation in the act which is to rob them of their inheritance, and leave the responsibility on the heads of those alone who have dared to initiate the crime!

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## I N D E X

TO THE

FORTY-SIXTH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

**ÆSCHYLUS** and Marlowe, singular points of resemblance between, 505.

**Allen, John**, his 'Short History of the House of Commons,' with reference to reform, 544, 610, *n.* See 'Progress of Misgovernment.'

**American government**, expenses of, 594, Annotator, the great requisites in an, 5.

**Arbuthnot, Dr.**, his supplementary chapter to 'Gulliver's Travels,' quoted, 163.

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